

Periodical Publications

THE

Theatrical Review

OR,

R A N N A L S

OF THE

D R A M A.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



*Bestow'd w.th Nine Lees; w.th Companion drole, And Obscure'd Ditties in Theatric Cart.
One with a Thyrsus arm'd & one a Bowl. Of all Professions Playing would be worst,
THESPIS & Co. began the Actors Art, If the LAST STAGE was equal to the FIRST.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for S. WILLIAMS, on Ludgate Hill; and WILSON and
FELL, in Paternoster Row. 1762.

THE
Theatrical Review



LONDON

TO his GRACE

THE

DUKE of MARLBOROUGH,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

My LORD DUKE,

AS the Stage is universally allowed to be the most Rational of our Entertainments, and, if properly conducted, to be one of the best Supports to Morality and Virtue, any Undertaking to bring it nearer to Perfection, it is presumed, will meet with the Encouragement of the great and good, on Account of its Tendency to the Delight and Improvement of Society,

It is needless to tell your Grace, that in all the polished Ages, the Theatre was constantly honoured with the Countenance of the Illustrious, and the Approbation of the Learned; for while it cultivated the Morals of the People, it promoted the Growth of Genius; and it is not a little remarka-

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ble, that the Interest of the Sciences, as well as the Cause of the Virtues, was more or less established in proportion to the Rise or Decay of the Theatre.

The Name of Marlborough, my Lord, has long been Auspicious to Great-Britain, and her Annals will hand it down with Admiration to the latest Posterity; suffer us, therefore, my Lord, to shelter ourselves under the Wings of its Protection, and give us leave to solicit your Grace's Patronage to a Design for raising the Dignity, and extending the Utility of that Entertainment, to which the Elegance of your Taste, as well as the Nature of your Office, will induce you more immediately to attend—As our motives are laudable, we flatter ourselves with the Sanction of your Lordship; and take the Liberty of assuring your Grace, that we are, with the profoundest deference,

Your Grace's

most Obedient Servants,

The AUTHORS.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN any new work is undertaken, the public have a natural right to enquire into the motives from which it is begun, and, of receiving a satisfactory account of that design which it is expected they should encourage and support.

In the discharge of this necessary duty, the generality of modern authors are rather too lavish in their promises, and frequently undertake the execution of what they know is totally out of their power to perform—Some paragraph-maker to the press, is made acquainted with the secrets of all the cabinets in Europe—The author of an humble acrostic, raised up to the first poet in the kingdom—and a formidable society of gentlemen collected in a moment, who with a generosity unprecedented, apply their whole time to the improvement of the public, without ever casting the least eye upon their own emolument.

But as we have nothing to do with the behaviour of other people, and are conscious that whatever can be said upon this occasion will not put a stop to the daily impositions which are practised on the public, we shall leave the motives of the ingenious gentlemen who conduct the principal number of the other monthly performances, to the consideration of the bookseller; and begin with our reasons for the publication of this.

The great importance of a well regulated theatre, to all civilized nations, is a circumstance so well considered by the people of this kingdom, that the stage is every day growing more and more into favour and repute; and every opportunity is embraced by the best and wisest of the nation to bring it to a still nearer degree of perfection—Happily, indeed, this countenance shewn to the stage has been productive of many salutary effects. Indecency no longer usurps the place of wit, nor does any elevation of language gild over, in these days, an illiberal immorality of senti-

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ment—nothing has now a chance of succeeding that has not an apparent tendency to improve; nor is any author confident enough to expect the approbation of the public at the expence of decency and virtue.

But notwithstanding these fortunate regulations in the order of the drama, there are still a number of inconveniencies under which it labours, and which must be properly known before we can hope to see them entirely removed. The first of these is the injudicious approbation which is frequently bestowed upon actors of small judgment, and pieces of little merit—we frequently see a burst of applause given to the unmeaning rant of some turgid speech; who destroys all manner of propriety by an extravagant exertion of ill directed powers, as if the criterion of merit was the strength of lungs; while another shall declaim with a rectitude, the most rigid, for a whole night, with very little or no reputation; and we frequently observe trifles which have no other recommendation but the negative merit of doing no harm, hold possession of the stage, when pieces fraught with every manliness of expression, and dignity of sentiment, are buried in obscurity, because they are not altogether so fraught with incident for the entertainment of the spectator.—To this we may add, that the generality of people judge of a performer's abilities by the goodness of his part, and suppose that every man who appears in a capital character must of course be a capital actor; they never once consider that the partiality of a manager may sometimes make an injudicious disposition of his plays, and induce him to set particular performers in a conspicuous light, while others of fifty times the merit are withheld from the observation, nay, the very knowledge of the public.

From so inconsiderate a way of thinking on these occasions, it is not much to be wondered if the taste of the present age is not altogether so accurate, in theatrical affairs, as from some regulations, in other matters, we might have reason to expect—yet, if this inaccuracy did not strike at the very basis, and threaten to subvert the very foundation of the theatre, one would not be apt to consider it in so serious

INTRODUCTION.

serious a light; but as an encouragement to plays and players of little worth, must, in time, destroy every spark of merit, and render us insensible of its very nature, it is to be hoped that an attempt to prevent a circumstance so fatal to literature, and so dangerous to morality, will be thought of some consequence, and entitled to the favour of the public.

A dissertation on the drama will be given, that the reader may receive a proper knowledge of the rise and progress of the theatre from its original institution, and become acquainted with the means, by which it has arrived at its present degree of reputation—In the second place, the lives of the dramatic poets, with an account of their writings will be regularly given, and in the third the history of the most celebrated actors.

We shall likewise lay before the public, an impartial examination of the *general* talents of all the actors of any consequence, on the different stages of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Bath, York and Norwich; and another division will contain a criticism upon the abilities of the respective individuals opposed to the different performers, by way of parallel, in *particular* characters in the walks of their profession.

This work will also comprehend, from time to time, a critique on the directors of the theatre, under the title of the *Volunteer Manager*, in which the measures of those gentlemen will be constantly examined; the impropriety of putting performers of little merit into principal characters, candidly considered; the injustice of confining actors of any genius to the meaner stations of the drama, liberally spoken of; and the absurdity of suffering people of abilities to remain buried in the gloom of a country theatre, who might add not a little to the entertainment of the capital, stated in a proper light. On the other hand, where the managers attend to their duty, and are anxious for the honour of the drama, the encouragement of merit, and the entertainment of their patrons, we shall most readily point out the laudability of their behaviour, and gladly pay it every encomium it can possibly deserve.

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An account at large will be given of all new dramatic pieces, with proper annotations and remarks; and in another section we shall briefly speak of the merit of every new performer.

Another department will be composed of all the whimsical incidents, agreeable stories, and entertaining anecdotes, which may occur, or have already occurred, in the business of the theatre, whether licenced by the authority of a royal patent, or permission of some right worshipful magistrate in the country.

To this we shall occasionally add some pieces of poetry, and embellish the whole with plates adapted to the nature of the subject, by the most celebrated masters.

From this cursory sketch of the plan, which shall be executed (to be sure) in the most masterly manner, the reader will perceive that nothing has been omitted, which can have the smallest tendency to the interest of the theatre, or the improvement of the public, in that essential part of their entertainment—we shall therefore only add that as our intentions are laudable, we hope our reception will be candid; and will not so much as make one single eulogium on ourselves, from an honest sort of vanity, that we shall receive it from the bosom of the reader.

This work will also contain, from time to time, a series of the directors of the theatre, under the title of the *History of the Theatre*, in which the measures of those gentlemen will be carefully examined; the propriety of their performers will be attentively considered; the talents of each actor, carefully collected; the influence of continuing actors of any genius to the measure of the drama, will be taken into view; and the probability of the success of a new drama, will be considered in the light of a country gentleman who might not be a little to the entertainment of the capital, fixed in a proper light. On the other hand, where the managers attend to their duty, and are anxious for the honour of the drama, the encouragement of merit, and the entertainment of their patrons, we shall readily point out the fault, and the fault shall be pointed out, and every encouragement shall be given to the

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THE THEATRICAL REVIEW.

JANUARY 1, 1763.

Dissertation on the Drama.

O ne'er may Folly seize the Throne of Taste,
Nor Dulness lay the Realms of Genius waste;
No bouncing Crackers ape the Thunder's Fire,
No Tumbler float upon the bending Wire!
More natural Uses to the Stage belong,
Than Tumblers, Monsters, Pantomime and Song;
For other Purpose was that Spot design'd—
To purge the Passions, and reform the Mind.
To give to Nature all the Force of Art,
And, while it charms the Ear, to mend the Heart.

Lloyd's ACTOR:

 LATO blamed Minos, for going to war
against the Athenians, and the reason
given by this disciple of Socrates was,
because the many tragic poets and play-
wrights, who lived among them, would
fix a name of infamy on him, and on
his family, to the latest posterity.

The fable of the *Mingtaur*, is a sufficient testimony, that
the event fully justified the sentiments, of this sagacious
philosopher.

For players and play-makers are the brief abstract and
chronicle of the times. After death we had better have a bad epi-
taph, than their ill reports while we live.

Since, therefore, their sayings have much to do, with
the deeds of others, meet it is, that others may say some-
thing concerning their deeds.

Acting was instituted on a religious account; and so te-
nacious were the Greeks, so jealous of the funds which
were raised for the celebration of those shews, so watchful
that they should not be expended in any other service, that
it required not only all the art, but all the credit, of a *De-
mosthenes*, to throw out a hint to the people, and that

too but obliquely, for the theatrical money to be appropriated to the advantage of the whole Athenian state, by applying it towards the carrying on the war.

‘ Was it me, oh *Athenians*, who said that the money raised for the exhibition of our plays, should ever be laid out for the necessaries of this present war? No—no—Jove, the thunderer bear me witness, I would not so fatally incur the indignation of the people.’——*1st. Olymb.*

It is a great pity that that treatise of Aristotle’s, called the *Διδασκαλίας* was not extant; there we should meet with a succinct and curious catalogue of all the authors, the actors, and the plays that were performed, from the first dawn of Genius, to the time of that celebrated writer.

It is certain there were players long before *Thespis*; for the truth of which we appeal to the testimony of Plato, above-mentioned.

From *Thespis* to *Æschylus* we have but a very imperfect account of the Drama, or of dramatic writers; we rely, in some measure, on what *Horace* has written concerning them.

Æschylus was called the father of the stage.

Sophocles, is said to have brought it to perfection.

Aristotle calls Homer *μυμησις δραματικῆς ποιησις*. And if any reader, fond of classical quotations, chuses to dwell over a list of ancient names, we can inform them, upon the credit of *Herodotus* and *Strabo*, that the elder *Phrynichus* was successor to *Thespis*, and that there were plays of *μυμησις δραματικῆς* wrote by *Epigenes*, *Pratinas*, *Aleæus*, *Phrynichus* junior, *Chærilus*, *Cephalodorus*, and *Appollophanes*, who were all of them predecessors to *Æschylus*.

It was *Æschylus* (we assert it upon the authority of *Horace*) who taught the MAGNUM LOQUI, or the RANT.

As that preceptor was the father of the stage, seven-eighths of the actors, in and out of London, retain so great an esteem for antiquity, they scorn to deviate from THAT noble lesson of their great Ancestor.

Justly may it be stiled a great, a magnanimous method

of

of pronounciation—it elevates, it surprises; it alarms the ears; it rouses the sleeping senses; and it awakens the most stupid into attention.

Don Lewis in that patched up piece of Colley Cibber's, called the *Fop's Fortune*, declares he loves to hear Charles speak Greek, though the old gentleman does not understand a syllable of that language: but what then? *Charles thunders it out so loftily!* in that, he speaks the opinion of the moiety of every theatric audience, throughout the three kingdoms.

The RANT, however false in nature; is true in stage policy; for as there are some persons so deaf they can only hear amidst a great noise, others there are, who are so dull, they cannot fancy any thing but a great noise worth attending to. The organs of the body are like the component parts of an instrument, when you can make unison you may easily perceive the contact; and as, according to *Aristotle*, most people only judge by their eyes and ears, hence it is that *Italian operas* and *pantomimes* were formerly preferred to SHAKESPEAR and to CONGREVE.

Let the most delicate Actor meet Desdemona, and with the most tender address, pronounce, *Oh my fair warrior*, would he equally alarm a London audience, please a London audience, or be applauded by a London audience, as when he rantingly bellows out,

Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur, &c. &c.

Those, those, are the lofty speeches, which will split the ear of the *Groundlings*.

Shakespeare makes use of the word *Groundlings* relative to part of a play-audience, but he does not particularise them, either as sitting in the boxes, pit, or galleries; the consequent supposition, therefore, is, that he sets down as *Groundlings* all persons, whether in boxes, pit, or gallery, who are of low and vulgar minds; capable of relishing nothing, but *inexplicable dumb shew and noise*.

———*insanos Oculos, et gaudia vana*

Simplicity was the great merit of the ancient drama; Intrigue, Shew, Contradiction, Noise and Incident, is the art and fashion of the present. Of all things a modern au-

dience admires nothing so much as to be kept in a state of suspense.——

“ *I hate a play (swore young Chremes last night at the the Bedford) when I can make the least guess at the catastrophe—it is all nonsense then—I love to be kept in suspense*”——“ *So do I, by heavens, (ecchoed Count Corkskrew) and that is the reason, in all my amours, I never could like a woman who would yield easily*”——“ *Suspense is the sweetest situation of the mind, (rejoins young Dainty) and for that reason I don't love to go to **** *s levee, because one has nothing there to even hope for.*”

Since then to be kept in suspense, is the desire of most people, blame not the editor, gentle reader, if he gives you a taste of the fashion, by making an abrupt conclusion of the present chapter.

CHAP. II.

On the origin of that odium affixed by many on the drama and its professors.

THE reproach which tradition has continued, against this profession, had for its original, the ill-grounded intemperate zeal, of those called the PRIMITIVE FATHERS, who in the infancy of the Christian religion attacked all the Heathen ceremonies, with the whole artillery of the church; no wonder then those of the stage did not escape shot-free.

They thundered out anathemas against idolatry, and they pronounced the theatres to be full of the most pagan abominations; because the players not only wickedly invoked the gods and goddesses, but even most idolatrously, brought down in machines their *Jupiters* and their *Junos*; their *Apollos* and their *Bacchus's*.

Even unto this day we observe the descent of the Olympical lords and ladies in our playhouses; who, by the help of well greased pullies and twisted wires, swing-swang, between stage and sounding-board, in their celestial split-deal chariots, trimmed and furbelowed with canvas cloudings.

To see, to hear, to be present at such shews is declared by ST. AUSTIN to be a most crying sin. That very ST. AUSTIN, who, at the time he was inveterate against plays, was so scrupulously conscientious as to ask forgiveness of his Maker for having, in the days of his youth, been so profanely guilty, as to have read *Virgil*.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM and ST. BASIL condemn all who frequent the playhouses. *St. Austin* says, *Nulla modo potuisse scriptiones et actiones recipi comædiarum, nisi mores recipientium consonarent.* TERTULLIAN declares, if we pretend to renounce the devil and all his works, and then go to plays, we are apostates.

But what shall we say for these fathers, who were so loud in their clamour against an art, which, we dare venture to affirm, (because in the course of this work we shall indisputably prove it) if properly conducted, IS THE NOBLEST LECTURE FOR THE HUMAN HEART, AND THE MOST LUXURIOUS FEAST FOR THE UNDERSTANDING. Besides, these very fathers were, in fact, little less than players themselves; they were guilty of many devices, exclusive of the tricks of the *Sybils*, to endeavour to prove the truth of a religion, which, like the sun, wanted only to be seen, to be revered for its brightness.

Let the reader, if he pleases, consult *Causabon's* Exercitations upon *Baronius*, *Blondel* on the *Sybils*, and the Decrees of Pope *Gelasius*, who prohibits counterfeit prophets, counterfeit Gospels, and counterfeit Acts of Apostles; all of which scenes, and many more, these reverend reformers, the fathers, played upon the minds of the ignorant; and acted religious chicaneries as gross as the greatest errors of the most unenlightened Paganism.

AN ACTOR, in some parts of the world, is not to be interred in consecrated ground, and therefore he must be, or she must be, a cast-out from the flock of the Lord; for the primitive fathers have said it: yet I dare pronounce (with reverence to religion be it spoken) that these very fathers were nothing more than intemperate bigots, and that being utter enemies to the arts and sciences, it is not

at all wonderful, nor does it reflect the least disgrace upon the stage, that they approved not of theatrical entertainments.

TERTULLIAN called a physician a wicked butcher, for no other reason, than that the artist, for the study of anatomy, had dissected an executed malefactor; and Pope Boniface VIII. thundered out a most terrible excommunication against all those who should practice dissections upon human bodies.

In the year of our Saviour 745, the archbishop of Mentz met with a treatise concerning the *Antipodes*, written by *Virgilius*, bishop of Saltsbourg; away flew the over-zealous archbishop, first to the duke of *Bohemia*, and from thence to pope *Zachary*, who, by virtue of his *infallibility*, condemned poor *Virgilius* for a heretic, because he was the author of a book which broached such most damnable doctrine. *Lactantius*, the venerable *Bede*, and the rest of the pious train, declare the tale of the *Antipodes* to be only an idle story, a ridiculous romance: yet these are the GREAT LUMINARIES of the church, who have been solemnly canonized, and from whose opinions the profession of an actor is, to this day, ill-spoken of!

The great *Cornille*, in defence of the theatre, boldly published his opinion, that the sentiments which the players made use of upon the stage, were more delicate than those of many authors who wrote for the pulpit.

“ I rejoice to see the purity of our stage; (he mentions this on account of the ill success of his THEODORE) *A history*, the fairest ornament of the virgins of *St. Ambrose*, appears too licentious to pass on our stage! What would the audience then have said, if I, like that great DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH, had shewn the virgin in that infamous place, and if I had drawn the agitations she felt (as the father did) when she saw her lover, *Didimus*, come into that place to her, &c. &c.”

For what was this outcry of the councils and fathers against players? Nothing more, than that these heated zealots, in the rage of their religious furor, madly imagined them to be heathen-tradition-holders, to be reliquishers of paganism, and that their works were appropriated

priated and utterly devoted to the worship of false gods.

How intemperately ! how ignorantly doth CAMPANELLA assert ! *Cantelinis incepit hæresis Germanica et Gallicana comædis et tragædiis nutritur.* The German and Gallican heresies began with sing-song, and they are nursed by comedy and tragedy.

But as these assertions have not now the least foundation, and are generally exploded, the calumny ought also to fall to the ground.

TACITUS relates some severe laws made against players ; but that was against the professors, not the profession ; and in an age so much addicted to libertinism, as Rome then was, where is the wonder that they, who, like physicians, were constantly visiting the sick, should become infected with a disease so pleasingly contagious, to bewitchingly epidemick ?

There have been several accusations against players greatly misunderstood. In the time of Francis I. in the year 1541, a charge was exhibited against a company of actors before the parliament——But what was that for ? not against the unlawfulness, or the immorality of the profession of an actor ; but because those identical players were such wretched and ignorant imitators, that, as they represented sacred stories, they made the audience laugh by their aukward manners, and their ill pronounciation. The charge against them, as copied from the parliament rolls, begins thus :

Et pour le fait dit que puis trois ou quatre ans, en cales maistres de la passion, ont entrepris de faire, joüer, et représenter le mystere de la passion, qui a esté fait, et parce qu'il s'est trouvé qu'ils y ont fait gros gain, sont Venus aucuns particuliers, gen non letirez, ny entendus en telles affairs. Et gens de condition infame ; com me un menüsier, un sergent a verge, et un tapisier, et autres, qui ont fait joüer les actes des apostres.

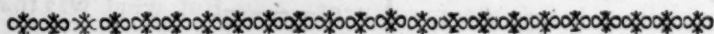
They are here accused for not being skilful in their profession, but mean illiterate fellows ; not qualified by education to be players ; for the people turned the words of the actors into ridicule.

Le commune peuple, retournant desdits jeuse se mocquoient, hautement, et publiquement par les ruës desdits, jeux et des jöüers contra faisant quelque langage impropre, qu'ils avoient ou y desdits jeux, ou autre chose mal faite criant, par derision, que le S. Esprit n'avoit point voulu descendere, et par d'autres mocquerois.

"The common people, as they came back from these plays, would publicly and loudly mock the actors, and repeat the words the players had pronounced wrong, and the audience would say in contempt of the performers, the Holy Ghost would not come down among them."

The ENGLISH and IRISH stages are not so much weeded from illiterateness as they ought to be. There are indeed a few classical educated persons in the theatres, but the major part of them, come under that part of the charge exhibited against the company of comedians of Francis the first, that they are not men of LEARNING and of GENIUS.

[To be continued.]



CRITIQUE on the NEW PIECES which have appeared this Season.

THE first new piece which made its appearance this season, was an occasional prologue, at the opening of Covent-Garden theatre, and written by Mr. Smith of that house. As this is but Mr. Smith's second attempt, and as his amiable behaviour in private life endears him to every one, we shall be tender of his reputation, and not enter into an examination of his prologue, by the *gradus ad parnassum*, lest it might appear, to the candid, rather a libel than a criticism—Let it suffice, that it was much better spoken than written.

But a man of Mr. WOODWARD's experience, to print such an introductory copy of verses as he has done! In whom fancy should be ripened into judgment! a genius who——

But

— But we shall cut out all farther preamble, and proceed to an examination of

The PROLOGUE, Written and Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD, on his first appearance at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the character of Marplot, after having been manager, at Dublin, four years.

BE HOLD! the Prodigal — return'd — quite tame —
 And (tho' you'll hardly think it) full of shame:
 Asham'd! so long t'have left my patrons here —
 On random schemes — the Lord knows what and where!
 — With piteous face (long stranger to a grin)
 Receive the penitent — and, let him in!
 Forgive his errors — ope the friendly door;
 And then, he's Your's (1) — and Your's (2) and Your's
 (3) — as heretofore. —
 — Ye Gods! what havock does ambition make! —
 Ambition! drove me to the grand mistake!
 Ambition! made me mad enough to roam —
 But now, I feel (with joy) that Home is Home —
 — Faith! they put powder in my drink, d'ye see?
 Or else, by Pharaoh's foot, it could not be!
 Belike Queen MAB touch'd me (at full o'th' moon)
 With a Field-Marshal-Manager's battoon —
 And, so, I dreamt of riches — honour — pow'r —
 'Twas but a dream tho' — and that dream is o'er —
 — How happy, now, I walk my native ground!
 Above — below — nay! faith — all round and round,
 I guess some pleasures in your bosoms burn,
 To see the Prodigal poor son return —
 — Perhaps, I'm vain, tho', and the case mistake —
 No — no — yes — yes — for old acquaintance sake
 Some gen'rous, hospitable, smiles you'll send —
 Besides: I own my faults, and mean to mend —

(1) (2) (3) Pitt, Boxes, and Galleries.

— Oh!

— Oh, ho! they ring * — how sweet that sound appears
 After an absence of four tedious years —
 MARPLOT, to night — so says the bill of fare †.
 Now waits your pleasure, with his usual air —
 Oh! may I ACT the part still o'er and o'er,
 But never BE the BUSY BODY more.

PRODIGAL—RETURNED.

— Prodigal! what prodigal? The prodigal quits home on a pursuit of pleasure and extravagance. The author of the above prologue left home upon a plan of avarice. If Mr. Woodward had made use of a proper simile to represent his undertaking, it should have been that of the dog and the shadow in *Æsop's Fables*.

If the story of the prodigal could have been introduced with any degree of propriety, it must have been with respect to the London audience, who were so prodigal of their favours at every one of Mr. Woodward's benefits.

QUITE TAME—

Quite tame, the line is, and more proper, Harry, to have proceeded from the mouth of a sneaking Frenchman, when he surrendered the keys of a fortress, than from an adventurous Briton, who only travelled to see the world, and look out if he could pick up any thing better abroad than he had got at home.

FULL OF SHAME.

That is, he is full of shame, to be so tame.

FORGIVE HIS ERRORS.

A mistake! the actions of the prologue-speaker, which he hints at, were, neither *errors* nor *crimes*, only *blunders*. It was nothing more than an expedition, like Sir

* The Warning-Bell rings.

† Pointing to a Play-Bill.

Francis Wronghead's, who set out from home to be a GREAT MAN; and ends as Sir Francis's did, IN A JOURNEY BACK AGAIN.

“ On random schemes, the Lord knows what or where.”

And the Lord knows what to make of this line! *On random schemes!* — Why, Man, there were articles of partnership drawn between Mr. Woodward and Mr. Barry, and the day of the month prefixed, or affixed to them, &c.—Therefore the schemes WHAT are easily known.— Now as to the Lord knows WHERE — Why, Ireland; faith Dublin its own self, my dear. Was there not a new play-house built for you in Crow-street? — We'll tell you, Hal, how you may apply the above line properly: The next time you speak your prologue, acquaint the audience that you have sold your property of Crow-street theatre, and that you expect to be paid — the Lord knows what or where.

“ — With piteous face, long stranger to a grin.”

I don't believe that through the whole catalogue of confessionals, such a phrase could be supposed to betoken real humiliation.

Long stranger to a GRIN!

The delicacy of that expression is equal to the poignancy of the sentiment. When a culprit addresses an English theatre (and one too so brilliant as that night-thronged Covent-Garden) to be received into favour again, he must imagine that they had studied their ideas of humanity, and all the other social sympathies, out of Joe Miller and Tom Brown, or he never would have so impolitely have desired them to admit the wanderer again into their favour, because — because — *his face had long been stranger to a GRIN.*

"Ye gods! what havock does ambition make!

"Ambition drove me to the grand mistake."

And thus we rhyme, and rhyme, for mere rhyme's sake!

Mr. Woodward says,

"Ambition made me mad enough to roam."

And I say,

Rack punch has made me drunk enough to reel.

What's all this to the purpose? Not much to any other, than that *rack punch* and *ambition* are two terrible things, in making people *reel* and *roam*.

"They put powder in my drink——d'y'fee."

They! who, Hall? ——— D'Y'SEE. ——— Oh! *d'y'fee* did it! very well——I wish in any treatise of the sublime *d'y'fee*, I could find out one instance to authorise this strange person, or this strange expression (for I know not which it is) in poetry——

D'y'fee? — See what? — The powder they put into the drink? — How should we do that ——— d'y'fee?

This verse, *d'y'fee*, puts me in mind of a distich equal in elegance to Mr. Woodward's, to any of Taylor's the water-poet's, or to Elkannah Settle's; it was *made* by a bricklayer's labourer, (no offence to Mr. Jones, I hope) upon the words ——— LABOR VINCIT OMNIA.

Industrious labour all things overcomes,

Provided that a man shall use his thumbs,

D'y'fee.

"Queen Mab at full of the moon

"Touch'd me!"

We have had a tradition, time immemorial, that to be noticed by a fairy was a very lucky circumstance; and suppose it was at FULL OF THE MOON, what have *fays* or *fairies* to do with the changes of that brain-impelling

elling planet, except indeed to celebrate their moon-light revelries?

“ How happy, now, I walk my native ground !”

Gentle Reader, pray mind Hal's modesty——happy *now* he walks his *native* ground——That is, whilst he is upon the *stage*——he never meant the whole island, I assure you.

“ Above, below, nay, faith, all round and round.”

The meaning of *above* and *below* I supposed to be the *antipodes*, and that the author was in such a fright while he was speaking, that what with the *round* and *round*, he could not tell whether he stood upon his *head* or his *heels*.

“ I guess some pleasures in your bosoms burn.”

Pleasure would most certainly have been much better here than pleasures; but then the verb *burn* could not have been there to have permitted RETURN, to have made him a proper jingle.

Pleasure *glowing* in the breast is one of *Homer's* and one of *Shakespeare's* images : But my friend *Woodward* has boldly gone a little farther——and why not ? ——are not persons *fired* with transport at the sight of those they like ? and is not the ardent *heat* of desire a poetical, physical phrase, and does it not very naturally account why lovers are so very subject to the HEART-BURN ?

“ Oh, ho ! they ring — how sweet the sound appears.”

If I had not known to the contrary, I should have imagined that Harry had been in England last winter, by his being so well versed in the APPEARANCE of a SOUND.

To be sure there was in Cock Lane an *apparition* of great *noise*, but as to its *sweetness* or *bitterness*, that at present is only to be judged by those concerned in it.

“ Marplot expects you with his usual air.”

People never speak worse than when they praise themselves.

The concluding lines of often *acting* and not *being* the Busy-body more, would be entirely unintelligible; had he not asked pardon properly before, and promised to be a good boy, and do so no more, and not meddle with other people's business——Keep your word, Hal; leave managing and making verses to heads better qualified for those things, and be content to remain an actor only. However, we will give you this consolation; that, as Dionysius the Elder, ruler of Syracuse, Cicero the orator, and cardinal Richlieu the statesman, all failed as verse-makers, you have only erred like other great men before you.

The SPRING, performed at Drury-Lane.

FROM an advertisement prefixed to this little pastoral, we are informed, that it was not originally designed for the theatre, but only written by a gentleman of great judgment in music, on purpose to connect a few airs and chorusses together from Mr. Handel, and some other masters of distinguished reputation, as this, says the advertisement, obliged the words to be composed in perfect subserviency to the music, the ease and elegance through the whole cannot be sufficiently admired.

We are entirely of the advertiser's opinion in this respect, and as in such a situation the author could have no great room for any plot, the account of this piece can trespass but a little on the leisure of our readers.

Dramatis Personæ.

Daphnis

Mr. Norris.

Damon

Mr. Vernon.

Amaryllis

Mrs. Vincent.

Phyllis

Miss Young.

Chorusses of nymphs and shepherds.

The

The pastoral is opened by *Damon*, who invites the shepherds to sing the praises of the spring, and then requests *Phyllis* to oblige him with a song upon the occasion, who gives the following:

*With us alike each season suits
The spring has fragrant flowers;
The summer, shade; the autumn, fruits;
The winter, social hours.
A bleating flock, an humble cot,
Of simple food a store:
These are a blest unenvied lot,
We ask the gods no more.*

After this a little courtship between *Damon* and *Phyllis* concludes the scene, and they retire with a chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses to make room for the entrance of *Daphnis* and *Amaryllis*.

Daphnis having resolved to go to the wars, *Amaryllis* is affected at thoughts of his danger and absence, but hearing the sound of dance and song, they both retire, unfit in their present situation to mix with the jolly train that create it — A chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses then enter, with *Damon* and *Phyllis*, and after a song, conclude the first act.

The second opens with *Amaryllis* despairing for the loss of her lover; but *Daphnis*, unable to go without another farewell of his *Amaryllis*, while they are exchanging vows of eternal fidelity, *Damon* and *Phyllis* enter, and *Damon* informing *Daphnis* that peace is concluded, the whole ends happily with a chorus and a dance.

This piece is written by *James Harris*, Esq; member of Christ-Church, Hants, one of the lords of the Admiralty, in which there is great taste and elegance; but being so very much confined by the necessity of writing to the tunes, and the tunes being so highly superior to ballad-airs, 'tis no wonder that it was not as universally admired as it deserved. The reason why that gentleman admitted it at all upon the stage, was to oblige Mr. *Norris*, (who preformed

performed a capital part in it in the country, where it was often represented before the most accurate judges with the highest success) on his being engaged at Drury-Lane Theatre. — If the elegant author should chuse any subject where he could be more at liberty, we dare affirm, from this little specimen, he would become a very deserving favourite of the public.

Account of Love in a Village, a new Opera, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

A GREEABLE to the nature of our plan, and pursuant to our promise, of giving an accurate account of every new performance as it comes out, we shall in this place give an account of *Love in a Village*, which is now performing at Covent-Garden theatre with great success—the characters of this piece, and the story, are as follow.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Wm. Meadows	Mr. Collins.
Young Meadows	Mr. Mattocks.
Justice Woodcock	Mr. Shuter.
Hawthorn	Mr. Beard.
Eustace	Mr. Dyer.
Hodge	Mr. Dunstall.
Rosetta	Miss Brent.
Lucinda	Miss Hallam.
Mrs. Deborah Woodcock	Mrs. Walker.
Margery	Miss Davies.

Sir Wm. Meadows having concluded a treaty with a neighbouring gentleman, that his son should marry the other's daughter—the young couple, who have never seen each other, upon the first intimation of this agreement entertain an unaccountable aversion to the match, and to avoid the necessity of complying with paternal authority, both
elope

elope from their different habitations.—The young lady applying to an old school-fellow of hers to conceal her in the quality of an attendant, is immediately received, and the gentleman procuring a recommendation to *Justice Woodcock* as a gardener, his worship happening to want such a person at that very time, hires Mr. Meadows, who goes by the name of Thomas.

The justice's family consists of one daughter (*Lucinda*) and his maiden sister Mrs. *Deborah*.—*Lucinda*, who is supposed an amiable young lady of good understanding, has in her service a maid called *Rosetta*, in whom Mr. *Meadowes* find so many attractions, that in a very short time he falls deeply in love with her; but from the disparity of their circumstances, he endeavours to get the better of his passion, as he is much too generous to entertain any designs repugnant to her virtue.

Rosetta is much in the same situation with Mr. *Meadowes*, she entertains a reciprocal affection for that gentleman; but thinking him only a gardener, she combats with her esteem, and strives to get the better of whatever sentiments she has entertained in his favour. Both affecting a coolness of behaviour, Mr. *Meadowes*, who is sensible how improper any notion of marrying a waiting maid would be in a man of his family and expectations, is resolved immediately to leave the village, but first determines to disclose his real quality to *Rosetta*, for which purpose he obtains the promise of an appointment from her in the greenhouse that evening; but in the mean time, Sir *William*, his father, who had a few days before discovered his retreat, arrives at the village, and coming to the justice's house, *Rosetta*, who sees the knight, and hears the nature of his errand, calls him out, and discovers herself to him, as the young lady who was to have been married to his son; at the same time declaring the circumstance of the mutual passion, which then subsisted between Mr. *Meadowes* and herself.

Overjoyed at this discovery, Sir *William* and Mr. *Hawthorn* surprize Mr. *Meadowes* at the place where he was waiting

waiting for *Rossetta*; and the father, after some little upbraidings for running away, insists, that the son shall instantly marry the young lady for whom he was originally designed, and whom he has then in the house for that purpose. Mr. Meadows endeavours to apologize for the necessity he is under of declining the match, and declares a prior engagement of his inclinations; but the father, peremptory in his commands, sends Mr. *Hawthorn* to bring the young lady in: Mr. *Meadows*, upon her entrance, is about to retire; but she singing, he turns about with an air of surprize, to find the very lady whom his father had talked of introducing: at first he imagines Sir *William* has taken that method of reproaching him with his passion for a waiting maid; but matters being cleared up to his unspeakable satisfaction, he receives her with the utmost demonstrations of joy, and so far matters are happily concluded.

Such is the principal story of *Love in a Village*; but there are however two other circumstances, which are introduced, by way of episode, and lengthen out the piece; the first is a reciprocal affection between *Lucinda* and Mr. *Eustace*, to whose union an impediment arises at the beginning of the Opera, and yet it is effected without any difficulty at the end; the only reason which is brought for keeping them asunder, is a supposition of *Lucinda's*, that her father wanted to match her to a Coronet; for Mr. *Eustace* is every way her equal in family and fortune; but indeed without making some difficulty, it would have been impossible to have introduced either the justice, or his sister. In consequence of *Lucinda's* opinion, however, that her father would be averse to the match, she holds a private correspondence with her lover, which is principally managed by the means of *Hodge*, who is one of the justices servants; but Mr. *Eustace* coming to the house at an appointed time, when the family were abroad, the Justice and his sister unexpectedly return and find him conversing with *Lucinda*.—The reader must be informed, that the Justice and his sister never agreed in any one circumstance

stance, they made it a sort of merit to be of different opinions, and always held a struggle for the superiority of understanding. Mrs. *Deborah*, upon finding *Lucinda* and her lover together, accuses them directly of a secret correspondence; but *Eustace*, professing himself a musick master, who was come to offer his service to Miss *Lucinda*; partly thro' easiness of temper, and partly in opposition to his sister, the Justice admits his assertion, and invites him to dinner, but his worship having some occasion to step abroad, Mrs. *Deborah*, who is rigidly suspicious, listens at the partition to the conversation of the lovers, and hears them agree to elope that night: bursting into the room, *Eustace* slips into a closet to hide, where the discreet Mrs. *Deborah* locks him up, and notwithstanding all the prayers and intreaties of *Lucinda*, hunts after her brother, and brings him home to be a witness of the affair; but *Lucinda* and *Eustace* denying the charge, and *Hodge* declaring he had never carried a letter between them in his days, the Justice, from their assertion, and his natural promptitude of dissenting from his sister's opinions, won't believe a single syllable of the matter, but charges Mrs. *Deborah* with being tipsy. Such is the situation of affairs, when on the entrance of Sir *Wm. Meadowes*, and his son, Mr. *Hawthorn*, and *Rossetta* clear up the whole affair. Mr. *Eustace* being called cousin by Sir *William*, and finding he can conceal himself no longer, puts on the gentleman, and avows his passion for *Lucinda*. The company interpose in behalf of the lovers, when, partly thro' their request, and his daughter's supplication, but chiefly the pleasure of contradicting his sister, who had plumed herself wonderfully on the late discovery, he consents to their marriage; and as the manner is not without merit, we shall take the liberty of transcribing it—When *Eustace* has declared, he is no music master, Mrs. *Deborah*, after the company intercede in his favour with the justice, goes up to him, and cries,

“Come, turn out of the house, and be thankful my brother does not hang you; for he could do it, he is a justice of the peace—turn out of the house I say.”

Upon this the justice turns about to Mrs. *Deborah*, saying,
VOL. I. D “Who

"Who gave you authority to turn him out of the house, he shall stay where he is."

Mrs. Deb. He shan't marry my niece.

Justice Woodcock—Shan't he? But I'll shew you the difference now; I say he shall marry her, and what will you do about it.

Mrs. Deb. And you will give him your estate too, will you.

Justice Woodc. Yes I will.

Mrs. Deb. Why, I am sure he is a vagabond.

Ju. Woodc. I like him the better, I would have him a vagabond.

This settles the matter, and Eustace accordingly marries Lucinda.

The other circumstance in this piece is *Hodge's* infidelity to *Madge*; for after ruining her, having fallen in love with *Rossetta*, while he supposed her a chambermaid, he paid no regard to his former engagements, but suffered poor *Madge* to solicit him to no purpose, and at last drove her up to London, with the excess of his ill nature—for which he is punished in the poetical court of justice, with the loss of *Rossetta*—At the end of the first act, the author has introduced a statute or fair, for the hiring of servants, who sing in their different characters, and then close the scene with a chorus and a dance.

The author of this piece, in an address to Mr. Beard, prefixed to the opera, has prevented any criticism that could be made upon its merit, by the following acknowledgment, which, however it may be recommended for its modesty, is not less remarkable for being just.

"If this opera is considered merely as a piece of dramatic writing, it will certainly be found to have very little merit in that light. No one can think more indifferently of it than I do myself." We could have wished, that Mr. *Bickerstaff* had dealt with equal candour in another place, where he informs the reader, "That there is an incident or two in this opera, which bear some resemblance to what may be found in a piece called *The Village Opera*, written in the year 1729,

"1729, by C. Johnson." There is indeed a resemblance, and that with a witness, between the two pieces——Mr. *Bickerstaff's* is barely an alteration, and sorry are we to say it, an alteration very much for the worse from the *Village Opera*, nay, in some places he has transcribed whole passages——but as we have not presumption enough to advance any thing to the public, which we are not very well able to prove, we beg their indulgence for inserting the following parallel.

Dramatis Personæ of the Village Opera.

Sir Nicholas Wiseacre,

Sir Wm. Freeman.

Young Freeman his son, disguised as a gardener, in love with Betty.

Lucas, an old gardener in the family of Sir Nicholas. Bruff, footman to young Freeman.

File, servant to Sir William.

Hobbinol and Cuddy, two country fellows, in love with Betty.

Lady Wiseacre, wife to Sir Nicholas.

Rosella, daughter to Sir Nicholas.

Betty, her maid.

Peggy, Dolly, Susan, country girls.

The hero of this piece is young *Freeman*, whom his father has agreed with Sir *Nicholas* to marry to *Rosella*; like the parties in *Love in a Village*, they have never seen each other, but have some excuse for not approving of the match——*Rosella's* heart being engaged to a young gentleman, one Mr. *Heartwell*, and *Freeman's* to *Betty*, *Rosella's* woman, whom he accidentally meets with in a stage coach, when his own carriage broke by some mischance upon a journey——*Betty's* manner struck young *Freeman* prodigiously, and learning where she was going to live, he got himself hired as under-gardener in the same family, for a better opportunity of making his addresses to her.

In this account of the *Village Opera*, (in which we should have mentioned, that there is also a statute or fair for the hiring of servants, at the end of the first act, who close the scene with singing and dancing, as in *Love in a Village*) the reader of any judgment will easily see, that excepting the affair of *Brush and File*, Mr. *Bickerstaff* has borrowed (to give it no harsher appellation) his whole plot from the *Village Opera*: and that he has made equally free with the sentiments and language of that piece, we shall take the liberty of proving by the following comparison.

Mr. *Bickerstaff* opens his——what shall we call it——but for decency's sake, let it be *Love in a Village*, for his piece it is not, with this hymn to hope.

I.

Rossetta *Hope, thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy.*

II.

Lucinda *Hope, thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.*

III.

Rossetta *Kind deceiver flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess'd,
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.*

In the *Village Opera* Mr. *Johnson* puts the following hymn to hope in the mouth of Mr. *Freeman*.

I.

*Hope, thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Beauteous prospect, glow-worm fire,
Delighting, never known to cloy.*

Kind

Critique on the New Pieces.

II.

*Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Let me be in wishes blest;
My breast with fancy'd pleasures fill,
And raptures, tho' in dreams, possess'd.*

Will Mr. *Bickerstaff* call this nothing more than *some resemblance*! What a pity that in his advertisement concerning Mr. *Johnson's* piece, he did not preserve that modesty and candor which he made use of in his address to Mr. *Beard*. — Mr. *Bickerstaff* must either know very little of poetry, or have very little of the ingenuous about him, if he does not confess, that he has not only stole (borrowed, we mean) this passage from Mr. *Johnson*, and that whatever alterations he has made, are considerably for the worse. He has indeed introduced a new verse; but such a verse! — four continued lines of hobbling epithet, as unpoetical as absurd — four lines of epithet to four lines of sentiment, one would have thought enough in all conscience; but eight! — 'tis just like a man's putting a dozen or two of buttons upon his coat, when he has got neither sleeves nor pockets.

At the statute, at the end of the first act, Mr. *Bickerstaff* has followed Mr. *Johnson*, and made each servant sing in his respective occupation, with this difference only, that Mr. *Johnson* has put but a line in the mouth of each, while Mr. *Bickerstaff* gives each a whole verse: but in this Mr. *Johnson* shewed more judgment than his successor, because that part of *Love in a Village* was thought too heavy by the audience, and was obliged to be shortened after the representation on the first night.

Here we find our gentleman gardener has some meaning for entering into this disguise, whereas in *Love in a Village* no one motive in the world is assigned for Mr. *Meadowes's* choosing that profession: he was, by accident, passing thro the village; had no mistress, no attachment, no reason in nature, for putting off the gentleman. — He tells us in his soliloquy, that he has done all this, because he would let his father see he would run any lengths, before he

he would marry a woman he did not like. — We shall take no notice of the absurdity of a man's disliking a woman whom he never saw; but only remark, that it would be much more probable, if he had gone immediately up to London, taken a convenient lodging, and laid snug till he could reconcile matters with the old gentleman, or roundly give that refusal to the request of his father, which, at the conclusion of the piece, he does not boggle at a moment. — Operas, it may be said, are not to be governed by the rules of probability, because their very institution is repugnant to reason. — True; but however, one would as near as possible, since we are to have such entertainments, have them border a little upon common sense and credibility.

But as it is not our intention to lessen *Love in a Village*, by pointing out the infinite superiority of the *Village Opera*, we shall go on with our parallel.

Sir *Nicholas Wiscacre* and his wife are just such characters as *Justice Woodcock* and his sister; always contending for a superiority in understanding, and differing in opinion. Sir *William Meadows* is just the same good-humoured gentleman that Sir *William Freeman* is; and *Hobbinol* and *Cuddy*, like *Hodge*, forsake both their sweethearts, *Peggy* and *Susan*, thro' a passion for *Betty*, and leave the unfortunate lasses to curse the superior charms of their rival.

Like *Lucinda* in *Love in a Village*, *Rosella* lays her scheme to elope with Mr. *Heartwell*, her admirer, who is an intimate friend of Mr. *Freeman's*, and is assisted by him in the execution of the design. — The manner indeed of winding up the plot is different: for *Brush*, Mr. *Freeman's* servant, is trusted with *Rosella's* elopement, and who resides in the village to receive the occasional orders of his master, Meeting accidentally with *File*, Sir *William's* man, coming to apologize for the disappearance of Mr. *Freeman*, who, by the agreement of the old Folks, was to have been married that very day to *Rosella*, the two footmen, who have a con-ummate share of villany and impudence, enter into a scheme of cheating Sir *Nicholas*; *Brush* being to pass for Mr. *Freeman*, whom neither Sir *Nicholas* nor his family

family ever saw, and *File* being to apologize for the absence of Sir *William*, by a plea of indisposition, and a request that the nuptials may be immediately solemnized: by which means, as the lady's fortune was to be paid down, they might become possessed and make off with it.

To execute this scheme, *Brush* dresses himself in a suit of his master's cloaths, and personates him so much to the satisfaction of Sir *Nicholas*, that he is very near marrying *Rossella*: but *Betty*, who had before accidentally discovered that *Colin* (young Freeman) was a gentleman, informs him of the affair; who, surprized at hearing that his name and person were assumed upon such an occasion, throws off his disguise immediately, and appears before Sir *Nicholas* himself; but the sensible knight, prepossessed in favour of *Brush*, who stands it out with an assurance unparalleled, is going to treat Mr. *Freeman* as an impostor, when the arrival of Sir *William* clears every thing up; for Sir *William* having no notion of his son's refusing to marry *Rossella*, was extremely surprized at the young gentleman's absence on the wedding-day, and sets out soon after his servant, *File*, to excuse so extraordinary a behaviour to Sir *Nicholas*; here he detects the imposture of *Brush*, and acknowledges the real Mr. *Freeman* to Sir *Nicholas*. The old gentlemen then proceed to the business of the wedding; when *Young Freeman* declines the honour of *Rossella's* hand, and begs Sir *Nicholas* to bestow her on Mr. *Heartwell*, at the same time requesting his father's consent to a marriage with *Betty*, who turns out to be the daughter of a man of fortune in Sir *William's* neighbourhood, fled from a marriage with a drunken fox-hunter of her father's choosing. Sir *William* is instantly satisfied with the match, and desires Sir *Nicholas* either to burn the marriage-articles, which had been drawn up for the wedding of *Young Freeman* and *Rossella*, or get new ones drawn up between that lady and Mr. *Heartwell*.

Lucas, the head gardener in the *Village Opera*, like *Hawthorn* in Mr. *Bickerstaff's* AFFAIR, is a hearty healthy old fellow, and like *Hawthorn*, has no manner of business in the piece. But that our readers may have an idea still stronger

stronger of the affinity between the two characters, we shall beg leave to introduce a passage in each. *Lucas*, who is *Colin's* confidant, after talking about the folly of love, says, "'Tis mighty pretty tho' to be in love; when I was young I remember *Dolly Mayfly* laid hold of my heart; we tugg'd for it a good while: — She was a lass that might have shewn her head on a holiday with the best of 'em." And then *Lucas* sings:

*My Dolly was the snow-drop fair;
Curling endive was her hair;
The fragrant Jessamine her breath,
White kidney-beans her even teeth.
Two daisies were her eyes,
Her breasts in swelling musbrooms rise;
Her waist the straight and upright fir,
But all her heart was cucumber.*

In *Love in a Village*, *Hawthorn*, excusing the wildness of young fellows, in regard to love-affairs, says to *Justice Woodcock*, "Well, well, neighbour, we should remember when we were young fellows ourselves; and I was as likely to play an old Don such a trick in my day, as o'er a spark in the hundred — Nay, between you and me, I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I." Here we meet with just such another sentiment as *Lucas's*, with only a little difference in the expression. — But to *Hawthorn's* song:

*My Dolly was the fairest thing!
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring,
And, if for summer you would seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek.
Her swelling bosom tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type,
But when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.*

Does

Does it require any very great degree of understanding to discover the palpable imitation in this place, or can there be the least necessity for pointing it out to our readers? I We shall now proceed to give some instances where Mr. *Bickerstaff* makes equally free with the dialogue—*Colin*, in the *Village Opera*, speaks the very sentiments of young *Meadowes* in Love in a Village; how much he differs in the language shall be shewn by the following quotation—Where *Colin*, speaking of the absurdity of his thinking seriously of a waiting-maid, delivers himself in this manner.

“Now let me examine myself—Would I marry this girl? No. Would I make a mistress of her? No. Two things called reason and honour forbid them both. What do I then pursue? A shadow.”

Young *Meadowes*, taken up with the same thoughts, expresses them thus:—

“Well, would I marry her, (*Rosetta*)?—Would I make a mistress of her if I could?—Two things called prudence and honour forbid either. What am I pursuing then? A shadow.”

In the *Village Opera*, *Susan* being slighted by *Cloddy*, comes in following him.

Susan. *Cloddy*, *Cloddy*?

Clod. Well, what sayn you?

Sus. I have given my lady warning. I will live no longer in a house where I'm so used by my fellow-servants.

Clod. Why, who hurts you?

Sus. You and your favourite, Mrs. *Betty*.

Clod. Look you, *Suskey*, take a fool's advice, don't you turn grub and fall out with your provender. What tho' I did fancy you once, mayhap I may have changed my mind: did you never change your mind?

Sus. To be left for a fine-finger'd minx!—Um! she'll make a rare wife, I warrant. What is she fit for, but to quill a cap, or pin a gown, to make jellies or white-creams?—What is she fit for?

Clod. She may be fit for as much as you. Don't you disparage your betters, *Sukey*.—If that will vex you, then I do like her, I do.

Hodge. and *Madge* have an altercation of the same kind in *Love in a Village*—expressed in this manner.

Marg. Nay, pray you *Hodge*, stay and let me speak to you a'wbitt.

Had. Well, what sayn you?

Marg. Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous; and is this the way you serve me after all? And won't you keep your word, *Hodge*?

Had. Why no, I won't, I tell you I have changed my mind.

Marg. I know what makes you false-hearted to me, that you may keep company with young madam's waiting woman, and I'm sure she's no fit body for a poor man's wife?

Hod. How should you know what she's fit for, she's fit for as much as you, mayhap? Don't find fault with your betters, *Madge*.

If this be nothing more than some resemblance, what, in the name of wonder, will Mr. *Bickerstaff* call a striking likeness!—But to go on a little further—When Sir *Nicholas* finds himself mistaken with regard to the person of young *Freeman*, and appears somewhat confounded at the affair, lady *Wiseacre*, whom he had endeavoured to convince of his superior understanding, cries,

“No, Sir *Nicholas*, you are right, you must be right, “you were always right.”

In the same manner, Mrs. *Deborah Woodcock* insults the justice, when *Eustace* has discovered himself.

“Well, brother, what have you to say for yourself now? You have made a precious day's work of it! Had my advice been taken! Oh! I am ashamed of you; but you are a weak man, and it can't be help'd, however, “you should let wiser heads direct for you.”

The justice, when he finds that *Thomas*, his gardener, is the son of Sir *William Meadows*, endeavours to arrogate his consequence, by remarking,

"I always thought he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, tho' I never mentioned it."

In characters of this cast, trifling as these expressions may appear to a common reader, they are, however, particularly striking, and have a something about them uncommonly marking — There is, in fact, more *natural* merit in such an expression, than in fifty pages of the most elegant dialogue in the universe. Unluckily, however, *Lady Wisacre*, when she hears that *Betty* is a woman of fashion, makes the same sage observation, and says,

"I had always a particular liking to this girl, I thought there was something in her, not vulgar."

We shall take up the reader's leisure with comparing no more than another passage at the conclusion of each piece. — *Rossetta*, in *Love in a Village*, when matters have terminated happily, goes up to *Lucinda* to express her satisfaction at the happiness of that lady, and saying:

"Dear *Lucinda*, if words could convey the transports of my heart upon this occasion——"

The other interrupts her with this following expression.

"Words are the tools of hypocrites, the pretenders to friendship; only let us resolve to preserve our esteem for each other."

But when the reader is informed that *Betty* goes up in the same manner to *Rossetta*, and says:

"If words could convey the gratitude of my heart——"

And is in the same manner interrupted by *Rossetta's* saying:

"Words are the tools of hypocrites, pretenders to friendship: this only I have to ask thee, my Dear, that we may still continue together as much as possible."

We fancy, that if there can be any merit in such a sentiment, the public will not ascribe it to Mr. *Bickerstaff*.

Having been thus tediously exact in our comparison, our readers can easily judge for themselves; we shall, upon the whole observe, that Mr. *Bickerstaff* has not shewn all that candor in his acknowledgment to Mr. *Johnson*, which he would be thought to possess; and possibly so illiberal a freedom as he hath taken with the *Village Opera*, would not be suffered by an English audience, was it not that the injustice of the proceeding is hidden by the uncommon merit of the performers.

Account of New Performers, this Season at the Theatres Royal in London.

AS we have assigned a section of this work to treat of the abilities of every Actor of any degree of eminence, a particular criticism on the general Talents of all New Performers will more properly fall, in due time, under that head. In this place, to briefly take notice of the part they first appeared in—their figure—their address, &c. will, it is presumed, be thought altogether sufficient for the present.

It may not also be unnecessary to premise, that when we are speaking of New Performers, we mean not to be restricted merely to those persons who never attempted any character before; but to extend it to all such who shall, from time to time, be engaged from the various itinerant companies in the three kingdoms, and perform on any of our regular and established stages.

DRURY-LANE, 1762.

Mr. VERNON,

(From Dublin.)

Mr. *Vernon* having been so long absent, claims some notice in this place. We know not in his singing which to admire most, his peculiar delicacy, exquisite taste, or sensible expression; all which it is certain he possesses to a most eminent degree. As an actor too, he may be justly proclaimed a lively and pleasing comedian; a specimen of which he has given us in *Sharp*, and several other parts.

Mr.

Mr. PARSONS,

(From the Theatre in Edinburgh)

Made his appearance in *Filch*, Tuesday, Sept. 21, with some degree of applause, and would probably have succeeded better, was there not so finished a *Filch* at the other house. Justice, however, induces us to affirm, that we not only perceived in him ourselves a tolerable share of the *vis comica*, but that some judges who have seen him in Scotland, declare to us, that in old men in general, his performance is chaste, and truly characteristic.

Mrs. PARSONS,

The same night played Mrs. Peachum; from her performance of which we think she might be rendered entertainingly useful.

Mr. LOVE.

On the 15th of September, this gentleman, (the late manager of the Edinburgh theatre) made his first appearance in the part of Sir John Falstaff.—Mr. Love, in our opinion, was not destitute of those masterly strokes of acting which we have heretofore seen so admirably thrown out in this very singular character; but it is nevertheless certain, that he was greatly deficient in that joyous something, which in Quin did so much justice to the inimitable author of the ever wittily-facetious Sir John.—In many places Mr. Love was too sententiously serious; and in a few, too buffoonishly comical: In some, however, (though we could wish indeed they had been more frequent) he displayed that genuineness of humour, the loss of which we have so much deplored ever since the Hero in Falstaff made his final exit from the Theatrical Stage.

Mr. JACKSON.

(From the Edinburgh Theatre.)

This young gentleman appeared Oct. 7.—His figure, as to height and proportion, is excellent: but he was a little deficient in that graceful ease, which, possessed, would render his person the most elegant on the theatre. This necessary qualification however, he may, no doubt, attain by a due attention to the polite accomplishments. His first character was Oroonoko, and it is but justice to say, that we scarce observed a single sentiment that he did not impress with all the sense of the

the author. On the other hand, his voice was so exceedingly weak, that unless, like Demosthenes, he can hit on a method to improve it, we fear it will not a little impede his progress to eminence on the stage. Besides—notwithstanding his tones, in general, were perfectly harmonious, yet now and then his pronunciation was tinged with something of the provincial; which, though not strong enough to absolutely mark the place that gave birth to it, was nevertheless, conspicuously harsh and disagreeable. With respect to his deficiency in power, an attendance on Mr. Angier of Bishopsgate-street, (if any credit is to be given to assertions in the public papers) would soon remove it; and as to the latter, nothing more is needful than a frequent rehearsing before a real and judicious friend. These difficulties (as they at present seem) surmounted, we will venture to pronounce a success to Mr. Jackson equal to his warmest wishes and most sanguine expectations.

Mr. N O R R I S.

This gentleman appeared as the singing-master in the *Conscious Lovers*, on the 9th of October. His voice, the upper part of it in particular, is fine, but feigned. We know not whether the fault is to be attributed to a falleness of taste in his master or himself; but his manner is perfectly Italian, and the expression (if it can be so called) of his words, utterly unintelligible.—Mr. Vernon, as to this particular, we have mentioned before; and it is but justice to Mr. Beard (if it is possible to do justice to excellence like his) to say, that he never sacrificed sense to sound: but if these are excepted, we scarce know a singer who does not ridiculously aim at entertaining the ear at the expence of the understanding.

COVENT GARDEN, 1762.

Miss D A V I E S,

(From an itinerant Company)

Appeared Sept. 22, in *Nell* in the *Devil-to-pay*. Her person is agreeable; her voice and manner of singing, pleasing; her powers, though at present too weak, we think capable of being heightened and improved. In regard to her speaking, there was discoverable a dawn of merit, which portended she might some day or other hold a no very indifferent rank in the theatrical state.

Mrs.

Mrs. LEWIS

(From Edinburgh, where she played by the name of Standen.)

Appeared Sept. 27th in the Queen, in Hamlet, to which her figure was most happily adapted; and she might have been more agreeably received, had she not expressed less sensibility in her speaking, than affectation in her address.

Mrs. WALLKER

(From the Theatre Royal in Dublin.)

On the 29th of Sept. this Lady (formerly Miss Minors) made her appearance in the character of Miss Harlowe, the Old Maid. Those who attempt to give an opinion of this actress, from what they remember of her when she belonged some years since to Drury Lane, will pronounce a judgment highly erroneous; she is so amazingly improved, that whenever we shall have to deplore the death, or retirement from the stage, of a Clive, we know no one so capable of reconciling us to our loss. — But of this, more hereafter, when we come to speak of her in the course of that section appropriated for opposing the abilities of contending performers in the same characters.

Miss ELLIOT

(May be deemed a new actress, having performed here, before this season, only in summer exhibitions); has infinite vivacity: She is admirably adapted to the pert and sprightly parts of comedy; but with respect to delicacy and deportment, we can by no means allow her equal to those of a nature more elevated and refined.

Miss POLLY YOUNG.

(From Dublin.)

Mr. Beard introduced this young lady, with a few occasional words, on the 30th of September, in the Conscious Lovers: This, with the agreeable innocence of her appearance (for she is scarce in her teens) greatly prepossessed the audience in her favour. Her performance heightened their opinion of her; and those who were judges, pronounced that she would one day reach the summit of musical perfection. Her performance on the harpsichord, is equal to her excellence in singing.

Mrs.

Account of New Players.

Mrs. BAKER,

(From the Bath-Theatre)

Appeared Oct. 6. in the character of Roxana, in which she evinced some sensibility and much judgment; but her person, which is short, and inclinable to the lusty, is unhappily adapted to the heroines of tragedy; though, with the judicious, accuracy of speaking is deemed a sufficient compensation for almost every personal defect.

Miss CATLEY,

(From Vaux-Hall-Garden.)

Has yet given no very glaring proofs of her theatrical abilities; time alone can therefore decide the true merit of this young lady. — She made her appearance, October 8, in the Pastoral Nymph in *Comus*.

Miss MILLER,

Made her first essay last season; but as she did but a trifling part or two, and had not at that time any favourable opportunity of submitting her talents to public criticism, we rank her among the initiates of the present. From the elegance of her figure, the delicacy of her deportment, and the sweetness of her voice, we think she may prove a shining ornament to the theatre; we however caution her to add to the endowments of nature an assiduous application to her profession, which is the only source of true and lasting approbation.

Mr. HAYES,

Appeared October 18, in the part of Honeycomb. As this part is of very little consequence, and as little favourable as possible to the actor, we shall defer our opinion of this performer, till we can consider him in some other character.

Mr. DAY

Made his appearance for the first time on any stage December the 4th, in the part of Pierre. This gentleman, like too many of our spouting Icarus's, disdaining the inferior rank of characters, and aspiring to the superior, has, we would hope, utterly dissipated all his air-built expectations of future theatrical eminence. In a word, as Mr. Day is no doubt qualified for many other professions, it is with the utmost friendship, that we would advise him to think no more of one, which he has already experienced to be so very arduous and uncertain.

The

The VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

WHATEVER may be the estimation to which our modern theatres have arisen, it may be rendered demonstrably evident that the performance of our actors is by no means proportionable to the desire or expectation of the intently speculative, or accurately judicious. The superficial may be delighted with a shadow; the more than superficial with the out-lines; but nature, depicted in her simple garb, by genius, her darling child, can alone excite the applause of a heart truly susceptible of her various emotions.—The grand obstacle to the entertainment, we expect, and are so frequently disappointed of, is the caprice of managers, in allotting characters to players void of every requisite talent for the just execution thereof. It requires but a small degree of penetration to observe, how languidly dull, and insipidly heavy, the inferior, and many of what is termed, the second or third parts, both in tragedy and comedy, are performed: those of the former, utterly void of sensibility: those of the latter, entirely barren of humour. For instance, we have heard a Tressel in Richard the Third, relate that finely painted and deeply affecting narrative to Henry, of the murder of his son (endeared to him not only by the strong ties of consanguinity, but the most engaging and amiable qualifications) in a less pathetic manner, than a misfortune, the most trivial in nature, would justly require. On the other hand, we have known a Sir Harry Beagle issue his orders to his man Tom, with all the drawling stiffness of a precise pædagogue.

These we intend not as personal reflections on the actors, but the most glaring instances of partiality in the managers; for it would be the highest absurdity, however lenient, to impute it to their ignorance; and we will venture to assert, that such procedures, as they are so many insults on the understanding of an audience, deserve the highest resentment, and the most public rebuke. Besides, an exact attendance to every performance, which is exhibited upon the stage, there are many smaller circumstances which claim the immediate notice of the managers; the first of these may be reckoned a decency and propriety in the habit of the actors. It is very ridiculous (to give it no harsher name) to see a prince of the blood come

on with worsted stockings, in a suit of embroidery ; or to see one of the first officers of a kingdom appear at court with a dirty shirt ; yet these things have been

Queque ipse miserrima ardi, &c.

We don't remember to have been more strongly struck a long time with the absurdity of dress upon the stage, than in MILTON'S *COMUS*.—The two brothers are dressed in old English habits, and the lady appears in the most fashionable garb of the present *anno domini*——But this is not all ; the two brothers have short hair in imitation of our ancestors some centuries ago ; and the spirit, who personates the likeness of their servant, has his elegantly dressed with a bag front.

But if the improprieties of dress are matters of complaint, the indecencies of it are still more highly culpable, and the managers who permit any circumstance of that nature, very much to be condemned.——The men have few or no opportunities of offending in this way, and for a woman to be guilty of so gross an indiscretion, is at once lessening the reputation of her sex, and scandalizing the theatre to which she may belong ; not to mention the unpardonable disrespect with which it is treating the sensible and delicate part of the audience.

In this class of offenders, none stands so justly stigmatized, or seems so utterly insensible of shame, as Miss POITIER of Covent-Garden theatre. This woman, about ten or twelve nights ago, was to dance at the end of the first act of *Love in a Village*, before an audience no less august than the Royal Family, and the first nobility in the kingdom.

——Yet, would any person suppose she could have the confidence to appear with her bosom so scandalously bare, that, to use an expression of a public writer, who took some notice of the circumstance, the breast hung flabbing over a pair of stays cut remarkably low, like a couple of empty bladders in an oil-shop——One thing the author of that letter has omitted, which, if possible, is still more gross ; and that is, in the course of Miss POITIER'S hornpipe, one of her shoes happening to slip down at the heel, she lifted up her Leg, and danced upon the other till she had drawn it up——This, had she worn drawers, would have been the more excusable ; but unhappily, there was little occasion for standing
in

in the pit to see that she was not provided with so much as a fig-leaf.

The court turned instantly from the stage——The pit was astonished ! and scarcely any thing, but a disapproving murmur, was heard, from the most unthinking spectator in the twelvepenny gallery.

Surely, surely, a man of Mr. Beard's known politeness and understanding, was not time enough acquainted with the manner of this performer's dress, to prevent the general disgust which it occasioned: and we dare answer for him; that the town will have no occasion for any complaint of the like nature *in futuro*.

It will, however, be no improper hint to the managers of both theatres, to remark, that they are answerable for every instance of misbehaviour in their performers, which they suffer to continue, and have the power to prevent.——Nothing can be more disagreeable to a mind tinctured with any benevolence, than a necessity of finding fault; but we must at the same time declare, that whatever deserves the check of censure, shall always meet with our reproof; and, that though we shall embrace every opportunity of praising, still none shall meet with our approbation who does not deserve it.

Theatrical Anecdotes, Jests, &c.

THE education of the ladies and gentlemen of the theatres royal has been too liberal and polite, and their life too uniform, to furnish out many blundering expressions, or humorous circumstances. No; it is the country itinerant companies which mostly abound in incident; the variety of their lives naturally throwing them into numberless motley scenes, droll and whimsical situation; and to them therefore must our readers expect to be chiefly indebted, for so laughable a part of their entertainment. Not but that in the regular theatres, sometimes, such things have occurred, as even the ear of credibility would be startled at.

The Beggar's Opera was brought out at Lincoln's-Inn Fields play-house. As this was an OPERA, it was to be conducted in the taste of the Italian ones in the Hay-market, where there is no music played before the overture. The audience not being acquainted with, or, on an *English* theatre, not approving, this circumstance, expressed great

great disapprobation at their having neither first nor second music. The clamour at length grew so powerful, that Jack Hall, the celebrated comedian, was deputed to apologize for the omission, by informing the spectators that at an opera, it was a rule to have no music prior to the overture. Jack made his obeysances with a tolerable grace; but being confounded at the general silence, which, in order to hear him, had so suddenly ensued an universal uproar, blundered out, '*Ladies and gentlemen — we — we — beg you'll not call out for first and second music — because — because you know there is NEVER ANY MUSIC AT ALL at an OPERA.*' — This however had a much better effect than a more elegant speech might have possibly produced — The audience laughed heartily at the paddyism; poor Hall by awkwardly retiring, — scraping, confused, and ashamed, — added not a little to their mirth; another performer explained to them Jack's meaning; and the whole went off with the most uncommon applause.

Mr. Quin, whose *delicacy* is particularly remarkable, was, in the management of Mr. Fleetwood, to make an apology for mademoiselle Roland's not being able to perform a favourite dance, on account of her having sprained her ancle. The audience were so greatly out of temper at her not appearing, that it required even the consequence of so capital an actor to gain their attention. Quin, not much liking the woman, and consequently the office, without any ceremony, bluntly addressed the spectators with, '*Ladies and gentlemen, Madam — a — a — Roland has put her ancle out — I wish she had put her neck out and be damned to her.*' — Exit with a hem!

EPIGRAM

On the Death of Mr. PRITCHARD the Treasurer of Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden so long had its conquest maintain'd,

*That all opposition lay dead,
And Garrick beheld how his coffers were drain'd,*

** And empty almost as his head;
When Pritchard for want of employment was drove
By so sharp and so fatal a blow,
To set out on staring his balance above
As his office was useless below.*

* At the request of our Correspondent we have given his piece a place, though we think this Line too illiberal.

THE
THEATRICAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY 1, 1763.

Dissertation on the Drama.

CHAP. III.

On that part of Dramatical Entertainments called SINGING.

WE do not propose to enter into an elaborate and learned dissertation on this head——Every school-boy can repeat examples, without number, of the amazing power which songs have had upon an audience; even to that of leading up an army against an enemy——The world, in general, are no strangers to the story of the song of Tyrtæus; nor is the astonishing effect of the harp of Timotheus less universally known.

There is an anecdote relative to THAIS, perhaps worth relating. The Macedonians, tired with being so long from home, and fearful, from particular symptoms, that their giddy-headed hero madly intended to make Persepolis the seat of his empire, they secretly deputed proper persons to make interest with this lady, who was prime mistress to Alexander, to work him to the destruction of that city by fire. The terms were——absolute and certain assassination, in its most dreadful extent, if she refused; and, on the contrary, upon the accomplishment of the scheme, besides a very great and important pecuniary reward, the alluring promise of a superb and matchless set of the finest fillagreed Persian dressing-plate, to be executed by the first artist in all Babylon——The proposal was accepted; the attempt succeeded; and history informs us that she wrought her imperial keeper to the deed, by previously raising his spirits

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with

with wine, and then elevating them *by the power of her MUSIC*, to the wildest pitch of the most extravagant FUROR.

Here, we apprehend, that in excuse for the lady, we may venture to defy any modern Demirep of them all, to affirm that, pressed as our *toast*, *Thais*, was, she would not have yielded—To you, ye incontinent fair, we appeal—Threatened on one side, and tempted on the other, could the most resolute and inflexible of you have said No? —But we are wandering from our purpose; which is, to confine ourselves to a few animadversions on vocal music, so far as it respects our own country.

The antient chorus's have been so often dissertated upon, that the subject is become rather trite and stale; but there is one part of antique singing, which we do not recollect to have seen considered by any of the great scholiasts. That which we allude to is, what Homer, in both his Epics, gives us some account of; namely, the person who, at every solemn feast, was pitched upon to recite the courageous acts of their heroic ancestors—It is the same, if we mistake not, which, among the Indians, is termed the *War-Song*—and designed to lift the emulative heart to the achievement of the most noble exploits.

ENGLAND was formerly famous for its BARDS. These were those poets, who not only composed, but (like Timotheus) chanted heroic verses to the music of their harps.

At that time of day our princes were continually projecting tilts, tournaments, and expeditions to the Holy Land; and the animating songs of these BARDS were of the utmost service in working the vassals of their prince into that martial ardour, that military enthusiasm, so necessary for carrying into execution the most desperate undertakings.

These BARDS, according to PETRARCH, had great power. This Italian writer saw one of them in the court of Cœur de Lion (Richard I.) whose name was ANSELM, of whom he warmly says,

—A cui

————— *A cui la lingua*
Lancia et spada fu sempre et scudo et elmo.

The *tongue*, or *song*, of the BARD, was *spear*, and *sword*,
 and *shield*, and *helmet*.

We may have some faint idea of the power of those
 songs, by reflecting how much our spirits are raised, when
 after a bumper we chorus————

GOD BLESS OUR NOBLE KING —————

BRITONS STRIKE HOME —————

O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND —————

Et cetera, et cetera.

Is it not, gentle reader, something difficult to account
 for priesthood's having been ever so much at variance with
 genius? Yet so it has been, in an infinity of examples,
 from the more early to the later ages. It was an unwar-
 rantable zeal for religion that utterly annihilated these
 bards; and from thence our glorious ardor for brave and
 warlike deeds began to dwindle — Nay, it is extremely
 easy to prove from the annals of all states, that whenever
 POETRY, MUSIC, and the rest of the ARTS were upon the
 decline, the exertion of the people, in the field or on the
 sea, became less strenuous, and the councils of their rulers
 proportionably timid.

Chevy-Chace and *Hardy-knute* are all the remnants we
 have of English epics, composed by our antient BARDS
 — Even our *marrow-bones* and *cleavers* (if we may speak
 of instrumental music) are not of *British* invention; they
 are borrowed from the *Pyrhic dance* of the antients.

Many years was this nation kept out of TUNE ———
 Pray, reader, admit the expression — until some very
 great PATRIOTS imported the *Italian OPERA*; from the
 generous motive (as they said) of relaxing our ferocity,
 and softening the savageness of our manners: and when
 we consider, that Britons were brought to admire their ab-
 surdities of *stabbing*, and *fighting*, and *praying*, and *laughing*,
 G 2 and

and crying, and dying, and all to Music and sweet-sounding SYMPHONIES, we must do them the justice to acknowledge, that they did relax us with a vengeance! even to the degenerating us into a race of mere sing-song, insipid, mechanical conversationists.— Those singers, male or female, or who were neither male nor female, who could swell the note highest, sing in one breath longest, run the swiftest division, and decorate a single syllable with the greatest number of *ha ha ha's* and *he he he's*, were regarded as the most perfect and accomplished performers.

We have been led into a consideration on this subject much sooner than we proposed in the course of our Dissertation on the Drama, in consequence of the following letter from a correspondent.

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW,

Gentlemen,

AS singing is so much the taste of the age, and as that taste is, at this time, so preposterous and depraved, I think a few immediate hints on that head must be highly advantageous to the public. I must therefore intreat, that in your next Number, you will lay before your readers the utility of public singing, if conducted according to its original institution; and expose the absurdity of the fashionable practice of the present *Anno Domini*.

How frequently do we hear a performer sing, without our being able to comprehend a single syllable of what the lady or gentleman is saying! How often does an audience break out with a *bravo! bravo!* Yet ask any of these applauding *connoisseurs*—— “What is the person singing? “Is it *English*, Sir, or is it *Italian*?” He'll be equally at a loss to tell you, as Scrub in the Stratagem, who, on his being questioned whether he heard the name of Sullen, replies, “I did hear some word that sounded that way, but “whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I could not distinguish”.

Pray, gentlemen, consider the manner in which the songs in the Beggar's Opera are now *trill'd, sustinuto'd, ad libitum's'd*. ——— The character of MACHEATH appears

pears to me that of a daring, resolute, indelicate, mean-bred fellow; by no means a master of music; and that the SENSE of his songs were rather to be well *set* by EMPHASIS, than *fritter'd* away in *tasteful* CONTABILIS — Yet I must acknowledge I have been sometimes apt to blame myself for condemning this manner, when reflection has told me, that it is not at all unlikely, that the *honest* CAPTAIN might have been a member of a CHOICE-SPIRIT-CLUB, and possibly there have acquired the *ravishing* ART of singing in TASTE — — Besides, another reason might perhaps be assigned for the refinement of this hero's manners; for since gentlemen have so much *associated* with highwaymen and gamblers, it is no ways unnatural to suppose, that highwaymen and gamblers should sometimes catch an accomplishment from their *companions*, the gentlemen — — But what excuse, Sirs, can this be, for POLLY's going so many octaves higher than ever was intended in the tune? Why should she be guilty of *nonsense* in her music? Can a girl, educated like Polly Peachum, be reasonably supposed so great an adept in sound, as to be capable of introducing *graces* in a *common* BALLAD, equal to the *finest* AIRS in ARTAXERXES? Or can we possibly imagine, that the *fancy* of a SINGER will be any addition to the *wit* of a GAY?

Wishing you, Gentlemen, all the success in your undertaking which the utility and novelty of your plan deserve, I remain,

Your Reader,

Bedford Coffee-house,
Jan. 20th, 1763.

And humble Servant,
HARMONICUS.

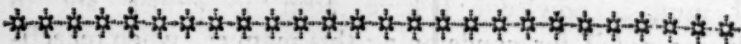
POOR CANDIDE, we never see any transactions of the sons and daughters of mortality, but we admire thy heaven-taught apothegm,

ALL FOR THE BEST!

These errors, then, may be *all for the best* — — The million must be pleased — — If audiences were only to be entertained with *sensible* exhibitions, or if only *sensible* people

people composed those audiences — wheu!!! — in what a sickly and consumptive state would be two thirds of the first-rate salaries in every theatre !

[*To be continued.*]



To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Gentlemen,

Perhaps the following politico-theatrical maggot might, with greater propriety, have been sent to John Cæsar Wilkes, Esq; for his Weekly Political Magazine, than to you ; however, as it principally relates to one of the late ornaments of the English stage, it may not improperly be ranked among the number of your theatrical lucubrations.

I am,

your's &c.

WHEN our conquest of *Senegal* was made public, we were, for some weeks, pestered with the advertisements of Messieurs CUMMING and POSTLETHWAITE, who severally claimed the honour of communicating to the *patriot minister* a plan for the reduction of that important settlement : if such a fuss be made about the honour of advising the conquest of a *French settlement*, I would ask my countrymen, if a much *greater* bustle might not have been expected about an honour, which the *spouters* for the present administration ascribe to a certain nobleman : Viz. The *forming of a British M———ch's mind.* The ministerial *spouters* are so very zealous in this point, that they will not allow any individual to go snacks with his Lordship ; tho' it is generally known, the late Bishop of Norwich, the present Bishop of Winchester, and some other noble personages, (not to mention George Lewis Scott, Esq;) had a share in *forming the r——l mind.*

Tho' I cannot find his Holiness of W———r, or the other noble personages have *unpolitely* put in any claim to the great honour, yet I am not a little amazed, that the celebrated

celebrated theatrical veteran, Mr. Quin, who hath never been very remarkable for *politeness* or *delicacy*, should tacitly give up his share in *forming the r——l mind*. Oratory is universally allowed to be one (not the least) qualification of the mind, and therefore, without straining a point, Mr. Quin may be fairly intitled to some small share of that great honour, of which his Lordship seems unjustly to engross the *whole*.

I wonder that Mr. Quin, who was never afraid of speaking his mind with freedom, hath not already shewn his resentment of this *mental monopoly*, by publishing an advertisement to the following purpose :

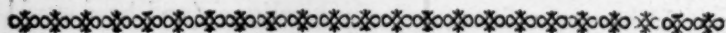
To the Public.

“ Whereas a set of rascally hirelings (and be damn'd to them) have wickedly and maliciously propagated a villainous report, that a certain nobleman hath had the *WHOLE and SOLE forming of the K——'s mind*; and whereas oratory hath always been accounted a *mental* quality; and whereas it is universally known, that I, James Quin, formerly of Covent-Garden Theatre, now of the city of Bath, Esq; *taught the boy to speak* *; now, in justice to myself and *many others*, I do hereby declare, that the above report is a *damn'd lie*, and that I, the said James Quin, am *justly and honestly* intitled to *some share in forming the said mind*; and that he, who dares maintain the contrary, whether peer or peasant, is a base insinuating scoundrel, and a damn'd liar, and deserves to be kick'd by every Englishman that wears a pair of shoes”.

An advertisement of this kind, issued out by Mr. Quin, might be a means of convincing the public, that the *in-tire* formation of the r——l mind cannot, with justice and propriety, be attributed to a certain noble personage *ALONE*.

* When Mr. Quin was told with what grace and elegance his M——y delivered his first most gracious speech from the throne, he cried out in a kind of ecstasy, “ Ay! I taught the boy to speak ! ”

I must own, I think Mr. Quin is greatly to blame, thus slavishly to give up a point of so much honour, and, probably, of *profit*. If the new-fangled doctrine, which, for a few nights past, hath been spouted forth at Messieurs *Garrick* and *Lacy's* theatrical TABERNACLE : viz. “ that the man, who forms the royal mind, should have the *second* place in the kingdom ” is put in practice, Mr. Quin stands a fair chance for preferment. Should a *scale* of the qualifications of the mind be made by any of our *mental* mathematical instrument-makers, I dare venture to affirm, that oratory could not be placed lower than the thirtieth degree ; and the *thirtieth* place, in point of profit, under our establishment, must consequently belong to Mr. Quin.



*Life of the right honourable Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON.**

THIS celebrated poet, was the son of Dr. Launcelot Addison, dean of Litchfield and Coventry, by Miss Jenny Gulston, daughter of Nathaniel Gulston, Esq; and sister to Dr. William Gulston, bishop of Bristol. He was born at Milston, near Ambros-Bury, in the county of Wilts, (of which place his father was then rector) on the first day of May, 1672. But such little hope had his parents of his ever becoming an honour to his name, and a credit to his country, that not thinking him likely to live, he was baptized on the very day of his birth, as appears from an inspection into the register of the parish.

* It may not be unnecessary to acquaint our readers, that the Lives of the Dramatic Poets, and of the Players, with which we shall embellish this undertaking, will not, as in the common monthly productions, be alone compiled, and almost taken word for word from other publications on the subject, but be entirely new-written, interspersed with candid criticism on their abilities, and enriched with many curious anecdotes; some of them never yet printed, and others, tho' scattered here and there in print, hitherto never introduced in their lives.

The

The reverend Mr. Nash of Ambrosbury was the first who had the charge of his education; and after he had acquired the first principles of classical literature from this gentleman, he was removed to Mr. Taylor, a clergyman at Salisbury, and from thence sent to the Charterhouse, under the tuition of Dr. Ellis, who enjoyed at that time a great reputation for his learning and abilities. Here he commenced that acquaintance with the great Sir Richard Steele, to which the world has been since so highly indebted for many of Mr. Addison's most masterly productions. At the age of fifteen he was entered of Queen's-College, Oxford; and in about two years after, an elegant copy of Latin verses, the amusement of his leisure hours, accidentally falling into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, dean of Magdalen-College, that gentleman was so greatly charmed with this juvenile performance, that that he quickly procured our young author's election into his house, where he took his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

Mr. Addison, from his earliest years, possessed a modesty the most insuperable. Several detached poems in the Latin language had, for some time, excited the admiration of the learned, before he could prevail upon his own fears to declare himself the author — nay, his name was not so much as known in town, and he was actually two-and-twenty before he ventured to submit any thing in the English tongue to the inspection of the public; and even this was no more than a complimentary paper of verses to Mr. Dryden, upon his translations.

This little essay met with a very favourable reception in the literary world; tho' in reality it could lay no extraordinary claim to the general admiration: for tho' the sentiment is just, it wants spirit; and tho' the expression is neither dissonant nor hobbling, it has a something closely bordering on the elaborately languid, and the sententious dull. Undazzled by the blaze of this great man's reputation, let us candidly ask any judge of poetry if he finds much to wonder at in the succeeding lines?

- "How long, great Poet, shall thy sacred lays
 "Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
 "Can neither injuries of time nor age
 "Damp thy poetic fire, and quench thy rage?
 "Not so thy OVID, in his exile, wrote,
 "Grief chill'd his breast, and checkt his rising thought;
 "Pensive and sad his drooping muse betrays
 "The Roman Genius in its last decays."

In this quotation, besides the unwarming manner of expression, the reader of discernment will find, in this particular line,

Grief chill'd his breast, and checkt his rising thought,

not only a false metaphor, but an anteclimax also; for the two words, *chill'd* and *checkt* have no manner of metaphorical connexion; and besides, *chill'd* is a more forcible expression in the present case than *checkt*, and consequently should have been placed in the room of that word, agreeable to the rules of poetry and rhetoric; but, in fact, the line should have been written thus,

Grief chill'd his breast, and froze his rising thought,

There the corresponding signification of *chill* and *froze* would have preserved the metaphor, and saved the climax likewise — But to the more agreeable parts of his writings, where we cannot think of him without pleasure, or speak of him without rapture — nor indeed would this remark have been introduced at all, had not many authors set them in competition with his most finished productions, after his genius had the assistance of time and experience to bring it to maturity.

Some time after, Mr. Addison translated the Fourth Georgic of Virgil, leaving out, however, the Story of Aristæus, which was honoured with a very warm encomium from that father of English versification, Mr. Dryden. He also finished a discourse on the Georgics, which is prefixed to that great poet's translation of Virgil, and universally allowed to be a very masterly performance.

The

The year following our author wrote several pieces on different subjects, and, among the rest, one to Mr. Henry Sacheverel, who afterwards became so famous for a particular discourse, when he became Doctor in Divinity. The next year he wrote a poem to King William, on one of his campaigns, which he addressed to Sir John Somers, at that time Lord-Keeper — Sir John received the compliment with much condescension, and treated the author with particular respect.

While Mr. Addison continued at the University, he had been earnestly solicited by his father, and many of his friends, to enter into holy orders; this, in compliance with their desires, he had accordingly determined, notwithstanding the modest opinion which he entertained of his own abilities would have gladly induced him to the choice of a different profession—But that he had taken this resolution, is evident from the conclusion of his poem to Mr. Sacheverel; where he says,

*I've done, at length, and now, dear friend receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the acts of poetry and verse,
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend, and muse, farewell.*

However, notwithstanding this determination of our author, Lord Halifax, to whom he had been introduced by Mr. Congreve's means, lamenting that so small a number of men of genius applied themselves to public affairs, where their country might receive a more immediate benefit from their abilities, advised Mr. Addison against entering into orders: and finding him possess a propensity for travelling, he humoured that inclination: and, by his interest, and the Lord-Keeper's recommendation, procured our author a pension of three hundred a year to defray the expences of his tour — His Latin poems in the *Musæ Anglicanæ* were published before his departure, and dedicated to Mr. Montagu, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer—

It may not be unnecessary to mention, that Mr. Montagu and Lord Halifax were one and the same person; and that that celebrated nobleman was grand uncle to the present peer of that name, who does not possess the title of his illustrious ancestor, without inheriting his extraordinary virtue and abilities.

In the year 1701, Mr. Addison wrote a poetical epistle to Lord Halifax from Italy, which has been much admired ——— Abroad, Mr. Addison's Latin poems in the *Musæ Anglicanæ* procured him the esteem of many eminent names in the republic of letters.

Mr. Tickell tells us, that M. Boileau, the celebrated French writer, first of all conceived an opinion of the English genius from reading these poems. "It has (says Mr. Tickell) been currently reported, that this famous French poet, among other civilities which he shewed Mr. Addison on that occasion, affirmed, that he would not have written against Perrault, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand. The compliment he meant was, that these books had given him a very new idea of the English politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country, which possessed the Roman genius in so eminent a degree".

This was not, however, the only mark of distinction which our author received during his residence abroad; for having, in the year 1701, written a poetical epistle from Italy, to Lord Halifax, the abbot Antonio Marco Salvini, Greek Professor at Florence, and a personage of much estimation, was so greatly delighted with it, that he enriched his own language by a translation into Italian verse, which we find printed in Mr. Tickell's quarto edition of our author's productions — This poem was a convincing proof that Mr. Addison had an esteem for his Lordship, arising from gratitude and principle, and not proceeding from the advantages which might accrue to him from the favour of that celebrated statesman: for my Lord was at that very time, not only divested of his employments, but actually impeached by the Commons in full parliament,

liament, for procuring exorbitant grants from the crown for his own use; and moreover accused of embezzling the timber in his Majesty's forests, and with occupying several places in the Exchequer, which were so very inconsistent, as to be intended as checks upon each other. The Commons had also addressed the King, that Charles Montagu, Lord Halifax, might be removed from his Majesty's presence and councils for ever.

The removal of Lord Halifax did not, however, slacken the inclination of Mr. Addison's friends to promote his interest; for during his residence abroad, Prince Eugene of Savoy commanding for the Emperor, our author was judged a very proper person to attend his Highness in quality of secretary; an employment, which, it was thought, would not be disagreeable; but before he was settled in that office, the demise of King William not only cut off his expectations in that quarter, but deprived him of his pension also, and obliged him to think of returning to his native country. Upon his return home he published an account of his travels, which he dedicated to one of his great patrons, the good Lord Somers.

After this he remained at home a considerable time unemployed, till a mere accident brought about that happy change in his fortunes, which neither his friends could at that time foresee, nor his own most warm imagination, with any degree of probability, expect. In the year 1704 the Lord Treasurer Godolphin was lamenting to Lord Halifax, that no person of genius had undertaken to celebrate the Duke of Marlborough's famous victory at Blenheim, told that nobleman, that he would think himself obliged, if he, who was acquainted in the literary world, would procure some person of abilities to enter upon such a work. Lord Halifax answered directly, that he very well knew a person every way qualified; but that he could not think of naming him, as his genius laboured under so great a disregard at that period, while people of little or no merit were frequently advanced to the most advantageous employments — I am sorry, my Lord, returned the Treasurer coolly, that your Lordship has
any

any occasion to make such a remark; but if you think proper to oblige me, I'll give you my honour the gentleman, whoever he is, shall have no reason to complain of ingratitude or neglect.

Upon this Lord Halifax immediately named Mr. Addison, but insisted that the Treasurer should send for him himself; which he readily promised, and accordingly prevailed upon no less a personage than Mr. Boyle, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (afterwards Lord Carlton) to go in his name to Mr. Addison, and acquaint him with the business; which he did in so polite and obliging a manner, that our author instantly entered upon the task.

Inpatient to see this poem, Lord Godolphin requested to peruse what was already written of it, when it was no farther carried on than the admired simile of the angel, where the Duke of Marlborough's serenity in the very fury of the battle is so finely celebrated — As this simile, and the introductory passage, have been universally mentioned among the most masterly strokes of our author's detached productions, we shall take the liberty of recalling it to mind, if it has escaped the memory of any of our readers.

*But O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd?
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victors shouts, and dying groans confound;
The dreadful bursts of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunders of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war.
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid.
Inspir'd repuls'd batalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.*

*So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale BRITANNIA past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleads th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and enjoys the storm.*

With all possible deference to such as prefer the Poem of the Campaign to any other of our great author's performances, we can see nothing uncommonly striking in this passage: 'tis very well — but if there be an extraordinary emanation of genius in the lines, we candidly own ourselves at a loss to discover it. The thought of the simile is borrowed from Virgil, where Juno is enjoying the distress of the Trojans in a hurricane at sea; and the two concluding lines are evidently taken from Dryden's translation of that circumstance, where, speaking of Juno, he says:

*She, while outrageous winds the deep deform,
Laughs at the tempest, and enjoys the storm.*

But if the reader will look up into the second couplet of this quotation,

*Metethinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts, and dying groans confound,*

what will he think of the expression? Will not it appear something odd, for the victors to be shouting in triumph and groaning in death at the same time? Pray what are the vanquished doing all this while? I suppose we must imagine they are all killed, since the poet makes no manner of mention about them — Groaning, a person would think, was more properly their business.

We shall, however, confess, that criticisms of this nature upon great men, carry an air of ill-nature: but those who censure us of that quality, will be a little premature in their judgments — Far be it from us to think of lessening so just, so glorious a reputation, as Mr. Addison's:

we only make use of these occasional remarks, to convince such poetical enthusiasts of their error, as have either preferred the campaign to the rest of our author's works, or from an opinion, that because he has excelled in several walks of writing, 'tis impossible he should mistake in any one — In fact, this species of poetry was by no means Mr. Addison's fort, and had it been his only dependance for fame, the impartial must agree that he never would have dazzled the world with the blaze of his reputation — But to return :

Lord Godolphin was by no means worse than his word; and was so much pleased with this specimen of our author's genius, that he immediately made him a Commissioner of Appeals, a place worth about 500 pounds per annum, in the room of the great Mr. Locke, who was advanced to a Lord of Trade, which brought him double that salary. — When the Campaign was published, it was received with the greatest applause — We think it almost unnecessary to mention, that this piece is addressed to the Duke of Marlborough, and is a kind of summary of the two famous battles of Schellemburg and Blenheim.

Lord Halifax being out of employment, took a trip to Hanover in the year 1705, to which place he was attended by our author; and in the year following, Sir Charles Hedges being appointed Secretary of State, Mr. Addison was made his Under-Secretary; and, in the succeeding December, the Earl of Sunderland coming in, in Sir Charles's room, his Lordship continued him in the same office.

Operas were at this time much in fashion, and some of our author's friends, who wanted to see if a little sense mingled with sound would not banish the inundation of Italian absurdity, solicited him to write a musical piece for the stage: he accordingly complied with their desires, and produced his *Rosamond*, which he inscribed to the Duchess of Marlborough: but, tho' the piece was generally admired in the closet, so great was the depravity of the times, that, upon the stage, it met with very indifferent success. About this time he gave

Sir

Sir Richard Steele had some little assistance in the comedy of the *Tender Husband*, in return for which, Sir Richard, who never wanted gratitude, expressed his obligation in a very handsome dedicatory address.

The Marquis of Wharton being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the year 1709, Mr. Addison went over as secretary to his Lordship, and Queen Anne at his going testified in a very handsome manner her sensibility of his merit, by bestowing on him the office of keeper of the Records in that kingdom, after previously ordering a considerable addition to the salary. During his residence in Ireland, it was that his friend Sir Richard Steele published the first number of the *Tatler*, which made its appearance the 12th of April 1709.--- Mr. Tickell tells us, that our author discovered the writer of that paper by an observation upon Virgil, which he had formerly communicated to Sir Richard.---This discovery engaged Mr. Addison's assistance, and Sir Richard was far from unhappy in his expression, when he says, that by this means he fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; that is, he was undone by his auxiliary.

(To be concluded in our next.)



Life of Mr. Edward Alleyn, Comedian.

THIS gentleman was a celebrated Comedian in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the first. In a note in his own hand writing, now preserved in Dulwich College, of which he was the founder, he says "on the first of September 1622, being the first of my birth-day, I was full fifty six years of age;" from which we can authentically date his birth in the year 1566; and by this we are enabled to correct the mistake of his age, both on his tomb-stone and his picture, where it is placed at a very different æra — We could wish, for the sake of chronological truth, that the present governors of the

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aforementioned noble foundation (of which more hereafter) would order so material an error to be amended — it has already misled some of our biographical writers, and may still mislead others, who are less curious in their researches than ourselves — Mr. Alleyn was born near Devonshire house in the parish of St. Botolph's-Bishopsgate, where his parents were people of reputation and circumstances.

He devoted himself very early to the Drama, in which, though it does not appear that he had previously attained to any considerable eminence in classic or scientific studies, he acquired not the approbation of the populace alone, but the peculiar regard and esteem of the learned and the ingenious. He was endowed with the most essential requisites which compose a good actor — possessing excellent natural parts; a pliant genius, lively temper, great memory, fluent speech and pleasing voice; to which were added, as far as we can judge by his picture, a stately figure and graceful deportment.

Though it does not appear at what age Mr. Alleyn commenced actor, yet we can evidently demonstrate that he arrived at a very great degree of perfection, before he was twenty-six. Christopher Marloe, the poet, died in the year 1592, and Alleyn was famous for acting in some of his pieces. In the prologue to Marloe's *Jew of Malta*, written by Heywood, he is called “the best of actors,” and in another part of it he is complimented with

————— being a Man,
 “ Whom we may rank with (doing no man wrong)
 “ Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue,”

The author of the *Biographica Britanica*, speaking of Alleyn at this very period says, “he had then so captivated
 “ the town, and so monopolized the favor of his audience
 “ by those agreeable varieties he could so readily command, in his voice, countenance, and gesture; and so
 “ judiciously adapt to the characters he played, as even to
 “ animate the most lifeless compositions, and so highly
 “ im-

“ improve them, that he wholly engaged those who heard
“ and saw him, from considering the propriety of the sentiments he pronounced, or of the parts he personated ;
“ and all the defects of the Poet, were either beautified,
“ palliated, or atoned for, by the perfections of the player.”

This extraordinary character is gathered from some manuscripts of the Lord Keeper Puckering, now in the Harleian Library ; nor is less intimated in an expression of Nashe's, a noted humourist, critic, and satirist of those times, in a very severe piece, printed in the year 1593, upon Dr. Gabriel Harvey. It seems the Dr. had some epistolary correspondence with Edmund Spenser, and this famous poet subscribing himself *Immerito*, thereby modestly intimating his unworthiness of the compliments paid him by his correspondent, the Doctor, to shew his own consequence, printed something of this in the year 1592 in a work entitled “ four Letters and certain Sonnets, &c.” upon which Nashe smartly turns the artillery of this word against Hervey himself. “ Signior *Immerito*, (so called, “ because he was, and is, his friend undeservedly.) was “ counterfeitly brought in, to play a part, [by being “ published with them,] in that his interlude of Epistles, “ that was hift at ; [meaning not well received by the “ public] thinking his very name, as the name of Ned “ Allen, on the common stage, was able to make an ill “ matter good.” Thus it is evident how early our actor was conspicuously eminent on the Theatre. In some of Ben Johnson's plays he was a principal performer ; nor can we suppose but he was such in many of the immortal Shakespear's ; for of that inimitable writer's dramatic pieces, there were no less than twelve publickly known, and no doubt acted, so early as the year 1598 ; and as Alleyn was then but thirty-two, and in the zenith of his glory, there can be little reason to imagine that he did not appear in the most capital characters. An authentic account of what characters he personated in their plays cannot be ascertained thro' the inaccuracy of their Editors, who did not in their

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Dramatis Personæ, insert the names of the players opposite the characters they performed, as the modern custom is, but either gave one general list of actors to the whole set of plays, as in the old folio edition of Shakespear; or divided one from the other, setting the *Dramatis Personæ* before the play, and the names of the actors after them, as in the original edition of Tonsen.

We cannot introduce in a more proper place than here, a curious anecdote of Shakespear and Alleyn, which carries with it all the air of probability and truth, and which has never yet appeared in print. A gentleman of honour and veracity, in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, has shewn us a letter dated in the year 1600, which he assures us has been in the possession of his family, by the mother's side, for a long series of years, and which bears all the marks of antiquity. The superscription is. "For
" master Henrie Marle livynge at the sygne of the rose
" by the palace" and its contents run thus

Friende Marle,

I must desyre that my syster hyr watche, and the cookerie booke you promysed, may be sente by the man. — I never longed for thy companie more than last night; we were all verie merrie at the globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to asseyrme pleasauntely to thy friende Will, that he had stolen hys speeche about the excellencie of acting, in Hamlet hys Tragedye, from conversaytions manyfold whych had passed betweene them, and opinionones gyven by Alleyn touchyng that subiecte. Shakespear did not take thys talke in good sorte, but Jonson put an ende to the stryfe wyth wittielie sayinge, thys affaire needeth no contentione; you stole it from Ned no doubt; do not marvel; have you not seene hym acte tymes out of number? — believe me most syncerelic

Harrie

Thyne

G. PEEL.

There

There is one circumstance which seems to strengthen the authenticity of this anecdote, which is, that we find there was a Mr. George Peel, of Christ Church college Oxford, who wrote two plays, the one published in 1593 entitled "Edward the first," the other in 1599 called "David and Bertheba their loves, wythe the Tragedie of Absalom," and who most probably might be the writer of this very letter.

We apprehend there can be very little reason to doubt that the Johnson mentioned to have ended the dispute between Shakespear and Alleyn, was the ever memorable Ben; and our reason for it is, because we find this author, whose lust for praise himself, would scarce ever permit him to bestow it on another, has paid the highest compliment to Mr. Alleyn in the following lines, which may be seen in his epigrams N^o. 89.

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage;
As skillful Roscius, and great Æsop; men,
Yet crown'd with honour, as with riches, then;
Who had no less a trumpet to their name
Than Cicero; whose ev'ry breath was fame:
How can so great example die in me
That Alleyn, I shou'd pause to publish thee!
Who, both their graces in thyself, hast more
Outstrip'd, than they did all who went before.
And present worth, in all dost so contract,
As others spake, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown: 'tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one shou'd live.

When we consider the great abilities of Alleyn, and compare his theatrical name with that of Mohun, Hart, Nokes, Leigh, &c. who were almost his immediate successors, we cannot help expressing our concern that one who was an honour to his profession, as an actor,

to

to say nothing of his virtues as a man, should not have his name more generally known, and his memory more universally revered. There are yet many other evidences of Mr. Alleyn's merit, respecting the stage; and as we would wish to do all the justice in our power to a name, too long most undeservedly buried in obscurity, we shall here collect two or three of the most material.

Dr. Fuller in his worthies, says that Alleyn "made any part, especially a majestic one, become him;" and those who have seen the picture preserved of him at Dulwich, must credit the Doctor's assertion, so far as it relates to the stateliness of his figure.

Sir Richard Baker in his answer to Mr. Prynnes *Histriomastix*, entitled *Theatrum Redivivum*, or the Theatre Vindicated, and who, as a cotemporary, was doubtless a spectator and auditor of him on the stage, calls Alleyn and Burbage "the best actors of our time," adding "what plays were ever so pleasing as where their parts had the greatest part." — Again, in his chronicle, we find Sir Richard once more joining Alleyn with Burbage, and paying them the following most lavish encomium. "They were two such actors as no age must ever look to see the like."

Gerard Langbaine in his account of the English dramatic poets, takes occasion to introduce the name of Alleyn, of whom he observes that "he was an ornament to Black-Fryars (the play-house) and his profession."

From all these concurrent testimonies, it is incontestibly evident that Mr Alleyn could be little less than the Garrick of his time; and we think ourselves happy in having handed to the notice of the public, and particularly the lovers of the Drama, a name which deserves to be ranked in the first class of actors. We shall here finish our account of him as a player, reserving what regards him as the founder of Dulwich college, for our next Review.

• *Critique on the new Tragedy call'd ELVIRA, written by David Mallet, Esq;*

THE fable of this piece is single and unsupported by any episode — 'tis as follows; Alonzo King of Portugal having married the Dowager Queen of Castile, enters into an engagement to give his son Don Pedro, by a former wife, to Almeyda, the daughter of that princess by a former husband. — But Don Pedro being very cold and neglectful of Almeyda, the Queen, who is passionately fond of her daughter, watches his looks upon every occasion, and suspects him of an attachment to Elvira. — In consequence of the prince's behaviour, on this occasion, the King undertakes to call him to an account; and accordingly in the second act, insists upon his fulfilling the engagement, and immediately consenting to marry Almeyda; which, after many supplications to be excused, the prince absolutely refusing, the King breaks out into a furious passion, and the Queen and Elvira happening to enter at the instant, he informs her Majesty of the unexpected disobedience of his son, and enquires if she knows any accomplice in his guilt: upon this she immediately accuses Elvira, and the prince publicly avowing his passion for that lady, is ordered from the presence, while she is confined to her chamber, under the custody of the Queen; Don Pedro fearing Elvira's life to be in danger, raises a strong party, attacks the palace, and forces his entrance to Elvira; but that lady shocked at his behaviour, refuses to fly with him, and advises him to fall instantly at his father's feet, and beg forgiveness; declaring she would remain a hostage for his conduct, and should suffer less,

To lose him innocent than save him guilty.

In this situation they are interrupted by Almeyda, who, doating on the prince, tho' publicly slighted for Elvira, generously takes every opportunity of obliging him--- she tells him, that the king has quelled the late tumult, and is that moment entering; therefore advices him to fly and

save

save his life.--He scarce has time to thank her for this goodness, when his father enters, and after upbraiding him in the severest manner for his intended parricide and rebellion, commands him to lay down his sword; and then sending him under a guard to his own apartment, orders Elvira to be carried back to her's. The behaviour of the prince being capitally criminal, Alonzo who is inflexibly just in all his proceedings, sits upon it in council, and condemns him to death; Don Pedro having previously refused a conditional pardon on his marrying with Almeyda.--- However the generous Princess interests herself strongly for his life, and obtains permission for her rival to wait upon the king. In this interview with his majesty, Elvira expatiates on the severity of the prince's doom, extenuates the rashness of his proceedings, and last of all declares that his very crime was duty, and that he is her husband.

Frantic at this information, the king asks her if she can think such a plea will recommend her to forgiveness? she tells him she asks none, and only uses it for the life of Don Pedro; at that instant two children, whom she had by the prince, being brought in by their governess, the King's resolution gives way, he raises Elvira, acknowledges her as his daughter, embraces the children, and sends for his son to share in the general happiness. Don Pedro very quickly comes, but he has scarcely folded Elvira in his arms, when he discovers she is poisoned, which is supposed to be administered by the Queen, and she dies, with her last breath, recommending her children to the care of the King; and requesting the prince will reward the virtue and generosity of Almeyda. — The prince distracted, attempts to lay violent hands upon himself, but is restrained by his father, who advises him to reward Elvira's truth a nobler way, by living to defend and educate his children, and then concludes with this moral,

Let all mankind by one example know,
From passions unrestrained what mischiefs grow.

Before

Before we enter into an examination of the play itself, it appears incumbent on us to take some notice of the author's dedication to the Earl of Bute.

Mr. Mallet begins with, "my lord; as the performance
" I here offer to the public, under the sanction of your
" name, bears no *immediate* relation to public affairs,
" this address is more properly to the private nobleman,
" than to the Minister of State." — Would Mr. Mallet
be understood by "no *immediate* relation," that he ac-
knowledges it to have an *oblique* and *distant* one? Or,
which we rather think, does he mean to insinuate that it
has *none at all*? If the former, what ingenuousness! If
the latter, what untruth! — In fact it is easy to prove, as
well from the prologue as the piece itself, that this POLI-
TICAL POEM has an absolute IMMEDIATE relation to our
public affairs, and calculated to render an unpopular Mi-
nister (with what justice so, is not our business to deter-
mine) amiable in the opinion of the people. The pro-
logue begins

" War is no more : those thunders cease to roarl,
" That lately shook the Globe from pole to pole."

But we shall refer the reader to the latter part of our re-
view for the prologue, where its *immediate* relation is suf-
ficiently evident. If the *piece* itself had no relation to
what purpose the prologue? Surely the institution of the
latter was in some measure to elucidate the design of the
former! How is this intent answered, if the play is alto-
gether foreign to public affairs? — But to Elvira, so far as
it relates to politics, for as to its dramatic merit, in other
respects, we shall consider it apart. — In page three Al-
varez says

May peace, my Lord,
A long, a glorious peace, be the fair issue!

In page ten, Alonzo after speaking of the frequent triumphs of the prince's sword says

“ The time is come, at last
“ For *other* festivals.”

Page 23, where Don Pedro *should* be only gently remonstrating with his father, by the most strong and urgent reasons, against forcing him into a marriage where his heart can have no concern; and intreating him to retract his fatal purpose, the author, very unnaturally, blasts the fair character of the prince by making him fly out into a mad-brained scheme of war against the king of Spain, for no other apparent reason in the world, but to give Alonzo an opportunity of *dragging* in the following sentiments

Such talk may suit the foe of human kind,
A HERO'S mouth, whose business is destruction;
But I must act a nobler part — a KING'S!
The father and preserver of his people!
We war for them alone, to make them safer
And happier by our triumphs. Other wars,
Of mad ambition, or of blind revenge,
But shame the prince, and curse the land he rules;
And may the Nimrods of each blood-stain'd age,
Th' exterminating demons of mankind,
Reap horror for their portion! Are we rais'd
Alone to conquer? Are mankind but made,
That we, as lust or fury drives our will,
Should traffic with their blood? We are the guardians
Of *free-born men*, not lords of slavish herds.
Upon their bliss is built our truest fame:
And when we deviate from that glorious end,
We are not kings, but robbers, but assassins.

In the name of wonder is it natural, that the king, so impatient of his son's refusal, as Mr. Mallet had just before drawn him, should all at once, in such an interesting situation,

ation, fall from the passionate into the cool declamatory temper? And then too argue upon a topic utterly foreign to the point in dispute!—Surely no,—But what will our bard say for making a prince, so despotic as the king of Portugal, talk of king's being “guardians of FREE-BORN
“MEN, *not* lords of SLAVISH HERDS!”. In the second line of this speech, the king says, *a HERO's business is destruction*; and but a scene or two before, his majesty had declared, speaking to Roderigo of his son's *successful* arms,

“*—Gentle cousin,
The ties of blood have made his glory yours.*”

And then immediately announces, what he feels upon the *glorious* occasion,

“The joy sincere that swells a father's bosom.”

In another place Alonzo calls them

“Deeds of NOBLE daring.”

And presently speaking to his son says,

“My subjects, Prince, the TRIUMPHS of your SWORD

“Have oft beheld, oft hail'd with loud applause:

“ALONZO too has felt a parent's share

“Of JOY in theirs.”

And yet after all these fine compliments in favour of his son, and whom, in express words, in page 7, he calls a HERO, he has the ill-nature (to give it no harsher term) to contradict all, by telling the poor young prince, to his face, that his *business* is *destruction*.

If this whole speech is not *lugged* in, by the head and shoulders, to serve a particular purpose, by paying a compliment to a great personage, a noble peer, and the present posture of affairs, we wish Mr. Mallet would evidence the doctrine of miracles by shewing the contrary.

There are several other instances of this sort scattered throughout *Elvira*, however these we presume will be

found amply sufficient. But there is a passage, in the dedication, which we cannot pass over, though not a political one. Speaking to Lord Bute, Mr. Mallet says, his address is: "To one who in the former character, [that of a private nobleman] has distinguished himself, through the whole course of an unblameable life, as a friend to all the liberal arts: and whose love of them has arisen from his being able to taste their genuine beauties, and to discern their real utility. The more useful have been the employment of his serious hours; the more ornamental the amusement of his leisure: and those who cultivated either with any degree of sufficiency, have ever found in him a patron as well as a judge. *I wish for the honour of my country, that this praise were not, almost exclusively, his own.*"

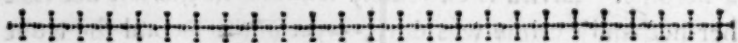
We will leave our readers to judge if they ever perused any thing more insufferably insolent.---It is an illiberal insult, and little less than an abusive libel, on the whole body of nobility; for we will not be so ill-natured as to suppose Mr. Mallet meant to extend it to the whole nation. We cannot believe Lord Bute saw this dedication in manuscript, as we have too high an opinion of his Lordship's understanding and his equity, to imagine he would suffer such an unparalleled affront to pass into print.---Lord Bute has more modesty, we are certain, than to form any pretensions to *monopolizing a taste* for the LIBERAL ARTS, however *liberally* Mr. Mallet may have bestowed it upon him.---Besides what does our dedicat-
 or think of his own vanity? For as he asserts that those who have cultivated, *with any degree of sufficiency*, the useful or ornamental of the liberal Arts, have ever found a patron in Lord Bute, we cannot be mistaken when we pronounce that Mr. Mallet *must* think that he himself has cultivated them, *with a degree of sufficiency*, or he would never have had the assurance to apply to his Lordship for his patronage.

There

There is one thing has just struck us; which, supposing the conjecture to be right, must arraign us of temerity, in our criticism on the passage before us.---Perhaps by the expression, "*for the honour of MY Country,*" Mr. Mallet confined himself to Scotland alone,---if that is the case, we shall candidly give up the justice of our remarks; as we must ingenuously confess our ignorance of the taste of the *Scotch* Nobility in the *liberal* ARTS, and acknowledge Mr. Mallet a much better judge in that important particular than ourselves.---We shall now proceed to a brief examination of the dramatical merit of *Elvira*; with which we shall take our leave of its author for the present.

The author of this piece has shewn himself something acquainted with the sentimental life, if we may beg the term, but very little with the natural one.---The king acts thro' the whole like an unfeeling hero, and not as a sensible father; and the summoning of the council is not of a piece with his stoicism, when, as we are informed by one of the counsellors, the laws already had declared him guilty. *Almeyda* is another absolute philosopher in petticoats, and the most of a christian we dare say of any one woman in the universe.---At least very few ladies, within our knowledge, would take so much pains to save a man that slighted her for a rival, and assist that very rival to gain him for herself.---But to this Mr. Mallet may possibly answer in Mr. Dryden's manner, that no lady of our acquaintance is a heroine. *Elvira* is extremely sensible in the last act that her husband's crime was duty,---yet in the second she wont allow any such plea, and refuses that chearful obedience, which every good wife is bound to pay to the commands of her husband: if it would not be lessening the dignity of Tragedy too much, a horse-whip ought to be introduced to terrify madam into compliance. In the second act she wont fly to save both their lives, but in the last she offers her own to purchase the ransom of his.--- Indeed death and
destruction

destruction are words so frequently made use of in tragedy, that it would be highly derogatory to lessen the resolution of any character; for it is necessary to preserve the dignity of the buskin, tho' we thereby sacrifice both sense and nature. Don Pedro tells Elvira in the second act that they are above dissimulation, and declares his passion for that lady publicly; but tho' he is above dissimulation, he evades all along to discover the real reason of his refusing Almeyda, which is his marriage with Elvira.---Nay, it had been more prudent to make a plain confession of circumstances in the second act to the king, before the affair of their marriage was aggravated by the prince's rash assault upon the palace, and the bosom of the father more strongly steeled against forgiveness; the children might have had the same effect as in the last act, and every thing been amicably settled,--but we forget that would have prevented the distress, and there was, besides, a necessity for spinning out the tragedy to five acts; it would then have been only a picture of real life, whereas it is now a dramatic entertainment.---But what becomes of the Queen or of Almeyda? Not a word of them after Elvira's death,---Why, if we suppose the king to be actuated by the same principles of justice, which directed him in the affair of his son, we must imagine the queen was executed for the murder, as poor Almeyda had no young ones to kneel and intercede for her mama's pardon.---Bless us what a sweet consistent piece of business is a modern Tragedy!



Critical Examen of Mr. GARRICK'S Abilities as an Actor.

HAVING promised our readers to enter into a general disquisition of the merits of every performer of any degree of eminence, we shall first begin with the most considerable ornament of the theatre, and enter into

a few impartial strictures upon this universal favorite of the public. A design of this nature, from the summit of approbation which this great actor has so long acquired and so justly maintained, may to some appear rash, and to others superfluous. The idolizers of Mr. Garrick will condemn the attempt from the arduousness of the task: When we consider (they may say) the vast extent of dramatic representation, that it concludes nothing less than a general portrait of human nature, with the exact and various manners and opinions of mankind; that a complete actor becomes, on different occasions, the representative of the whole; and that Mr. Garrick is such a performer in the utmost extent of excellence; no person can possibly give an adequate idea of his abilities, who is not equally a judge of human nature with himself; and that comprehensive talent we cannot admit any living writer to possess. Others indeed, whose notions are not quite so bigotted and confined, will only object to the undertaking, from the supposition that it must be altogether vain and unnecessary, to attempt any thing on a subject which has so long engrossed the attention of the critical and literary world. However, we shall not enter into a controversy on this point, but leave to the judgment of our readers the cogency of these arguments, by a candid perusal of our own: first then generally,

FIGURE.

Mr. Garrick is less than the middle size, but so extremely well proportioned, that though his person is not calculated to express much dignity, yet it is formed to exhibit the highest grace. In the most exalted characters, it carries an air of great elegance, in the most humble, a degree of much ease. It is happily suited to the gaiety of youth, and the infirmities of age; the frolics of a Ranger, or the distress of a Lear. — 'Tis not a little surprizing that the generality of people when they talk of a hero, always annex the idea of six foot high, as if greatness of

soul

soul was confined to eminence of person! It would be thought perhaps ridiculous if Mr Garrick was to play Alexander the Great; yet when the town is informed that Alexander the Great was not taller than Mr. Garrick and moreover that he had a crooked neck, must not to odd a way of thinking appear a little extraordinary! In reality we refine away all sense and understanding by such ridiculous improvements, as confining particular parts to particular figures. — *However qui vult decipi decipiatur* — but to return.

FACE.

Few people are more happy in an expressive set of features than Mr. Garrick. There is a corresponding somewhat through all the muscles that is most surprizingly significant in marking; we mean, in conveying the feelings of the mind in the lineaments of the face. His complexion is adapted to assist the motion of the eye. — His Eye is black, piercing, and full of fire, and from its natural lustre, calculated to give an additional energy to the force of his features, and to look whatever he would utter into the very soul of his audience.

VOICE.

The voice of this performer is clear, impressive, and affecting; agreeable, though not harmonious; sharp, though not dissonant; strong, tho' not extensive. In declamation, it is uncommonly forcible; in narrative, unaffectedly simple. Wanting power at the top, it sometimes sinks where the passions meet with any violent agitation, Mr. Garrick has so peculiar a method of adapting it, that we scarcely perceive it is unhappily limited; and we are almost induced to believe, that it ought to rise no farther it should rise; yet, in general, where than the particular key to which he has the power of extending it.

EDUCATION.

Few people will insist upon the absolute necessity of a university education, to make a man acquainted with the republic of letters, to cultivate his genius, or to improve his

his understanding. That Mr. Garrick, without these advantages, has a competent knowledge of both the dead and living languages, and is sufficiently acquainted with both the ancient and modern authors, will require no other proof than the different productions with which he has favoured the public, and to which, if any farther satisfaction is necessary, we take the liberty of referring the reader. As to the more familiar sciences of dancing, fencing, &c. they are a peculiar appendage to his profession, though we cannot help remarking that Mr. Garrick seems to have considerably less reason to plume himself on these (and more particularly the latter) than any of his other accomplishments.

Having thus spoken of Mr. Garrick's abilities for the stage, it is no great wonder, that a man, possessed of such extraordinary qualifications, should cut a very capital figure in the service of the publick: But there are two other requisites which raise these qualifications to a more exalted degree of eminence; and which render, what otherwise would only be the source of general praise, the object of universal admiration. Those two requisites are, genius, and understanding,—the *sine qua non*—the first creates a fondness for the stage, the other regulates the pursuit of that Inclination. Hence, when he undertakes a new part, he generally enters so thoroughly into the very soul of the author, that by disclosing the most latent particles of his meaning, was he even possessed of less natural advantages, the force of his genius, and the nicety of his judgment, would create him an actor of the highest reputation.

It was formerly a generally received notion, that time and experience alone, could form the consummate player, and that it required at least half a score years to rise even to a tolerable degree of perfection. The fact is, this maxim was grounded not on judgment but example; for as all the great performers hitherto attained the highest station upon the theatre, from almost the very refuse of the stage, they inconsiderately supposed it impossible to arrive at that height of eminence through any other means. The superior genius and understanding of Mr. Garrick, shook the foundation of this

favourite position; he appeared; he threw all the experienced ones at a distance—and in half a score days approved himself the actor of twice as many years.

To these it is that we are indebted for the entertainment we receive from the variety of characters he represents; a round, far more extensive, than is recorded in history of any other performer. In less judicious ages, actors have been extolled for the greatness of their merit, though their superiority consisted in nothing more than a single character. In more refined ones, he has been thought sufficiently great, who was excellent in five or six tragedy or comedy parts, (for they seldom extended to both) tolerable in a few others, and barely sufferable in the remainder. Alleyn was a great actor; but we have no absolute certainty of his eminence but in comedy—Mohun and Hart were chiefly confined to the buskin—Nokes and Leigh to the sock—Betterton indeed rises much higher; he was eminent in almost every cast of tragedy, and highly excellent in comedy, but not at all in the low and *outrè* of the *viscomica*—Booth shone superior to all in the majestic and dignified walks of Melpomene, but was by no means considerable in the humorus paths of Thalia.—Wilkes in the airy and genteel, and Cibber in the insignificant and ludicrous, of the latter, were incomparable; but nothing but their names alone could tolerate their appearance in the former. We need not descend to later times; let the judicious reader compare these instances (drawn, we hope, with candour and impartiality) with the extensive powers of our modern Roscius, and then decree the palm where he shall think it most equitably due.

From a general view of Mr. Garrick, let us proceed to some few particulars. In many parts of Tragedy by his judgment in conceiving, and his talents in executing, he he never fails exciting similar feelings in the breasts of his audience. In that picturesque display, in Hamlet, of the poor parade of vestimental mourning, compared to the genuine grief of an affected heart, who can hear him without sympathy repeat.

“*But I have that within which passeth shew.*”

In the scene with Lady Ann, in Richard, with what masterly

terly judgment and surprising powers, with what a well disguised passion, does he work the lady to a firm belief of his sincerity! — When the ghost of Banquo rises, how repeatedly astonishing his transition, from the placidly merry, to the tremendously horrific!

Though Mr. Garrick's merit in Tragedy is very apparent, we are nevertheless inclined to think Comedy his more peculiar fort. — The manner of his playing his Bayes he entirely struck out himself; and in our opinion it is a test of much judgment, infinite vivacity, ready invention, and every other quality which composes the genuine *Vis Comica*. In *Benedic* he has given us the highest specimen of the sprightly and the Humourous — In *Kite* — of the Jealous — In *Chalkstone* of the persevering Debauchee — And in a variety of other parts almost every character within the compass of the comic muse.

But it is not to be understood that we think Mr. Garrick utterly exempt from faults; no — there are some few which we propose to enumerate. It gives us pain to see him sometimes exert a sort of Theatrical parade in Tragedy to catch the eyes and applause of the multitude. He too frequently uses a sort of hesitating stammering, when there is no natural obstacle to occasion it, merely to strike a seeming shew of something out of nothing. A great objection has been raised by the critics to the propriety of Mr. Garrick's pauses — “There are, says Aaron Hill, “rests and pauses, as well as breaks, both in speech and “action, which are not only natural and proper in themselves, but infinitely beautiful in the spectator's eye.”

That the generality of this great performer's pauses come within this description is most certainly true; however we must admit that we have seen him make use of them where judgment could not warrant the adoption; sometimes as a trap for applause where he could reasonably expect none; sometimes indeed they have been occasioned by the too great length of a period, where he would have rendered himself absolutely inarticulate, had he endeavoured implicitly to conform to exact propriety;

though thus much may be said, that, in this case, some degree of knowledge is required in a speaker, in pausing where the sense is the least affected, and that as seldom as his breath will permit.—He is, every now and then, too stiff and prolix in his recitation : We have more particularly observed it in the narrative, colloquial, and imprecative parts, which require a degree of volubility, to distinguish them from the declamatory and imperative. We think an attention to this hint would greatly heighten the effect of that dire and heart piercing imprecation in *Lear*, which if uttered as a momentary impetuous effect of the passion, with little more than intelligible volubility, would never fail striking an audience in a most sensible and affecting degree.

If Mr. Garrick has any particular defect as a comedian, 'tis barely this, and from which few actors are exempt; namely, an occasional compliance with the viciated taste of too many of the audience, in introducing the outré, for the sake of a laugh, where the author never intended it. The first is that of boxing in *Abel Drugger* : This character, as drawn by Johnson, is that of a most credulous, timid, pusillanimous wretch ; the Broughtonian attitudes, into which Mr. Garrick throws himself, are utterly inconsistent with the part ; and consequently the weakness of those who are pleased with, and applaud it, is obviously manifest.

The next instance is *Scrub* ; We can see no cause for Mr. Garrick's affecting almost throughout this character a voice scarcely audible, and a deportment as if in expectation of the chastisement of his master whenever he is called to, only the performance of his duty : nor can we assign any other reason for this peculiar method of exhibiting *Scrub*, but, that as the expectation of the people was raised by so great a performer's undertaking the part, there appeared to him a necessity of deviating from the manner of others, however characteristic, lest the public should deem him a copy.

Upon

Upon a review of the whole, we will venture to affirm, that *impartial* JUSTICE *must* pronounce MR. GARRICK as the *first* of his PROFESSION; and that the *amazing* BLAZE of his EXCELLENCIES, greatly *obscures*, if not totally *eclipses* his DEFECTS.



P O E T R Y.

It may not be unnecessary to acquaint some of our readers that in consequence of Mr. Foote's *taking off*, as the phrase is, Mr. George Falkner, Printer, in Dublin, in his piece called the Orators, the latter commenced an action against our celebrated mimick, for a libel. The affair is still depending in the court of King's Bench of Ireland, and in the interim, the farther performance of the Orators silenced. However, that ever fertile genius of his, contrived the following address, to evade the law, and expose his antagonist with treble force.

Mr. FOOTE's Address to the public,

After the Prosecution against him for a libel.

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the crowd?

With art laconic noting all that's said,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head,
Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar!
Is there none such?—not one?—then *entre nous*
I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true,
The application must be made by you,

At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a Citizen of moderate parts;
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;
Amorous, tho' old, tho' dull, lov'd repartee,
And pen'd a Paragraph most daintily:
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth* or *ed*;

In *both* and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale,
With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
And once (it has been said) was near being knighted.)

One Aristophanes (a wicked Wit
Who never heeded Grace in what he writ)
Had mark'd the Manner of this Grecian Sage,
And, thinking him a Subject for the Stage,
Had, from the Lumber, cull'd with curious Care,
His Voice, his Looks, his Gesture, Gate, and Air,
His Affectation, Consequence and Mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the Comic Scene;
Loud Peals of Plaudits thro' the Circle ran;
All felt the Satire, for all knew the Man.

Then Peter—Petros was his Classic Name,
Fearing the Loss of Dignity and Fame,
To a grave Lawyer in a Hurry flies,
Opens his Purse, and begs his best Advice.
The Fee secur'd, the Lawyer strokes his Band,
“ The Case you put I fully understand;
“ The Thing is plain from Cocos's Reports,
“ For Rules of Poetry a'n't Rules of Courts;
“ A Libel this—I'll make the Mummer know it.”—
A Grecian Constable took up the Poet;
Refrain'd the Sallies of his laughing Muse,
Call'd harmless Humour scandalous Abuse;
The Bard appeal'd from this severe Decree,
Th' indulgent Public set the Pris'ner free,
Greece was to him, what Dublin is to me. }

PROLOGUE to the New Tragedy of ELVIRA.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

WAR is no more; those thunders cease to rowl,
That lately shook the globe from pole to pole;
When Britain fought, and triumph'd o'er her foe,
Where-ever winds can waft, or waters flow.

Sbe,

She, and she only could, bade discord cease,
And, having humbled, gave the nations peace.
May its wish'd influence, thro' this favor'd isle,
On ev'ry brow, in ev'ry bosom, smile!

'Twas union made her queen of land and main:

'Tis that alone her triumphs can maintain.

Improve those blessings, arts will now adorn,

And send them safe to *Britons* yet unborn.

O might no other strife your hearts divide,

Than how a Culprit-Author should be try'd:

Ours, whom no mean, no partial interest moves,

Would be the victim of that peace he loves.

Yet, why this fear? good-nature is your boast:

And, who most want it, ever feel it most.

Abroad, you knew to conquer and to spare;

And, as your cause, your conduct too was fair.

Then, what you gave so nobly to the foe,

At home, and to a friend, you sure will show.

His scenes, to-night, no feigned adventure bring,

If tears shall flow, from real ills they spring:

What *Lisbon* trembling saw and truly mourn'd;

What her *first Muse* * in Epic strains adorn'd:

What *Paris* next bedew'd with copious tears,

Now to the sons of *Britain* late appears.

To you, wherever truth and nature reign,

And terror shakes, and pity melts the strain;

Wherever these declare the genuine bard,

Your warm applauses are his sure reward:

Then, while such judges strike our Author's view,

His fears are from himself, and not from you.

Camoens in his Lusiad.

EPILOGUE by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

LADIES and Gentlemen—'tis so ill-bred—

We have no Epilogue, because I'm dead;

For he, our Bard, with frenzy-rolling eye,

Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you cry.

At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,

Suppose they should *not* cry, and should be dull;

In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm,

A little lively nonsense taken warm;

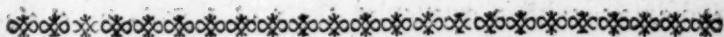
On

On critic stomachs delicate and queasy,
 'Twill ev'n make a heavy meal fit easy.
The town bates Epilogues—it is not true,
 I answer'd that for you--and you--and you--*(To pit, boxes, and 1st gal.)*
 They call for Epilogues, and hornpipes too. *(To upper gal.)*
Madam the critics say—To you they're civil,
Here, if they have 'em not, they'll play the Devil;
 Out of this house, Sir, and to you alone,
 They'll smile, cry bravo! charming!—*Here* they groan:
 A single critic will not frown, look big,
 Harmless and pliant as a single twig.
 But crouded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
 For twigs when bundled up become a rod;
 Critics to Bards, like beauties to each other,
 When tête à tête their enmity they smother;
 • Kiss me, my dear,—how do you?—Charming Creature!
 • What shape! what bloom! what spirit in each feature;
 • You flatter me,—'pon honour, no.—You do—
 • My friend—my dear—sincerely yours --- adieu!
 But when at routes, the dear friends change their tone—
 I speak of *foreign* Ladies, not our own.
 Will you permit, good Sirs, these gloomy folk,
 To give all tragedy with out one joke
 They gravely tell us—tragedy's design'd,
 To purge the passions, purify the mind;
 To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,
 With physic always give a sugar plumb,
 I love these sugar-plumbs in prose or rhimes;
 No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
 Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
 Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
 This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath;
 Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
 Were scarce sufficient to compleat my fate;
 Two children were thrown in to make up weight.
 With all these sufferings, is it not provoking,
 To be deny'd at last a little joking?
 If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake break 'em,
 Roar out for Epilogues, and let me speak 'em,

* * * *As the matter we had promised in our last has run to an extraordinary length; we shall grant Miss Pottier, and her friend Bobadil (who was so obliging to the Lady as to pen her a denial of what we inserted in our last) a reprieve for a month; and for the same reason, we shall extend the same mercy to Mr. Fitzbully, and his associates, in respect to the Drury Lane-riot—Nevertheless we would not have them flatter themselves with the hopes of a pardon, as they may rely upon the first of March being absolutely the day of their Execution.*

THE
THEATRICAL REVIEW.

MARCH 1, 1763.



Life of Mr. Addison Concluded.

TIS unnecessary to say, that the Tatler was in high estimation with the town; or that our author was universally allowed a superiority in his papers, over any of his literary associates. Upon the change of the ministry, being more at leisure than usual, he redoubled his assistance to the Tatler, and continued his favours till the year 1711, when that paper was entirely discontinued.

However, tho' the Tatler was laid aside, the public were not deprived of abilities so exalted as Mr. Addison's; for on the first of March, in the same year, the first number of that celebrated work, the Spectator, made its appearance, upon a plan which Sir Richard Steele had concerted with the approbation of our author——In the course of this production, such papers as were written by our author, were always marked with some one letter in the word CLIO; which, Mr. Tickell tells us, in a preface to the writings of our author, Mr. Addison was induced to do, lest there should be any possibility of mistaking his performances.

This is a circumstance, which Mr. Tickell, out of friendship to Mr. Addison, should have endeavoured to conceal, instead of publicly declaring; because it confesses, that, with all his great understanding, vanity was not altogether unacquainted with our author——In justice to Mr. Tickell, it must, however, be declared, that he

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had no design to reflect upon the behaviour of his friend; and that he mentions this affair solely to lessen the reputation of Sir Richard Steele; as if Mr. Addison was fearful, least he should be taken for the author of any production belonging to that gentleman.

The remark in Mr. Tickell is apparently the consequence of ill-nature; for Sir Richard, in the last paper of the *Spectator*, has made all the necessary acknowledgements for the assistance he received from different quarters, and dwelt, with a particular share of regard, upon that which he received from our author—But the real cause of Mr. Tickell's reflecting, in this oblique manner, upon Sir Richard Steele, arose from a secret resentment which he bore that gentleman for having advised Mr. Addison against employing him as his secretary, when our author was advanced to be a minister of state.

Sir Richard was greatly nettled at Mr. Tickell upon this occasion; and, in a letter to Mr. Congreve, he speaks of the treatment which he had received in the following manner: "I have observed, that the editor will not let me, or any one else, obey Mr. Addison's commands, in hiding any thing he desired should be concealed. I cannot but take further notice, that the circumstance of marking his *Spectators*, which I did not know till I had done with the work, I made my own act, because I thought it too great a sensibility in my friend; and thought, since it was done, better to be supposed marked by me, than by the author himself; the real state of which this zealot (Mr. Tickell) rashly and injudiciously exposes. I ask the reader, whether any thing but an earnestness to disparage me could provoke the editor, in behalf of Mr. Addison to say that he marked it out of caution against me, when I had taken upon me to say, it was I that did it out of tenderness to him".—*Vide* Dedication to the Drummer, Page 11.

We have, on this affair, gone much out of our way; but as the most trifling occurrences relative to great men are matters of curiosity, we are not a little sanguine in our hopes of being excused by the reader.

The

The Spectator grew so greatly the general admiration, that (for the honour of our country we must remark) no less than twenty thousand were daily disposed of; and, upon the discontinuation of it, another paper was set up under the same title; but, tho' the authors neither wanted genius nor abilities, yet, being by no means equal to the writers of the original Spectator, they prudently dropt the undertaking, when they found the very great merit of that work had left them but a narrow road to success.

Mr. Addison had also a considerable hand in the Guardian, a periodical paper, which entertained the town for the years 1713, and 1714 — the reputation of which is universally established — Our author had likewise some little concern with another paper called The Lover; but in this, however, he wrote but two numbers.

In the year 1713 he obliged the world with his celebrated tragedy of Cato — He had, for a long time before, and when very young, thought of writing a dramatic piece upon this subject; nay, the four first acts were in reality written while he was upon his travels abroad — But tho' he was very fond of the subject, he had no intention of risking it upon the stage, till some of the whig-party, who imagined it might be serviceable to the cause of freedom, importuned him so strongly, that he was obliged, in a manner, to revise what he had already written, and to think of finishing the catastrophe — When the piece was finished, he made a present of it to Cibber, Wilks, and Dogget, who, on account of so generous a procedure, spared no expence to bring it out to the highest advantage — It accordingly appeared, and was received with the most extravagant applause: yet such was the excessive timidity of the author, that he would not venture into the front of the house the first night, but sat in the utmost terror in the Green-Room, keeping a person going constantly backward and forward, to bring him an account of the reception of every scene as it was exhibited. The prologue was written by Mr. Pope, and is,

by much, the best performance of its kind in the English language—The epilogue was written by Sir Samuel Garth; but tho' it was very well received, yet it is by no means comparable to the generality of that gentleman's productions.

Masterly soever as the Tragedy of Cato must be considered, the warmest of its admirers have allowed that it is much better adapted for the closet than the stage—We may therefore naturally suppose, that the amazing success which it received on its first representation, arose rather from the rage of party, than any *dramatical* merit in the piece—The sentiments are undoubtedly such as do the highest honour to human nature, and the diction such as reflects the greatest merit upon polite literature; but then it is totally barren of incident, and not calculated to work upon the passions half so much as pieces that would make us guilty of a sort of poetical sacrilege, should we presume to put them in the smallest competition.

In a letter from Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull, dated 13th of April, 1713, that celebrated author speaks in this manner: "As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer; which is, as the world goes, not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and tho' all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet, what the author once said of another, may the most properly in the world be applied to himself on this occasion.

*"Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud him most."*

"The numerous and violent claps of the whig-party on the one side of the theatre were echoed by the Tories on the other; while the author, secreted behind the scenes, with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case of the prologue-writer, who was clapped into a staunch whig at every

every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he expressed it, for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time they are getting as good a sentence as the former ready on their side; so between them it is probable that Cato, (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon after he dies."

In fact, Mr. Booth made his fortune by the performance of this part; for he not only received a present from the Whigs and Tories, but a purse of fifty guineas also from the managers of the theatre; and grew into so much favour with several great persons about court, that the managers were obliged to admit him as a sharer in the patent, for the trifling consideration of six hundred pounds towards paying a proportion of the wardrobe, &c. This so exasperated Dogget, the celebrated comedian, who was one of the managers, that he withdrew himself from the stage, and never more appeared in the service of the public.

Cato had now made so great a noise, that the Queen herself expressed an inclination of having it dedicated to her; but as Mr. Addison had purposed dedicating elsewhere, to avoid giving any offence to her Majesty, or shewing any ingratitude to his patron, he sent it into the world without a dedication, ushered by commendatory verses only, from the most eminent authors of the time——It was scarcely published, when it was translated by Mr. Boyer and the Abbe Du Bos into the French; and soon after obtained two Italian versions, and an imitation in the German. Bishop Atterbury dressed the celebrated soliloquy in the fifth act in a Latin habit, that might have done honour to the Court of Augustus; and the Jesuits of St. Omers translated the whole into that language, and caused it to be acted with the utmost magnificence by their pupils

pils ——— Mr. Voltaire has censured and praised our author in a very extravagant manner — Cato he allows to be superior to any character ever exhibited upon the stage ; but says, that the love scenes are all insipidly heavy, and tediously fullsome ; but this must not be admitted, till he proves another of his assertions, *viz.* that Cato was the first regular tragedy that ever appeared on the British theatre.

Upon her majesty's demise, the Lords Justices appointed Mr. Addison their Secretary, which took him off from a design he had formed of writing a dictionary of the English language ; but this is a loss which we have the less reason to regret, as Mr. Sheridan is now employed in such an undertaking, in which no one can possibly dispute the greatness of his abilities——There was much about the same time a notion of making him Secretary of State ; which, however, his great modesty compelled him to decline ; and he accepted, a second time, the post of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who happened to be the Earl of Sunderland. This office he held but a very little time ; the Earl was recalled, and our author constituted a Lord of Trade.

The 23d of September, 1715, he published the first number of his celebrated *Freeholder*, which was a kind of political *Spectator*, and consisted of 55 numbers, the last ending the 29th of June, 1716 ; in which year he was married to the Countess Dowager of Warwick.

The *Political Spectator*, or, as Mr. Addison styled it, *The Freeholder*, was written in consequence of his principles, and was so truly calculated to remove the force of prejudice, and promote the real interest of the public, that it effectually established his own ; for he was soon after created one of the principal Secretaries to King George I. But this exalted office he did not, however, long enjoy ; for his health being considerably impaired by an asthmatic disorder, he was rendered incapable of attending the necessary duties of his employment, especially as they were productive of no little fatigue ; he therefore resigned, and in his leisure hours began a work of a religious

ligious nature, upon the Evidence of the Christian Faith. He had likewise formed a design of paraphrasing some particular Psalms of David; but unhappily his death, which happened the 17th of June, 1719, in the 53d year of his age, at Holland-House, near Kensington, prevented him from finishing the first undertaking, or of beginning the latter.

Mr. Addison left by the Countess of Warwick one daughter, the Honourable Miss Charlotte Addison; to whom, however, he bequeathed no particular fortune, having devised his whole estate to the Countess of Warwick, upon no other condition than her paying a legacy of five hundred pounds to his sister, Mrs. Combes; and an annuity of fifty pounds to his mother, then residing in Coventry—To the Countess he also committed the guardianship of his daughter; and, from a perfect confidence in her prudence and affection, entrusted her with a discretionary power of providing for the young lady's maintenance, education, and establishment in life.

Mr. Addison left the care of publishing his works to Mr. Tickell, who printed them in four volumes quarto: in which edition there are some pieces hitherto unmentioned; such as a Dissertation upon Medals—The State of the War in 1707—The Whig Examiner—The Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff, a political piece against the Tory ministry, on the head of the French Commerce Bill.

The following pieces have been also attributed to him.

Dissertatio de insignioribus Romanorum Poetis, (A Dissertation upon the most eminent Roman Poets)—A Discourse on Antient and Modern Learning—The Old Whig, No. 1, and 2.—Some pamphlets in defence of the Peerage Bill. [The scope of this bill was, to add nine British noblemen to the sixteen representatives of the Scotch nobility, and the number to be fixed at twenty-five for the future, as the crown had no liberty to make any new lords, unless upon the extinction of families.]

These pamphlets in relation to the peerage, produced many spirited answers; and, among the number, one
called

called the Plebeian, which has since appeared to be written by Sir Richard Steele. Mr. Addison replied in the *Old Whig*, No. 1, on the state of the peerage, with some observations on the Plebeian — The dispute was at first carried on by the two friends, without any knowledge of each other, but, before it was concluded, each was acquainted with his antagonist.

Having been thus minutely particular in the life and writings of this great man, we may sum up both his moral and literary character in a few words; he was one of the best men and best writers that ever lived — The whole tenor of his actions was a continued illustration of the virtues which he inculcated in his admirable productions; and in whatsoever light we consider him, he is entitled to our highest admiration—As a patriot, he was zealous without prejudice—As a friend, warm without profession—As a parent, tender without weakness—and, as a husband, affectionate without art——With Mr. Addison's virtues and abilities, human nature would have soared to too elevated a pitch, if a few of those weaknesses, to which the best are liable, had not casually stepped in, and clogged her in the flight——Universally esteemed as he knew himself for his writings, he was conscious his versification was by no means comparable to many of his contemporaries; this infused a dash of jealousy in his temper; and, as he was ambitious to excel in every walk of writing, such as succeeded most in poetry, were the greatest objects of his envy. This being the case, it is no wonder that he should be a little hurt at the astonishing excellence of the god of English versification, Mr. Pope—When that admirable poet, therefore, began his translation of Homer, Mr. Addison produced a translation of the first book of the *Illiad*, which was said to be written by Mr. Tickell, tho' every body believed it to be his own performance; and this he publicly preferred to Mr. Pope's, notwithstanding Mr. Pope had a letter from him, requesting he would go on with the work, as no body else was equal to such an undertaking: and, notwithstanding there was so visible a disparity in Mr. Pope's fa-
tour,

vour, that it required no great share of reading or judgment to find it out.

Mr. Pope had reason to be very much offended at this treatment, and did not fail to take public notice of it in an epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot; where, after recapitulating many poetical names, by whom he had been malevolently treated, he says:

*Peace to all such, but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires:
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease.
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise.
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.
Alike reserved to blame or to commend;
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd;
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd.
Like Cato, gives his little senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause.
While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?*

This was by much the severest blast which the reputation of Mr. Addison ever suffered. And when we recollect his extreme sensibility in marking the Spectators, it must be confessed that his enemies have room enough for supposing he was very much to blame in his behaviour to Mr. Pope—Admirable however as these lines of Mr. Pope's undoubtedly are, there is something pleasant in the second line, where he tells us Mr. Addison was inspired by *fair fame*, at the very time that he himself is condemning

our author for his illiberal method of obtaining it—
But to return and conclude.

The remaining light in which we shall consider Mr. Addison is, however, sufficient to obliterate this accidental stain of human imperfection, was there even no extraordinary merit in the other parts of his character—The light in which we shall now view him is in that of a dying christian, and introduce the picture as it is drawn by the pencil of that truly great and good man, Dr. Edward Young.

“ After long and manly, (says the celebrated author) but vain struggles with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living; but sent for a youth, nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend: he came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent—After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, *Dear Sir, you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred*—May distant ages, (proceeds the Doctor) not only hear, but feel the reply! forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he (Mr. Addison) softly said, *See in what peace a Christian can die!* he spake with difficulty, and soon expired.”

To this circumstance, the Doctor tells us, Mr. Tickell alludes in these lines upon the death of Mr. Addison:

*He taught us how to live; and oh! too high
A piece for knowledge, taught us how to die.*

Dr. Young modestly goes on——“ Had not this poor plank been thrown out, (modestly meaning the Conjectures on Original Composition, from which this anecdote is taken) the chief article of his glory would probably have been sunk for ever, and late ages have received but a fragment of his fame—A fragment glorious indeed; for his genius how bright! But to commend him

him for composition, tho immortal, is detraction *now*, if there our encomium ends——Let us look farther into that concluding scene, which spoke human nature not unrelated to the divine——To that let us pay the long and large arrear of our greatly posthumous applause.”

This fine encomium is thus terminated a little farther.

“ If powers were not wanting, a monument more durable than those of marble should proudly rise in this ambitious page to the new and far nobler Addison, than that which you and the public have so long and so much admired — Nor this nation only, for it is Europe's Addison, as well as ours, tho' Europe knows not half his titles to her esteem, being as yet unconscious that the dying Addison far outshines her Addison immortal.”



To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN.

IN your two first numbers I observe you have confined yourselves to original pieces only: from the title of your work, your readers might reasonably expect to meet with every ingenious performance, respecting the Drama and its professors, which makes its appearance in any other publication whatever. This would render your Review more extensively useful, and consequently more generally encouraged.——In the St. James's Magazine — which, by the bye, deserves the patronage of every friend to literature — I find the following specimen of a translation of *Plautus*: I beg I may see it in your next. What the learned and ingenious Translator, Mr. Thornton, has already printed, is so admirably executed, (in my opinion, beyond the original) that it would be almost a sacrilege to genius, if it were limited to a single publication.

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most humble servant,

X. Y. Z.

N 2

To

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

OLD FRIEND,

OUR meeting together at the Westminster play, made me call to mind a design I had once conceived of giving a translation of *Plautus*, in the Old English measure — You understand me, I mean in the stile and manner, that many comedies of *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher*, &c. are written in. I own frankly, that this design was first suggested to me by an intention of a friend of ours (a brother CONNOISSEUR) to do the same by *Terence*. The idiom of the dialogue in *Plautus*, I found, upon trial, would happily fall in with that of our language in common easy talk, as well as in the elegant and more refined conversation. My business, at present, is not to dissert on the *vis comica* of my author, in comparison with that of *Terence*, or on the variety of his characters, or the variety of his numbers, or the elegance of his diction; — as I would not chuse to rob my preface (if the work should ever come out) of so many good pages: but give me leave just to observe, by the bye, that no dramatic author whatever abounds with so many Moral Sentiments (not lugged in ostentatiously, but delivered in character) as He does. The specimen I have picked out, to exhibit before the public, is in no sort intended to prove the excellence of the original or the translation? but because it will save me and your readers the trouble of enquiring into the Plot. Let it suffice just to mention, that the three characters are, an hearty old Fellow, a young Fellow whom he befriends in a love-intrigue, and the young fellow's servant. The whole scenc would probably take up too much room in a work, which is intended to be miscellaneous, and I wish I was not obliged to subjoin the *Latin*, which is done with a view only, that the understanding reader, if he will give himself the trouble, may see my drift in the translation. This is, in few words, to give as literal an explanation of the author as may be, and at the same time to make it read like an original. I desire it
to

to be printed in your collection, as I think it (without flattery, which is nonsense between friends) the most likely means of getting at the opinion of the sensible and judicious, whether it would be worth while to proceed in undertaking. I hope to be pardoned by nice critics for any mistake; as I send you the loose copy, just as I run it off in the heat and hurry of my writing it, without revising.

B. T.

The BRAGGART CAPTAIN.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PALÆSTRIO, PLEUSIDES, PERIPLECTOMENES,

PALÆSTRIO *entering.*

STAY, Pleusides, a while within, and first
Let me look out, lest any ambuscade
Be form'd against the council we would hold.
For need we now a safe and secret place,
Where never enemy can over-reach us,
Where never enemy can over-hear us.
For what is well advis'd is ill-advis'd,
The foe if it advantage: nor it can't be,

But,

MILES GLORIOSUS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PALÆSTRIO, PLEUSIDES, PERIPLECTOMENES,

PALÆSTRIO.

COhibete intra limen etiam vos parumper, Pleusides.
Sinite me prius prospectare, ne uspiam insidiæ sient
Concilio, quod habere volumus, nam opus est nunc tuto loco,
Unde inimicus ne quis nostris spolia capiat consiliis,
Unde inimicus ne quis nostra spolia capiat auribus:
Nam bene consultum, inconsultum est, si inimicis sit usui:

Neque

But, if it profit him, it hurteth me.

Good councils many a time are ta'en by stealth,

If that the place for speaking be not chose

With care and caution; for if th'enemy

Know your deliberations, they can'tye

Your tongue up, and your hands, with your own councils,

And do the same to you, you would to them.

But I will spy abroad, lest any one

Or to the right or left, should plant his ears

To intercept our councils.—My whole prospect

Is desert quite, e'en to the end o'th' street.—

I'll call them them out.—Periplectomenes,—Hoe!——

And Pleusides,—come forth.

[*They both enter.*]

PE. Behold us here

Obedient to you.

PA. * Easy is the sway

O'er them who profit by't.—But I would know,

Whether we hold the self-same resolutions

We made within.

PE. Nothing can be more useful

To our affair,

PA.

* So the best commentators understand this passage.

Neque potest, quin, si id inimicis usui est, obsit mihi;

Nam bonum consilium surripitur sapissime,

Si minus cum cura aut cate locus loquendi lectus est;

Quippe si resciverint inimici consilium tuum,

Tuopte tibi consilio occludunt linguam, & constringunt manus;

Atque eadem, quæ illis voluisti facere, faciunt tibi.

Sed speculabor, ne quis aut hinc à læva, aut à dextera

Nostro consilio venator assit cum auritis plagis.

Sterilis hinc prospectus usque ad ultimam plateam est probe.

Evocabo. heus Periplectomene & Pleusides, progredimini.

PER. Ecce nos tibi obedienteis.

PA. Facile est imperium in bonis.

Sed volo scire, eodem consilio, quod intus meditati sumus,

Si gerimus rem.

PER. Magis ad rem non potest esse utibile.

PA.

PA: You, Pleusides, what think you?

PL. Can it displease me, ought that pleases you?

PE. There's no one, ever that knew how to speak
More properly, more aptly than yourself.

PA. In troth and it behoves him so to do!

PL. (*To PE.*) But, Sir, there's one thing to my very
soul,

Torments me.

PE. What is it, torments you? Tell me.

PL. To think I would engage you in a thing,
So young and puerile,—one of your years——
So unbecoming of you, and your virtues:——
In short, that I should ask you to assist me
In my amours,—for you to do such things,
Which age, like yours, doth more avoid than follow:
It shames me, I respect your age so little.

PER. Why you're a lover, man, of a new mode;—
That you can blush at any thing you do.

Go, go, you nothing love:—A lover? No,
The semblance you, and shadow of a lover.

PL.

PA. Imo quod tibi, Pleusides?

PL. Quodne vobis placeat, displiceat mihi?

PER. Quis homo scit magis usquam, quam tu, loqui lepide
& commode?

PA. Pol ita decet hunc facere.

PL. At hoc me fascinus miserum macerat,
Meum cor corpusque cruciat.

PER. Quid est id, quod cruciat? cedo.

PL. Me tibi istuc ætatis homini facinora puerilia
Objicere, neque te decora, neque tuis virtutibus:
Eaque expetere te ex opibus summis mei honoris gratia,
Mihique amanti ire opitulatum, atque ea te facere facinora,
Quæ istæ cætas fugere facta magis quam sectari solet.
Eam pudet me tibi in senecta objicere solitudinem.

PER. Novo modo tu homo amas: siquidem te quicquam,
quod faxis, pudet.
Nihil amas: umbra es amantum magis, quam a mator, Pleu-
sides.

PL.

PL. But, good sir, is it right in me to employ
One of your age to forward my amours?

PER. How say you? Do I then appear to you
One of th' next world already? Do I seem
So near my grave, and to have liv'd so long?
Why troth I am not above fifty-four:—

I have my eye-sight clear, and I can use
My hands; and I can walk, as well as ever.

PA. (To PL.) This old man, though his hairs be grey,
his mind

Is not a whit impair'd: there still is in him
The same ingenuous temper to a jot.

PL. True, I've experienc'd it—'tis as you say,
Palæstrio—for he is benign and friendly,
As any youth could be in this affair.

PE. Dear sir, the more you try, the more you'll know
My heartiness towards you—

PL. Need he further

Conviction, who's convinc'd already?

PE.

PL. Hancine ætatem exercere me mei amoris gratia?

PER. Quid ais tu? itane tibi ego videor oppido Acherun-
ticus

Tam capularis, tamne tibi diu videor vitam vivere?

Nam equidem haud sum annos natus præter quinquaginta &
quattuor:

Clare oculis video, pernix sum manibus, pedibus mobilis:

PA. Si albus capillis hic videtur, neutiquam ingenio est
senex.

Inest in hoc amussitata sua sibi ingenua indoles.

PL. Pol id quidem exerior ita esse, ut prædicas, Palæstrio,
Nam benignitas quidam hujus oppido ut adolescentuli est!

PER. Immo hospes, magis cum periculum facies, magis
nosces meam

Comitatem erga te amantem.

PL. Quid opus nota noscere?

PER.

PE. Only

That you may have sufficient proof at home,
 As not abroad to seek it.—Prithee now,——
 He who was never yet himself in love,
 Can hardly see into a lover's mind.
 For my part, I have still some little spice
 Of love and moisture in my frame:—in troth,
 I am not quite dried up with love and gallantry;
 Moreover, you will find me a choice spirit,
 A boon companion;—in my talk I never
 Am overbearing, but I've learnt to suit
 Myself to others' humours;—when to take
 A part i' th' conversation, and be silent,
 While that another's speaking.—I have neither
 Pthysic, nor asthma; nor am I a sniveller.
 In fine—I'm right Ephesian born and bred,
 Not an Apulian, or an Umbrian.

PA. A smart old fellow this!—If that he has
 The qualities he mentions, he was bred
 Most plainly in the nursery of Venus.

PE.

PER. Ut apud te exemplum experiundi habeas, ne petas
 foris.

Nam qui ipse haud amavit, ægre amantis ingenium inspicit.
 Et ego amoris aliquantulum habeo humorisque meo etiam in
 corpore.

Neque dum exarui ex amore, rebusque voluptariis:
 Vel cavillator facetus, vel conviva commodus
 Item ero: neque ego oblocutor sum alteri in convivio.
 Incommoditate abstinere me apud convivas commode
 Commemini, & meæ orationis justam partem persequi:
 Et meam partem itidem tacere, cum aliena oratio est.
 Minime sputator, screator sum, itidem minime maucidus.
 Post Ephesi sum natus, non in Apulis, non süm in Umbria.

VOL. I.

O

PA.

PE. I'll give you proofs, firs, of my breeding, more
 Than I will vaunt—At table I ne'er talk
 Of Politics, or prate o'th' legislature;—
 Nor do I ever in convivial hours
 Once cast a lewd glance at another's mistress:*—
 Neither through wine from me doth ever rise
 Dissention:—If that any be a brawler,
 I go me home, and parley for that time
 Between us is disjointed. Nay perhaps
 The ladies too might like my company.

PL. Sir, your whole manners are completely polish'd,
 Shew me but three men like you, and I'll forfeit
 Whatever sum you'll wager.

PA. 'O my troth

You shall not find another of his age
 That's more agreeable in all things, or
 More th'roughly to his friend a friend.

PE. I'll make you

Confess, I in my manners yet am young,
 I'll shew myself in all things so beneficent.

Need

* This turn is given as more decent than the original.

PA. O Iepidum fenicem! si, quas memorat, virtutes habet,
 Atque equidem plane eductum in nutritu Veneris!

PER. Plus dabo, quam prædicabo, ex me venustatis tibi.
 Neque ego ad mensam publicas res clamo, neque leges
 crepo:

Neque ego unquam alienum scortum subigito in convivio.
 Neque per vinum unquam ex me oritur dissidium in convivio.
 Si quis ibi odiosus est, ab eo domum, sermonem fegrego.
 Venerem, amorem, amœnitatemque accubans exerceo.

PL. Tui quidem edepol omnes mores ad venustatem
 valent.

Cedo tuis mihi homines aurichalco contra cum istis moribus.

PA.

Need you an advocate t'enforce your suit,
Surly, and hot with anger?—I am he.
Need you a mild and gentle?—You shall say
I'm gentler than the sea, when calm and hush'd,
And softer than the zephyr's balmy breeze.
Nay, you shall find me a most boon companion,
Or (if you will) a first-rate parasite,*
Or best of caterers.—Then, as for dancing,
No finical slim fop can equal me.

PA. (*To PL.*) Of all these excellent accomplishments
Which would you chuse, sir, if you had the option?

PL. I would at least, my poor thanks could be equal
To his deserts and yours, since both of you,
I now experience, have concerning me
So much solicitude.—But, sir, it grieves me,
Th' expence I put you to. (*To PER.*)

PER. You are a fool——

Expence forsooth!—'tis true, upon an enemy,
Or a bad wife, whatever you lay out,

That

* i. e. Joker.

PA. At quidem illuc ætatis qui sit, non invenies alterum
Lepidiorem ad omnes res, nec qui amicus amico sit magis.

PER. Tute me ut fateare, faciam esse adolescentem
moribus.

Ita apud omnes comparebo tibi res benefactis frequens.

Opusne erit tibi advocato tristi, iracundo? ecce me.

Opusne leni? leniorem dices, quam mutum est mare:

Liquidiusculusque ero quam ventus est Favonius.

Vel hilarissimum convivam hinc indidem expromam tibi.

Vel primum parasitum, atque obsonatorem optimum:

Tum ad saltandum, non cinædus malacæque est atque
ego.

PA. Quid ad illas artes optassis, si optio eveniat tibi?

O 2

PL.

That is expence indeed!—but on a friend,
 Or a good guest, all you expend is gain.
 Bless'd be the gods, that courtesey I have,
 With hospitality to treat a stranger.
 Eat, drink, and use your pleasures with me; load
 Yourself with merriment: my house is free,
 I free, and I would have you use me freely:
 I from my fortune might have ta'en a wife
 Of the best family, and well-portion'd too;
 But thank you—I'd not let into my house
 A brawling, barking, curst she-cur.——

* * There follow some very humorous descriptions of
 wives in general, which are not inapplicable to the modern
 modes, and which possibly may appear in a future publi-
 cation of your miscellany. I wish and hope, that very
 free criticisms on the undertaking may be communicated
 to your publisher; as I shall improve by them either way,
 whether they respect the translation or the original.

PL. Hujus pro meritis ut referri pariter possit gratia,
 Tibique, quibus nunc me esse experior summæ sollicitudini.
 At tibi tanto sumptui esse mihi molestum est.
 For, through the gods kind favour I may say it,

PER. Morus es,

Nam in mala uxore atque inimico si quid sumas, summus est:
 In bono hospite atque amico quæstus, quod sumitur;
 Deum virtutē, ut transeuntem hospitio accipiam, est apud
 me comitas.

Es, bibe, animo obsequere mecum, atque onera te hilari-
 tudine:

Liberæ sunt ædis, liber sum autem ego, me uti volo libere.

Nam mihi deum virtute dicam, propter divitias meas.

Licuit uxorem dotatam genere summo ducere.

Sed polor mihi oblatricem in ædis intromittere,

Since

Since the publication of our *Examen* into the abilities of Mr. GARRICK, as an actor, we have received a variety of cards, messages and letters; from which we have selected the following for the perusal of our readers.

MISS Playlove presents her compliments to the *ingenious* authors [*ingenious*, satirically marked for italics] of the THEATRICAL REVIEW; ---begs to observe, that from a set of such *polite* writers [*italics* again] she had reason to expect an examen into the abilities of the Ladies, before that of the Gentlemen. She flatters herself that this reproof will have its proper effect; and that she shall see in the next Review, as a beginning, some observations on the theatrical merit of Mrs. ——— of Drury-Lane, and Miss ——— of Covent-Garden Theatre.

Monday, Feb. 7th.

* * *Miss Playlove may assure herself the Ladies will not be forgotten. Though the messenger, a chairman, said he had the card from the hands of a fair lady, yet as he blundered out that she gave it him at a certain civil house of reception under the Piazza, we may venture to affirm that it could not possibly be written by either of the actresses mentioned therein: However, in perfect tenderness to the parties, we have totally omitted their names. SCANDAL therefore, if she pleases, for WE never shall, may supply the chasms.*

To those self-created Censors the Authors of the
THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

IF Garrick had not the authority of a manager to support his pretensions, we should never be pestered with him in so many parts. Can you possibly, Gents, as you have
boldly

boldly advanced, imagine it owing to his superior excellence?---No---No---'Tis either a timid apprehension of the merit of others, or a vanity the most insufferable, that has spurred him on to engross every character to himself.

Yours,

Shakespear's Head Club,
Sunday, Feb. 13.

LARY LACONIC.

* * *To answer Mr. Laconic's charges with equal brevity---
There are theatres where Mr. Garrick is not a manager.
---There are more good parts than one in a play---And
there must be something in him greatly superior to self-con-
ceit, because mere vanity would have inevitably foiled itself
long before now.*

TO the THEATRICAL REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your account of Mr. Garrick, you have not touched upon a very important article of Theatrical excellence, for the introduction of which, the public are altogether indebted to the judgment of that great performer. I mean his having rendered our stage-speaking, in the *vis comica*, equally free with that of private conversation; and in a great measure, divested even heroic verse of its former unnatural pomposity.---“In this,” says the advocates of the bombast, “he loses the dignity of tragedy, and the force of comedy.”---*These* gentry, must have something *above* nature, or *below* it:---To be familiar, with *them*, is to be mean; to be natural, common. In short, gentlemen, according to *their* ideas, no talents are required to perform a character with ease---because---truly, because---it appears to be easily performed: What most consummate judges of nature!---Speaking of *Garrick* and *Nature*, I cannot more agreeably conclude my sentiments on the subject, than from the dedication of Mr. James Brooke, to his additional scene to the Minor; and the more particularly so, as my fa-
vourite

yourite Shakespear is included in the encomium. Addressing himself to Mr. Garrick, he says :

“ YOU, Sir, are *The SHAKESPEARE of Acting*. HE stands unrivalled above all Dramatic authors ; YOU, as eminently conspicuous above all dramatic performers. I only lament you have not equal advantages to eternize your fame. The works of that great genius will be lasting testimonies of HIS superiority ; but when YOU are gone, posterity can have no just idea of YOURS : For, in however sanguine and elegant manner the best writers of the present age may transmit your merit to succeeding generations, it will still fall short of what you really are. None will be ever truly sensible of your amazing excellence in acting, but those who have *seen* and *experienced* its power. It may be *felt*, but can never be *told*.---In a word, SHAKESPEARE, and YOU are both legitimate and favourite sons of NATURE. Ye are *Twin-brothers*, HE the *eldest*. SHAKESPEARE was born a *poet*, YOU an *actor*. HE to *write*, YOU to *illustrate* what he wrote.”

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Bedford Coffee-
House, Feb. 18th.

Your constant Reader,
PHILO-NATURA.

To the *Publishers* of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

MESSIEURS,

I Have taken in the first and second numbers of the THEATRICAL REVIEW, and as I think it is executed with much spirit and vivacity, shall continue to purchase it. — You may assure your author (if you please) that he is wrong with regard to one circumstance of Mr. Addison’s life. — ’Tis a trifle I grant you. — “ Dr. Lancaster, dean of Magdalen college, says the Theatrical Reviewer, was so charmed with a Latin copy of young Addison’s verses, which he accidentally met with, that he particularly procured his election into his college.” — The case is not
rightly

rightly represented. Dr. Lancaster was *never* of *Magdalen* college. He was dean, and afterwards provost, of *Queen's* college, and the paper of verses, to which the Reviewer alludes, was probably a college exercise which the Doctor thought worth preserving. This, while in the Doctor's custody, was accidentally seen by the president, or some of the fellows, of *Magdalen*, and was considered as a sufficient recommendation of Mr. Addison to a demiship of that college. I heartily wish you success, and am
Yours, &c.

Hartlebury Worcestershire,

Feb. 13th, 1763.

R. B.

* * * *We are highly obliged to this correspondent, as his observation on this particular circumstance of Mr. Addison, corrects every writer of the life of that accomplished gentleman. --- We should be obliged to any of our already numerous readers for their correspondence, and we shall ever most chearfully rectify any mistake, which may occur in the course of this work.*



The VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

I Did propose, in the office I have assigned myself, to treat at large the affair of the late riot at the play-houses; but having received some letters upon the subject, which sufficiently canvass it on both sides of the question, as well as being willing to shew the sense I have of the favour of my obliging correspondents, I here lay them before my readers.

To the VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

SIR,

A Number of little writers having taken up the pen against the leaders of a late disturbance at Drury-Lane Theatre, in regard to half prices — I cannot resist a propen-

propensity of troubling you with a few thoughts upon this subject.

The principal plea which has been offered by the theatrical dependants, is rather an invective against the opposers of the manager, and not against the opposition itself--- The only question necessary to be asked upon this occasion is, whether, the opposition was right or wrong? We have nothing to do with the persons that made it, nor is it any thing to us, whether it proceeded from an estranged friend of Mr. Garrick's, or a professed enemy.

As there is no legal power for regulating the usage and prices of the theatre; the managers can only conform to custom and follow the example of their predecessors, in the affixed prices, and regular practice, which a series of years has confirmed to the satisfaction of the public. --- 'Tis the duty of the managers to oblige, the business of the town to reward---the first should never attempt to deviate from the customary rules of the theatre, and the latter should always be ready to check them if they do.

The intention of the royal patent, for the establishment of the theatre, was not to enrich an individual or two, but to entertain the public; and the more general this entertainment can be made, the nearer it comes to the views of the government in allowing it---the abolition therefore of half price being contrary to the antient custom of the stage, and repugnant to royal design, as far as it prevented the entertainment from being general, was undoubtedly an innovation in the managers, and such as laid them justly open to the censures of the public. --- A multitude of people are engaged in business till 8 o'clock, as great a number may not possibly choose to go at six, it is therefore equitable that they should pay full price, as is they had enjoyed the whole performance; or be deprived of the satisfaction of amusing themselves, when they reasonably acquiesce in paying half?

110 *Concerning the Disturbance at the Play-Houses.*

Innovations of any kind are much to be discouraged; to admit of one, makes room for many others: and if the least liberty of this nature should be allowed, in a little time the managers may take it into their heads to raise the boxes to half a guinea, the pit to a crown, and the other places in proportion, and we shall have no other alternative than either submitting to so exorbitant a demand, or having no theatrical entertainment at all.

This we see the late Mr. Fleetwood in part attempted and not without success. In Wilks, Booth and Cibber's time, when the stage never had such actors, and when dramatical exhibitions were perhaps as expensively decorated, as their successors can possibly represent them, the boxes were but four shillings, the pit half a crown, and gallery eighteen pence. --- Why, or for what reason since, when actors were not half so good, we should submit to an encrease of price, is to me a matter of no little astonishment --- The present managers with equal propriety may continue still to enhance the price, and conscious that in so extensive a city as this, there is no possibility of doing without theatrical entertainments, raise it to what they please; and moderation, with regard to profit, is a vice which none can ever attribute to the managers, if we believe one half of the actors belonging to either of the play-houses.

The managers have lately made use of a pretty insolent expression---“*The town see the bill of fare, and if they don't like it nobody obliges them to come.*” Very well! they are convinced that the town *must* go, or be wholly without entertainment. From this conviction they become confident, and from that confidence impudent; toss up their noses at their benefactors, and dictate to the people by whom they get their bread. Every piece of trash they please to make us swallow, is crammed down without ceremony, and if we boggle at digesting it, why, “*don't come.*” ---

From

Concerning the Disturbance at the Play-Houses. 111

From this very circumstance we see the necessity of a third theatre; had we more places to purchase our dramatical commodities at, the people would behave a little civiler at the present shops; for since we are to pay swinging prices, 'tis at least but reasonable we should have tolerable entertainment.

In this situation then what remedy are we to take when any innovations are made upon our dramatical liberties.--- The law allows none --- there is no provision in those cases made for the satisfaction of the publick; and humble petitions to the managers, modestly expostulating about the grievance, would possibly be attended with no salutary effect. Are we then to put up with the insolence of those very people whom we maintain, and only add to our bounty that they may treat us with contempt? ---No--- We have reserved a power in our own hands, and have an indubitable right, upon particular occasions, to exert it. One of these occasions I must really consider the refusal of any thing under the full price, which gave birth to the late disturbance. 'Tis undoubtedly hard that the managers should suffer in their property; but is it not equally hard that the publick should suffer in theirs? And that a hundred people or more, must every night be obliged to pay three shillings for a part of an amusement, which they formerly could obtain for eighteen pence?

One thing the managers are inexcusable in --- they are sensible of the manner in which the town resents any deviation from the customary rules of the theatre, and consequently are unpardonable for giving any cause of complaint. An attempt upon the pockets of the publick, is surely as criminal as an injury to the property of the manager; not to say any thing of an aggressors deserving to be punished, nor to mention the ingratitude of the managers in such a proceeding, to those by whom they are so liberally rewarded.

112 *Concerning the Disturbance at the Play-Houses.*

Before I dismiss this subject entirely, I must observe that the gentleman who headed the late opposition, has been condemned by the advocates of Mr. Garrick, especially by some little scribbler, in an obscure paper called, I think, the *St. James's Evening-Post*; for having formerly been a toad-eater to that actor, and favoured with the freedom of the theatre, and an admission to his table, for bringing him some ill-natured story of his acquaintance, and traducing the rest of the performers. It had been well if this champion for the manager had recollected that while he abused, or, for ought I know, spoke truth, of Mr. F-t-p--k, he gave no favourable picture of Mr. Garrick; for let us even suppose (for the sake of argument) that what he said of the other was every syllable truth, and that he could stoop so scandalously low as to accept of a play-house ticket, or a dinner, to lessen any particular person in Mr. Garrick's opinion, or to flatter his peculiarities; what sort of a head must that man have to hire a man to compliment him, or what sort of a heart must he possess to bribe a fellow for traducing his friends and acquaintance? But with this I have nothing more to do, and am,

Mr. Volunteer Manager,

Yours, &c.

BARNABY FLOG.

To the VOLUNTEER MANAGER,

S I R,

AS the late Play-house riots must naturally come under your cognizance, I must beg to be heard a few words. I know not, nor care I, on which side the question

tion you lean ; I depend upon your impartiality ; and if you look for success, you must not be found deficient in that point.

What is all this baffle about ? Truly, the managers *exact* full price to all their new and revived pieces !—Let me ask ; if this is an innovation ; are they the innovators ?—Custom—the custom of their predecessors—declares for the negative : So far then the present managers are excusable. But custom, you will say with Lord Townly, is the law of fools, it shall not govern you.—Customs, not authorised by justice, no doubt are so.—Let us consider then whether this is such, or no.

The writer of the printed paper which blew up this flame, *roundly* asserts, that until a *very* modern period, this privilege was confined to a new *Pantomime*.—I deny it.—In the days of Betterton, and afterwards of Booth, Wilkes, and Cibber, nothing under the full price was taken during the run of a new play—I speak from *unquestionable authority*, for I have some play-bills of those days, preserved amongst the papers of my grand-father, now by me.—In what light then should we hold the man, who by circulating the most *notorious* FALSEHOOD, inflames the minds of the unthinking multitude to commit an outrage, not protected by law, nor justified by equity ?

The writer gives a list of performers who could formerly be seen for only four shillings in the boxes, and these he opposes to those of the day. We are too apt to respect the names of the dead beyond those of the living. There are great actors in his list, but not one to be compared with Mr. Garrick ; and excellent as the merit of an Oldfield, &c. might be, we are more than repaid for their deaths, in a Cibber, a Pritchard, and a Clive.—In his list of former actresses he has mentioned Mrs. Porter.—I fancy this declaimer is utterly ignorant that this accomplished lady (no less remarkable as an actress, than extolled as a judge) is still alive—let me tell him, this very Mrs. Porter now asserts, that the body, in general, of the present actors are equal to any she ever saw, and
Gar-

Garrick, Barry, Cibber, Pritchard, and Clive, superior to all. Besides, she positively avers, that the dresses and decorations of the stage, are, at this time, far more magnificent and superb (and consequently more expensive) than they formerly were. If to these we add the vast expence the managers have been at from year to year, in rendering their theatres commodiously accessible without, and elegantly handsome within; if we consider the vast additional price of every necessary of life these twenty years past; the decency with which every individual, down to the very candle-snuffer, is now obliged to appear before an audience; and the consequent, though unavoidable rise of theatrical salaries; it can no longer be doubtful, that the expences of the managers must have been enlarged at least twenty *per cent.* and, of necessity, their profits at five shillings the boxes, but equal to those of former managers at four. What say you, Mr. Writer, to these not idle disquisitions, but stubborn facts? "*Oh shame, where is thy blush!*"

Having thus sufficiently considered the paper, and refuted the charge, let us take a view of the incendiary himself; or indeed the incendiaries, for there are more than one.

The town have hitherto looked upon Fizzig Fitzbully, Esq; as the writer of this paper—I believe not—Whoever reads a periodical paper published in the year 1757, entitled, *The Herald* (and particularly No. 20 of that doughty performance) will be convinced it could be only penned by the same hand. The same attempt was then made as now, but unluckily for the author, the *Herald* was too obscure, and where known, too much despised, to have its intended effect.

This writer, who carries the portrait of envy, hatred, and malice in his face, is well known to have a personal enmity to Mr. Garrick, on account of his refusing to act the worst play that was ever written in any language;—I do not recollect his name myself, but believe the curious reader may be satisfied in that point, by applying to Mr,
Shirley

Shirley, author of a most tragical farcical performance called *The Black Prince*.

Another of the supporters of this affair is Burkey Tape, Esq; formerly apprentice to a haberdasher of small wares not a mile from Fleet-street, and afterwards a shop-keeper, in the same elegant calling, within the sound of Bow bell. Mr. Tape, however, had notions too genteel to continue a haberdasher; so at once, *some how*, commenced a gentleman and a critic; and now, instead of needles, pins, ribbands, and thread, his tongue is continually running on the unity of time, place, action, character, and a long train of technical criticism, which he deals out with the same degree of judgment that a man of real taste and fashion would haberdashery wares.

A third is Mr. Hillarius Glisterpipe, apothecary and citizen; but this lump of flesh is so stupidly heavy, and brainlessly dull, that he is not worth powder and shot.

The fourth and last which I shall notice is that great public orator Fizzig Fitzbully, of the county of Tipperary, Esq;—To give the reader an idea of his person, we must have recourse to a poem called the Fribbleriad, of which poor Fizzig was the hero. The motto of this piece is the most apt I ever read, "*Femina, Vir, Neutrum.*" [Pul. in Hermoph.] Mr. Fitzbully was secretly the writer of several papers in the *Craftsman*, signed X, Y, Z, in which he pretended to discuss the merits of Mr. Garrick as an actor, and by a peculiar method of first creating faults, which that performer never was guilty of, descanted upon their absurdity, as if they had really existed: This proceeding provoked a friend to Truth and Garrick to publish the following epigram.

To X, Y, Z.

Indeed most severely poor Garrick you handle;
Not bigots damn more with their bell, book, and candle;
Tho' you with the town about him disagree,
He joins with the town in their judgment of thee:
So dainty, so dev'lish, is all that you scribble,
Not a soul but can see 'tis the spite of a *Fribble*;
And all will expect you when forth you shall come,
With a round *smirking* face and a *jut* with your *bush*.

" This

" This epigram (says the writer of the piece before mentioned) was the corner stone of the whole, and furnished us with ideas of the redoubted Fizgig, the Achilles of the Fribbleriad." The author, speaking of Fizgig, says,

" A *Man* it seems—'tis hard to say——

" A *Woman* then !—a moment pray——

" Some things *it* does may pass for either,

" And some *it* does belong to neither."

And presently after,

" Nor *Male* ? nor *Female* ?—then on oath

" We safely may pronounce *it* BOTH.

I shall not now Mr. Volunteer, give you any further extracts from the Fribbleriad, but as this piece is out of print, and contains some things singularly curious, I will send it for your Review of the first of April (the properest day for the THING to make *it's* public and full appearance in) with a few commentations thereon. In the mean while the rough sketch I have already given to the Frequenters of the Theatres, of their Champion Fizgig Fitzbully, Esq; will suffice to shew what a despicable *Thing* it is, who has so arrogantly assumed the Name of the *Town*. A CITY I have ever heard spoken of in the *feminine* gender; the *Town* in the *masculine*; how then can the *He-She* Hero of the Fribbleriad have the assurance to call *itself* the representative of the latter?

This, reader, is the Person, who was complimented at the Covent Garden Riot, on Thursday last, with the title of General. " How does our General look ?" ran the word from one to another in the Twelvepenny Gallery. Fizgig chuckled at this, erected his gills, and began to crow more loud. But when opposed, how did *it's* dastardly heart fail *it* !——" *Who is this Fellow*, (says a spirited Nobleman in a Side Box) *Dare he look me in the Face ?*" Alas, poor Fizgig, how chop-fallen ! Not a word was returned.—Conscience thou makest Cowards of us all !

Yet this *rank* Hero, had the audacity to raise a riot under the very nose of a prince of the blood, and to prevent a performance which his Highness had expressed an earnest desire to see. Nay he not only inflamed the minds of the inconfi-

rate,

they perpetrated an act of Felony, but raised a pang of human feeling in the breast of the *greatest* PERSONAGE in this Kingdom: So benevolent; so anxious for his people's safety; that the first and best of Men, condescended to dispatch two separate Messengers, at different times, to enquire into the consequence of the disturbance and the welfare of the Sufferers.

I am

S I R,

your most humble servant

J. B.

††† *As I cannot think it entertaining to my readers, to attend to personal altercations, I shall waive entering into any argument with Miss Poitier—however I do aver that what was said in regard to the indecency of that Lady's dress, was true; and appeal to herself whether she was not taxed with it that very night behind the scenes; and whether upon her immediately referring to a Lady of character if she thought there was room for the charge, she did not reply severely in the affirmative.*

THE VOLUNTEER MANAGER.



*Critique on the New Comedy, call'd the DISCOVERY,
written by Mrs. SHERIDAN.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord MEDWAY	- -	Mr. Sheridan,
Sir ANTHONY BRANVILL		Mr. Garrick,
Colonel MEDWAY	- -	Mr. Holland,
Sir HARRY FLUTTER		Mr. OBrien,
Lady MEDWAY	- -	Mrs. Pritchard
Lady FLUTTER, niece to	}	Miss Pope,
Sir ANTHONY		
Mrs. KNIGHTLY, a young	}	Mrs. Yates,
widow		

Q

Mrs.

Miss RICHLY, her sister	Mrs. Palmer,
LOUISA, daughter to Lord	} Miss Bride.
MEDWAY - - -	

THE story of this piece is as follows. Lord Medway, a nobleman of a profuse and extravagant temper, having reduced his estate to the lowest ebb, is obliged to extricate himself from the clamours of his creditors, by endeavouring to sacrifice the inclination of his children. His daughter, Louisa, he compels to receive the addresses of a formal antiquated baronet, Sir Anthony Branville, who has agreed to take her without a fortune; and his son, Colonel Medway, who had already joined him in the sale or mortgage of his estate, from no other motives but duty and affection, he solicits to marry Mrs. Knightly, a widow lady, young and handsome, and of an immense fortune: But the Colonel, being passionately in love and equally beloved by Miss Richly, her sister, he refuses to comply, in terms so firm, yet affectionate, that the father desists from any further pressure for that time.

In Lord Medway's house, Sir Harry Flutter, a young fellow of fashion, and his lady, are resident upon an invitation from Lady Medway, but being both young and inexperienced, are perpetually quarrelling; which Lord Medway, from a passion he entertains for Lady Flutter, endeavours to foment, by separately condemning one to the other, blaming Lady Flutter to Sir Harry, and Sir Harry to her ladyship. This he carries on so successfully as to occasion a very great breach between both, and then takes the advantage of it, to make his addresses to Lady Flutter, where he succeeds so well, through her ignorance of the world, and her resentment to Sir Harry, that she promises him an assignation at the house of Lady Lovegrove, whom we are to suppose an illiberal woman of quality.

Happily, however, for the inexperienced Lady Flutter, Lady Medway accidentally overhears the appointment, and part of the conversation, in consequence of which she advises Lady Flutter, in the most delicate manner, to live on
better

better terms with her husband ; and then gradually informs her that she knows of the assignation between her and Lord Medway ; she then points out the danger of such an intercourse ; explains the nature of his Lordship's designs in so strong a light, that Lady Flutter, shocked at her own indiscretion, promises a total reverse of behaviour to her husband ; and Sir Harry, coming in at that instant, a reconciliation is soon effected, and they appear extremely fond of each other, to the pleasure of enjoying which they are left by Lady Medway---Sir Harry then tells Lady Flutter how Lord Medway used to pity him for being married to her.---This opens her eyes entirely to the baseness of Lord Medway's behaviour, and that nobleman entering just at the same time, Sir Harry and Lady Flutter both laugh at him, and run out to an auction, leaving him heartily mortified at the disappointment of his machinations.

This circumstance having greatly ruffled his Lordship's temper, in order to dissipate his gloom, he repairs to the gaming table, where he not only loses every shilling he is master of, but even pawns his honour for two thousand pounds. In this distracting situation his only resource is, the affection of his son, who after a violent struggle with his love, consents to sacrifice his inclination to save his mother from penury, and his father from disgrace ; but as there is a necessity of informing Miss Richly of this resolution and the cause of it, my Lord and he concludes a letter to be the properest means, as there might be some danger in a personal interview---Colonel Medway accordingly writes to Miss Richly, expressing the distraction of his mind, at being forced to bid her everlastingly adieu, and of giving his hand to her sister whom he can never love.

We must now return to Mrs. Knightly---That lady had long suspected that her sister had a secret affection for the Colonel, nay more, that she was beloved by him ; this made her extremely peevish to Miss Richly, and at last to entertain a resolution of opening all her letters ; having therefore given directions to the servants, that any letters for Miss Richly should be first delivered to her ; she receives of course the epistle which the Colonel had dictated in the

height of his despair; this almost drives her to madness for tho' Lord Medway was the confident of her passion for the Colonel, yet he never thought it necessary to tell her of the engagement of his inclinations to Miss Richly.--- On the contrary, in a note which she received from his Lordship, before the receipt of the Colonel's letter, he tells her his son's modesty is the reason why he (the Colonel) has not yet taken the liberty of making his addresses, and begs she will give him a favourable reception.--- This letter being received before the Colonel's, Mrs. Knightly shews it to Miss Richly, who is so excessively shocked, that she begs her sister will immediately put in execution a design which she had formed in sending her to the country; and the widow having given her consent, Miss Richly instantly retires to pack up her necessaries.--- In this situation matters stand, when the widow intercepts the Colonel's letter, so that her triumph is but of a very short duration; and just as her sister comes to take her leave, she retires to her closet in the greatest agitation---the Colonel then coming in, a very tender scene passes between him and Miss Richly, in which, after he has told her the reasons of his behaviour, she not only forgives but praises him, and takes her leave with the strongest wishes for his felicity.

In the mean time Lord Medway fearing the instability of his son's resolution, follows him to Mrs. Knightly's where the Colonel informs him of the letters being intercepted; his Lordship vexed at this untoward accident, follows Mrs. Knightly into her closet, to apologize for it, when sees a picture, with the resemblance of which he is instantly struck, and hastily asking Mrs. Knightly whose it is, she answers him, her mother's; an explanation then follows, and Lord Medway, upon an enquiry into the mother's name and family, discovers Mrs. Knightly to be his own daughter by a lady of Portugal, when he made his first campaign in that kingdom; a discovery still corroborated by the confession of Mrs. Knightly, who acknowledges that her mother, had upon her death bed given her the same information; with directions to divide the estate of Mr. Richly, with her younger sister.--- The accidental discovery

covery of her father, and the disappointment in her love, produces an act of justice from Mrs. Knightly; she gives her sister's hand with half her fortune to the Colonel; and Lord Medway being, by this unexpected stroke, under no necessity of sacrificing his daughter, the widow undertakes to regain the addresses of Sir Anthony, who had only courted Miss Medway because he had been refused by *her*. In this she succeeds, and the more easily as Sir Anthony is informed, of the reciprocal passion between his nephew and Miss Medway.

Sir Anthony, who is a composition of romantic sincerity, heroism, and benevolence, so far from being displeased at the young lady's want of fortune for his nephew, rejoices that he has that opportunity of shewing the generosity inherent to the Branville's. For his own part, he finds himself happy in being again admitted to throw himself at Mrs. Knightly's feet; though to do that lady justice, she has no manner of idea of ever giving her hand to Sir Anthony. The piece thus ends happily, every person being satisfied, and lord Medway promising a perfect reformation.

Such is the plan of this comedy.——It now remains that we speak of the execution.

C H A R A C T E R S.

Whoever is conversant with the great Mr. Richardson's celebrated novel of Sir Charles Grandison, will easily perceive the very great resemblance between Sir Thomas, the father of Sir Charles, and lord Medway. Sir Thomas is drawn a fashionable libertine, expensive in his pleasures, regardless of his fortune, and is a man of wit like lord Medway: When Sir Thomas first hears of his daughter Caroline's affection for the nobleman she afterwards marries, he turns her passion into ridicule, and treats her in the same sarcastical manner which lord Medway makes use of to drive Mr. Branville from the thoughts of his daughter.——Colonel Medway's character, as far as it relates to his filial obedience, is a perfect copy of Sir Charles Grandison.—Sir Charles always paid the most implicit

plicit obedience to every injunction of his father; and had more than once offered to join him in the sale of his estates, if such a circumstance could either conduce to Sir Thomas's pleasure or convenience.—Lady Medway is drawn in imitation of lady Easy, in the *Careless Husband*, and by no means falls short of that amiable character.—Sir Anthony Branville, with a great deal of originality about him, yet has some small resemblance of the *Cymberton* of Steele.—Sir Harry Flutter and his lady are entirely original, but they have no manner of connection with the plot.—Miss Medway and Miss Richly are, on the whole, very deserving young ladies; but Mrs. Knightly is far from an amiable character.

S E N T I M E N T S.

As this piece is extremely moral, it is replete with sentiment, and indeed, such as are justly calculated to instruct the world, and prove the goodness of heart for which the author is so highly distinguished.—Mrs. Sheridan is not however so redundantly sentimental as to put fine reflections in the mouths of every person; on the contrary, she has made a very proper distinction between the witty and the worthy, and given more or less of the sentimental in proportion to the levity or merit of the different characters.

D I C T I O N.

The language of this piece is easy and unaffected, and very well adapted to the rank and situation of the persons in the drama——if in any part of the affecting scenes it is less forcibly made use of than in others; it is in that particular passage where lord Medway prevails on his son's inclinations in favour of Mrs. Knightly.—No circumstance could afford more of the pathetic; and it is a great pity so interesting a scene was not worked up with a little more tenderness in the diction.

M O R A L.

Though at the conclusion of this piece, the author has made no direct application in the moral she intends to inculcate

culcate, it is evident that her intention is to shew how greatly virtue is the care of heaven, by providing unexpected happiness for the good, and raising the worthy to a fulness of joy when they had the least foundation to hope for such a blessing.

In respect to the three great unities, recommended by the antients, Mrs. Sheridan has been sufficiently conformable, and as to the additional one of the moderns, that of unity of character, we have already given a very favourable Opinion, under the Article of sentiments. The Author, however, is not totally without her faults; some few we shall briefly enumerate; not, we can assure our readers, from an inclination to be severe, but a friendly desire of placing them as beacons, to warn her from similar errors for the future.—We shall begin with, inconsistencies—In the first act, Lord Medway positively and deliberately declares he does not know where to raise 500*l*., if it would save him from perdition; and yet without any visible change of fortune in his favour, he says in the fourth act, that he had that very morning paid 2000*l*. he had lost the night before at play; which, as the payment was subsequent to the first expression, is most absurdly inconsistent. Again, on Lord Medway's barely telling his son that he had seen the picture of a lady, whom, in his early days, he had betrayed; his son, the Colonel, returns, "I remember my Lord to have heard you speak of some such thing.—" "A lady, who, when you made your first campaign in Portugal, gave you her love."—In the name of reason, how came he to pitch so aptly on this very lady! This must surely be a great inconsistency!—Lord Medway is represented as a man of the world—a rake from his youth—a married libertine—we must therefore conclude that an hundred such things had occurred to him; and that it was equally as reasonable he should have told his son of every other amour as of that particular one: And the more so, as his Lordship declares, that "returning to England and marrying, he never enquired after her more:" A demonstrable proof that she was not very near his heart; that he could have no remembrance about her; and consequently his
affair

affair with the lady not so singular a case as that he should make it many years after a matter of particular observation to his son; One not born when it occurred, nor till the moment of the discovery any ways interested therein.

Mrs. Knightly is drawn a woman of sense; on the contrary, Lady Flutter "is a giddy girl, a *simpleton*," and yet to this very *simpleton*, "with all her childishness about her," does the sensible Mrs. Knightly (who, from her seeming freedom with Lady Flutter, must have had sufficient opportunity of penetrating her character) apply in the third act to consult on so important a circumstance as her design upon the Colonel.—Once more;—the author endeavours to paint Mrs. Knightly in the last act in the most amiable colours—One of "a noble, enlarged and exalted mind"—"of unexampled goodness"—How inconsistent this with her most unnatural behaviour to her sister Clara! whom she had not only kept in ignorance of her fortune, and appropriated it to her own use, but treated, in other respects, with the most barbarous contempt: Nor does it appear at all likely that Mrs. Knightly would have ever given up Clara's fortune, or used her with any degree of sisterly tenderness, had she not, upon the strange discovery of her being the daughter of Lord Medway "in the hurry of her *shame*" " (to use the authors own words) surprize, and grief, acknowledged it to his Lordship."

The demeanour of Louisa in her first scene with Lady Medway, and her next with my Lord, is so totally different, so amiably opposite to her extremely artful behaviour in that with Sir Anthony Branville, that we cannot help considering it as an outrage to the necessary unity of her character: For, in short, the poor young Lady is unjustly rendered a most accomplished hypocrite to heighten the romantic humour of the Knight; and though Louisa is thereby prevented from falling a sacrifice, through the will of her Father; yet she nevertheless, by that means, becomes, in another respects, an oblation to Sir Anthony, through the author herself.

We could have wished the proof of Mrs. Knightly's being the daughter of Lord Medway had turned upon another point, than that of her mother being delivered of her within

Within seven months after her marriage, with Mr. Richly. There is surely something very indelicate in the very thought of the mother's having had any commerce with another man after her conception, and before the birth of her daughter, by his Lordship.

One word in respect to the *manner* of printing this play, and we are done with censure. Tho' we most willingly acknowledge Mrs. Sheridan is happily possessed of a very considerable share of Richardsonian merit, yet she should not copy his faults as well as beauties. The little trifling peculiarities of that gentleman (who, we think, was a much better *writer* than *printer*) of marking so many words, half-words, &c. in *Italics*, had much better have expired with him. We'll venture to pronounce that this extraordinary method of disposing types is paying a very ordinary compliment to the understanding of the readers; for they must be very ignorant indeed, if the sense did not shew them how the words should be uttered, without such an explication.

Upon the whole, this comedy, tho' not altogether free from faults, is a piece of much merit, and particularly in the perusal—On the stage, indeed, it is frequently tedious and heavy, owing to a scarcity of incident, and to an uncommon lengthening of the acts—But in the closet, where this imperfection is not seen, it must afford no little satisfaction to the reader. We sincerely congratulate the author upon her success, and the public upon an acquisition which can never fail to improve or entertain an audience of taste, or a reader of discernment.



To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN.

Dublin, February 1st, 1763.

I N consequence of the task you have assigned me, you receive my first packet of Theatrical Intelligence. You have already, no doubt, heard something relative to these affairs—Dublin, my Good Friends, has been al-

R.

most

most in a general uproar——The success which Foote met with in London last summer, and the applause he acquired in the part of Peter Paragraph, induced him to make a trial of his Orators here. I need not tell you that the character of Peter was intended for our friend, George Falkner, the printer of the Dublin Journal. George's friends were determined to oppose; the Author's to support it. The house was crowded, and both sides prepared for "*anarchy and uproar.*"—At the opening of the piece a great confusion ensued: however, after much struggle, Foote got thro' it; and it was very observable, that the most formidable of his antagonists were several times disarmed of their resentment, and thrown into several involuntary bursts of laughter, by the force of his mimicry. I should have told you, that George had declared, if he was brought on the stage, he would most certainly prosecute his personator at law—The wag could not let this pass him—and when Peter Paragraph was called upon to give evidence on the mock trial, in the Orators, no Peter appeared—he was called again, but the second had no more effect than the first—It was then thought, that George's threats had intimidated Foote from performing; and the audience (according as they were influenced by party) were ready to break out into murmurs or triumph, just as a third summons brought the *figure* before them—there was such a striking resemblance in the person, and so laughable an extravagance of the manners of Falkener, that, before the opposers could settle themselves for an opposition, Peter got sufficient time to apologize to the court for his absence, by assuring them that he had been detained at his lawyer's, in giving instructions to bring an action against a rascally fellow, one Foote, who, by a *vile* imitation of his voice and figure, had brought him on the public stage, exposed his person, and traduced his morals——This unexpected and well-timed apology, and the ridiculous gestures which accompanied it, redoubled the mirth of the spectators, increased his party, and carried him thro' the contest.

Mr. Falkener was now very disagreeably situated——
Dublin, Gentlemen, is not like London; in a few days
you

you know every face in it——George could not stir out without becoming the But of ridicule—nay the very children would be tagging after his heels, thro' every street, crying out *Peter Paragraph! Peter Paragraph!*——In this irksome situation he put his threats in execution; he applied to the laws of his country for relief—Foote was indicted, and the bill found. By the behaviour of the court it was incontestibly evident that they had the most infamous opinion of his conduct; however, he contrived to make such interest, that his trial was deferred to another sessions, on the strict conditions that he gave four hundred pound bail, to try the merits of the cause at that time; besides this, an injunction was laid upon him (I think the law terms it granting a rule of court) that he should not play his piece in the mean time——It was naturally supposed that things would have rested here—but Foote, from some unaccountable infatuation, not only most daringly performed the Orators several times since, but wrote and spoke a poetical address [See our last number] in which, with greater wit than discretion, he exposed George more than ever. From the obvious sentiments of the court before, and this additional contempt thereto, it is now the general opinion, in which I include those of the first rank in the law, that he will be heavily fined, and sentenced either to the pillory, or a public whipping. However, as he has no little interest with the great, it is thought the latter part of it may be mitigated to a severe reproof.

Falkner's affair is not the only new theatrical case which has come before the lawyers; Charles Macklin has given them another. Mossop, it seems, made several declarations that he would perform all Macklin's pieces (none of which are printed) at his house. As they brought prodigious audiences at Barry's theatre, the author and manager (who share the profits) were not a little alarmed. Charles immediately filed a bill against Mossop; each party, in order insure success, endeavoured to retain every lawyer of eminence, so that in fact there was not a counsellor, of any account, but was in the cause, on one side or the other. The pleadings lasted, I believe, near twelve hours: The
Chan-

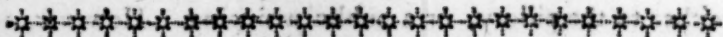
Chancellor sat with great patience, and heard what every gentleman had to say. It was decreed in favor of Macklin; his lordship, amongst other matters, observed, that he could see no difference, in respect to the point in dispute, between the works of an author or those of a silversmith, watchmaker, &c. &c, and that the performances of a writer are equally his property, and equally secured to him, through the protection of the laws, as those of the latter.

In respect to the theatres — Barry against Mossop, the world to nothing. The former, what with Macklin's pieces, his new pantomime of the Dargle (contrived and nearly completed by Woodward when here) and several other revivals, cuts a very tolerable figure — Poor Mossop, on the contrary, makes his house his garrison, and the money (no great matter) taken each night is proportionably shared between him and his performers — they must be content with this or less. What will be the consequence I cannot tell, but I believe a single theatre will be all we shall count, and fully sufficient, next winter.

I am,

Gentlemen yours, &c. &c.

P. S. A report prevails that Foote and Falkner are on the point of reconciliation.



Theatrical Anecdotes, Jests, &c.

THE low comedians formerly took great liberty on the stage, by saying, whatever came uppermost, to promote a laugh; and the audience, at that time of day, were depraved enough not only to suffer, but be pleased with it.

In the recruiting officer, one night, at Drury-lane theatre, Mr. Wilkes was performing the character of Plume, and Penkethman and Norris, the parts of the two recruits. In the play, the captain enquires of one of them, 'What is your name friend?' When Wilkes had asked this question, Penkethman answered with a grin, 'My name, Bobby — don't you know my name? — why every body here (turning to the audience) every body here knows my name — why my name is Billy Penkethman, Bobby.' — Wilkes, highly chagrined at the interruption — the whole house in

a roar——pettishly replied,——‘*Psha, puppy, I want your present name, your acting name.*’——‘*O my actors name, Bobby,*’ returned the other——‘*O that’s Goster Pearmain—no--no--that’s Dicky Norris’s name—my name, Bobby, is Thomas Appletree.*’

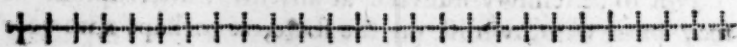
Not to be sensibly flustered at any little interruption he may meet with, whilst on the stage, is perhaps a no very unnecessary qualification in a player.

An occurrence, of this nature, once happened to Mr. Quin, which might otherwise have deprived the audience of a material share of their entertainment, in a most principal scene. It seems, that evening, in a riot at the stage door, Quin wounded a young fellow, who had drawn upon him, slightly in the hand.---The spark, presently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door——The play was *Macbeth*——and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, as Quin repeated ‘*and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood,*’ the young fellow bawls out, ‘*Ay---, reeking indeed! --- what does your conscience prick you? --- you rascal, that’s my blood you drew just now.*’ The actor, giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, ‘*Damn your blood, I say,*’ and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

Some few years since, it was the custom of the actors, when they gave out a play (particularly any historical one) to interlard it with a Bartholomew trumpery, containing the tragical end of such an one, the memorable battle of such a place, and so on.

Tom Walker, the original and jovial Macheath, once gave out a play, in which he exhibited as happy a talent for blundering as his friend Jack Hall [See No. 1.]——It was upon a Saturday night; the play *Henry the Eighth*; for the benefit of Mrs. Bicknell.——After making his bow, he began, ‘*Ladies and gentlemen, TO-MORROW*’ --- A gentleman from the pit replied ‘*TO-MORROW is SUNDAY, Sir.*’ --- This confused poor Walker exceedingly; however, recalling, as much as possible, his scattered spirits, and making a second bow, he very sententially
told

told the audience, 'On monday night next will be performed the
' *Historical play of King Henry the Eighth, containing the divorce*
' *of ANNA BULLEN, the marriage of QUEEN CATHARINE,*
' *and the death of MRS. BICKNELL, for the benefit of*
' *CARDINAL WOLSEY.*'



P O E T R Y.

• P R O L O G U E to the M I S E R,
A F A R C E,

*Taken from the Play which was taken from Plautus and Molier ;
as it was performed by several persons of distinction, at her
Grace the Dutchess of Hamilton's, at Rendlesham, after
the Play of the Fair Penitent.*

By the Hon. Mr. HERBERT.

P O E T and P L A Y E R.

The Poet enters with the Farce in his hand,

CONFUSION ! how th' have farcified my Play,
Oh ! what a deal of wit th' have clip'd away ;
The Miser's self cannot appear more hip'd,
Should every guinea in his hand be clip'd ;
Alas ! the offspring of my brain is spoil'd,
'Tis mingled so, I hardly know my child :
Cou'd I but find the Wretch that did the deed,
For ev'ry line a pound of flesh shou'd bleed.

*As he is going out, he sees the Player coming in,
to speak the Prologue, at which he returns a
little frighted, speaks as follows, and retires
to the back-Scenes unobserved by the Player.*

Post. Sure this is he — I'll first not seem to mind him,
But stab the dog — if I can get behind him,

*Enter the Player dressed in a very shabby tye
wig, a dirty brown coat, long beard. &c.*

Player. Let this auspicious day, spectators all,
Be deck'd with smiles, no piteous tear let fall,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen now,
But comic scenes shall smooth the tragic brow ;

Let

* This burlesque peice is taken from a copy in the possession of Lord R—h—d ; and we are assured by an obliging correspondent that it has never yet been printed.

Let wholesale poets ever praise the day,
That crowns my labours, and brings on my Play.

*The Poet discovers himself in a passion, at
which the Player trembles and is exceedingly
frightened.*

Poet. Thy play, thou wretch! here kneel, confess thy theft,
Or strait to atoms, shall thy corps be cleft;
For by the ghost of Plautus, here I swear;
Nay more, by that of the renown'd Moliere,
This guilty pamphlet shall divulge thy shame,
Declare thy theft and dastardize thy name;
See here, how thou — down, down, my rising phlegm,
Dost steal from me what I did take from them.

Player. To steal — to take from — are they not the same.

Poet. The same thou wretch! 'oh! I am all aflame;
But will be calm, and for this once will deign
To thee the vast, vast difference to explain
To steal's — to steal — so far you'll own I hope:
I mean a stealing; thou deserv'st a rope.
But to take from, is — mark me—don't mistake,
'To take from is, what I from them do take;
That is, in short, to take the thoughts of one,
Who thought the thoughts, I should have thought upon.

Player. 'Tis very clear, and needs no repetition, *(In a whining tone)*
No lawyer can confute your definition.

I've wrong'd thee much, and well deserve thy curse,
'Tis manly in thee to abuse me thus.

But oh! had I been bred like thee at school,
And thou like me, like me been bred a fool,
And now my works voluminous as thine,
And here and there presumed to take a line;
Or e'en whole scenes, my heart from rage wou'd cease,
My hands be loudest to applaud the piece;
But I've enough to rid me of my pain,
Tho' not enough my hunger to sustain;
I write for bread yet starving do agree,
The first night's profits shall be kept for thee.
Oh me! alas! alas! alas! oh me!

*Here the player faints, and the poet runs to him,
and speaks as follows.*

Poet.

Poet. It is too moving, O! look up and live,
Proceed, act on, I pity, and forgive.

Player. Nothing I thought could stop my soul's career,
Which long e'er this had skip'd to yonder sphere!
But since I hear that tender word forgive,
I will not die so long as I can live;
But yet methinks, I'd not be thought a thief,
The very thought on't thumps my soul with grief.

Poet. Forget what's past — and lets together go,
To count the numbers on each crouded row;
But thou shalt have the second night thyself,
I do insist on't — for I love not pelf;
Be mine the third, we'll then a bargain strike,
In all the rest we'll share and share alike,
The hand of justice thus shall for us carve,
We'll stuff together, or together starve.

Embracing

Poet. Thus on the globe celestial we behold

Player. The egg-born brothers arms, in arms enfold;

Poet. Thus sticks the birds upon the bird lime twig,

Player. Thus sticks the wasp upon the ripen'd fig,

Poet. Thus thus the ivy doth embrace the oak,

Player. Thus hugs the nymph the swain she has bespoke;

Poet. Us long may friendship's thread together stick,

Player. Thus ever, ever, may we stick like pitch,

Poet. } Pitch, pitch, pitch, pitch, pitch, pitch.
Player. }

Exeunt Embracing.

EPIGRAM

Occasioned by reading the following Advertisement;

This Day is Published,

An act before the first act of the tragedy called
Elvira.

“ Long before the beginning of this play.” BAYES.

AN act before the first—What can this mean!
Perhaps some chorus from the Athenian scene.
But then the story's Spanish; and the plot, —
The plot's the devil, and the bard's a scot.
No, 'tis some private act that's much amiss.
The bard won't own it; but the world will hiss.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

APRIL 1, 1763.

*Conclusion of the Life of Mr. Edward Alleyn Comedian.*

HAVING in Number two of our Review, only considered Mr. Alleyn in a professional light, we shall now endeavour to transfer his character from the stage representative, to that of the grand Theatre of the world, in which, as in the former, we shall find him most eminently conspicuous. —It is much to be regretted, and may be remarked as a very singular instance, that amongst the many writers on the subject of the Drama, who have bestowed such Eulogia on him for his admirable qualifications in that sphere of assiduate life, none of them, either Cotemporaries, or those who lived near enough his time to have compassed sufficient materials, have transmitted to posterity such incidents in his real life, as might have paid a debt of gratitude, by doing honour to his character and credit to his Profession, as well as by exciting a laudable emulation, afforded service to virtue, and a sensible pleasure to the speculative and ingenious.

A man of his figure, fortune, public character, œconomy, and long conversation with persons of distinction, must have afforded some curious transactions, and given evidence of some inherent amiable qualities, altogether worthy of preservation, and yet all the account we have transmitted of him private life, is almost wholly confined to what his foundations and endowments have of themselves forced into public record.

His name will ever be honourably perpetuated for the most disinterested munificence; and the most genuine humanity; a standing memento of which is, the College at Dulwich, in the county of Surry, founded and endowed by him alone.

He began the building of this College on the borders of Kent, about five miles southward of London-Bridge, after the design and direction of Mr. Inigo Jones, who was a witness to his deed of settlement; and that so early, that instead of its being only projected, as has been surmised, it appears to have been in some forwardness in the year 1614.

He continued afterwards in the prosecution of his plan, with great regularity and assiduity, until the year 1617, in which the buildings and gardens were finished. He then commenced a diary of all proceedings and occurrences relative to the college, in order to assist his memory, and afford him hints of making future regulations in his plan or model; and also to give his successors opportunity of seeing not only the beginning, but progress of the settlement; the observance of which, might tend to their better execution of the trust reposed in them.

Having accomplished his laudable design, he met with some difficulty and opposition in obtaining a charter for settling his lands in mortmain, that he might more absolutely endow it as he proposed, with eight hundred pounds per annum, for the support and maintenance of one master, one warden, and four fellows; three where to be Ecclesiastics, and the other, a skilful organist; also six indigent men; as many women; together with twelve poor boys to be instructed in the most useful branches of literature, till the age of fourteen or sixteen years, and then put forth to honest trades and callings.

His principal Opponent in this affair, was the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who though otherwise of a generous spirit; was warmly attached to the establishment and support of two academical Lectures, the one at Oxford, the other at Cambridge; and by a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, at that time of great influence with King James, intreated him to persuade his Majesty to appropriate part of those lands for that purpose.

However, when Mr. Alleyn's Plan was presented to the King, it appeared so far above competition and objection, that notwithstanding the solicitation of those great men, above mentioned, it obtained the royal licence; and he had full power and liberty given him to establish his foundation, by his Majesty's letters patent, under the great seal, bearing date at Westminster, 21st of June 1619: By virtue of which Mr.

Alleyn,

Alleyn, in the Chapel of the said new Hospital at Dulwich, called *the College of God's Gift*, did create, establish, and confirm, the said college in the presence of many honourable persons.

There is an anecdote in a treatise called the *Actors Vindication*, written by Haywood, from which his humility appears equal to his benevolence; this author speaking of some eminent players deceased, goes on thus, "Among so many dead, let me not forget the most worthy famous Mr. Edward Alleyn who in his life-time erected a college at Dulwich for poor people, and for education of youth. When this college was finished, this famous man was so equally mingled with humility and charity, that he became his own pensioner, humbly submitting himself to that proportion of diet and clothes which he had bestowed on others."

That noble act, laudable as it was in itself, did not escape the invidious misrepresentation of the malevolent, who professed it matter of surprise, by what means Mr. Alleyn became possessed of a capital adequate to the demand of so expensive a design; computed to amount, at a moderate computation, to little less than ten thousand pounds. To obviate these quibbles, it appears, on good authority, that he not only acquired a considerable fortune by his profession, (having been manager of a company for whom he built the Fortune Playhouse in Whitecross-Street, in which they acted in the day time without scenes, and indeed without most part of the apparatus of modern Theatres, and consequently at much less expence) but that exclusive of the business of the stage, he enjoyed a post under the King to the yearly amount of five hundred pounds: which, added to his paternal inheritance, might easily, with proper oeconomy, in a term of years, accumulate to a much larger sum; circumstances that totally refute these trifling insinuations of his enemies.

There are others, who censure the motives that might induce him to this memorable act of beneficence; suggesting, that it was in consequence of an alarming circumstance that befel him on the stage; the tradition on which this opinion is founded, is, "That playing a Demon with six others in one of Shakespear's Plays, he was, in the midst of the Play surprised by an apparition of the real devil, who made up a seventh; which so worked on his fancy, that he made a

"vow which he performed at this place." Such suggestion might probably gain the belief of the credulous in that age, as one equally preposterous has of those in the present; but the futility of all such will be exploded by the *thinking* of all times.

If any secondary motives are to be admitted; they might arise from the thoughts of being a leading pattern, and the first of his profession, who had adorned his country with such a monument of munificence; or from the hopes of inspiring an emulation in some of his theatrical descendants, who might be as fortunate as himself, in like manner to advance the reputation of a profession of which he was extremely fond.

But when we oppose to these, or any other suggested motives, his exceeding humility; both candour and justice, must compel us to attribute his institution of this great foundation to an innate greatness of soul and a real goodness of heart.

With what a true benevolence, with what a generous ardor, he divested himself of his substance, may be seen from this memorial of his own writing—"May 26, 1620.

"My wife and I acknowledge the fine at the common-pleas
"bar of *all our lands* to the college; blessed be God that
"hath given us life to do it."

Thus we find he disposed of the major part of his property during his life, reserving only a decent subsistence for his wife, and some few legacies for his relation, friends and servants; and also a sum to be appropriated to the building several alms houses in the parishes of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, and St. Saviour Southwark; the inhabitants of which were to have the same allowance with those in the college. From which, undoubtedly, accrued to him a most refined and elevated satisfaction.

It is not a little wonderful, that a man of such diffusive benevolence, and one who had acquired a very considerable part of his fortune by the Drama (considering how many accidents in life may deprive its possessors of continuing therein) did not institute a place of reception for the maintenance of disabled or decayed actors, and it is equally, if not more to be wondered at, that the body of comedians of this metropolis have not, themselves, instituted a plan of this nature; a plan not more readily concerted than easy to carry
into

into execution; if the managers and principal performers would co-operate therein.

This, however, we shall submit to them, and conclude this brief account of our comedian, with observing, that from his general character, it is evident, that the profession of an actor, is by no means in itself incompatible with the gentleman and the christian; tho' the irregularity of conduct, in some of its professors, and the unwarrantable zeal of some bigotted preachers, have greatly degraded it in the opinion of the ignorant.

His character tends also to evince the folly, as well as injustice, of judging the moral character of any, by the calling they profess. In short, his life and character reflect superlative honour on his profession in particular, and on human nature in general. In these are clearly exhibited the portrait of a man, to whom the stage proved rather a school of religion; where he personated imaginary characters of virtue, until he determined to become himself an inimitable real one.

This excellent actor, and more excellent man, retired from the busy stage of this mortal life, Nov. 25, 1626, in the 61st year of his age. He was interred in the chapel of his own college, the inscription, over his tomb, with other monumental inscriptions concerning him, may be seen in Aubrey's Antiquities of Surry; to which the curious reader is referred.



To the Writers of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

Observing in your REVIEW, No. 2. an account of *Edward Alleyn, Esq;* Founder of *Dulwich College*, and learning from thence, that you intended to say something of his noble foundation, I take the liberty of sending you a Copy of Verses in praise of the said founder, which was found written with chalk, by an unknown hand, on a stone on the north-corner of the new-building of the said college; from whence I copied it myself four or five years ago. If you think it worth a place in your Work, it is at your service.

I am, Gentlemen, &c.

Feb. 18. 1763.

W. S.
ATTEND

ATTEND light shade of Ægypt's mighty lord,
For sumptuous piles and towering walls ador'd;
Whose hand laborious taught their pride to rise,
To spurn th' afflicted earth, and threat the skies:
Own you mistook the Road to real fame,
And view these humbler roofs with conscious frame
Say to what end you rear each mighty tower,
Each fond effect of too luxuriant power;
Say to what end thy lab'ring subject grown,
To load whole regions with a mass of stone;
Say where the praise thy millions to consume,
And lie magnific in a splendid tomb?
See for the poor these friendly walls appear,
Want finds relief, and charity is here.
Here let the honest and distress'd repair,
And with their Maker bless the founder's care.
Here see the joys that Charity can bring;
Here see the Player far excel the king.
Courts to the dead thy mighty fabricks give;
But these receive and cherish those who live.



CRITIQUE on the NEW PIECES.

An Occasional Prologue, *written and spoken* by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of *Bobadil*, as acted for his Benefit on *Tuesday March 15th*, at *Covent-Garden Theatre*.

'TIS *strange* (excuse my gravity) 'tis *passing strange*,
How much this giddy world is giv'n to *change*!
The days, the seasons *change*, and men and women
All *change* their *minds*--- and all that *can*---their *linen*!
Let the grave moralist, with *curious* eye,
Observe the busy throng that *sell* and *buy*—
“*Change*, Sir, I must have *change*”—is all the cry!
The world a meer *Change-Alley* we may call—
Stars, *tides*, and *stocks* and *actors* rise and fall!
Thus I, who *late* in miserable case,
With shrug *repentant*, and with *tragic* face,
Most *humbly* sued you'd take the *wand'rer* in,
Am tempted, now, to *more* than *comic-grim*;
Am forc'd to give these *deep* reflections birth,

And

And shew my *wisdom*, to disguise my *mirth*!
 Truth is, the strange delight your smiles impart,
 Has, often, rais'd *too high* my conscious heart,
 Inspir'd my airs, and sometimes—*spoil'd my part*!
 Hence! has a *giant bard*—(you all know *who*)—
 In lines most *bitter*---and, of course most *true*!
 Remark'd on *Woodward's tricks*---his *starts and whims*,---
 His *twisted features*,---and his *tortured limbs*!
 His *wink impertinent*,---his *saucy stare*,---
 His *grin ridiculous*, his *careless air*!
 His *more than idiot vacancy of face*,---
 His *monkey-arts*, and *whimsical grimace*!
 Which *furrow'd cheeks* with *untaught pleasure* fill,
 And make *sage critics* LAUGH AGAINST THEIR WILL!
 Alas, *poor wisdom*!---what a *cruel case*,
 That wanton *joy* should thus *usurp* her face!
 That *grins detested*, and *intrusive mirth*,
 Shou'd make her *hate HERSELF* and *curse her birth*!
 The case is *hard*, I own; the *censure true*;---
 But what wou'd these *wise mortals* have me do!
 When, all around, such *partial smiles* I see,
 And each kind aspect *seems* to beam on me;
 'Twere want of *grace* to *check* a grateful heart,
 I can't but *feel* the pleasure you impart;
 Oh!---if your smiles shou'd, haply, be *misplac'd*,
 Like my imputed *errors* let them *last*,
 “*And inclination kindly take for taste*”.

Yet, under *Bobadil's grave Mask*, to-night,
 I'll hide the *antic bauble* from your *sight*;
 In calm composure *smoak* my *Trinidad*,
 And take, for *all my Faults*, the *Bastinado*!

Were we inclined to bear hard upon Mr. Woodward, we might ask, with great propriety, what real *occasion* there was for this *occasional* prologue? And whether he does not consider it as a most unpardonable insult, in raising the curiosity of the town to hear—what?—ay there's the question!

Poor Hal is unfortunately unhappy in his very first two lines—

'Tis strange (excuse my gravity) 'tis passing strange,
 How much this giddy world is giv'n to *change*!

Now with submission both to Mr. Woodward's astronomical and physical retrospections, we opine, that the *strangeness*

ness would be, if what is *giddy*, was *not* given to *change*.

In the next two lines we have some most extraordinary pieces of intelligence—"The days, the seasons change"—wonderful! nay what is stranger, "men and women change".—Change what?—Why, their minds"—good lack!—good lack!—Bless us Sir Sampson! But what is still more strange than all, we are told, that all, who *can*, change their linen"—What a most delicate Idea has Harry here raised, of some men and women *not* changing their linen!

Now for a touch of reflection—

"Let the grave moralist with curious eye
"Observe the busy throng that *jell* and *buy*."

It used to be buying and selling, but for the sake of rhyme, the College proceeds on an entire new method—Well but what are we to gather from the busy throng who are buying and selling? why we are to observe that

"Change, fir, I must have change, is all the cry."

Well, but good Mr. Commentator, how does Hal prove his major, that "all the world is given to change"?—Stop, gentle reader, not so quick with your interrogations.—Nothing can be evinced more metaphysically incontestible;—First then, he does not assert that they are ALL *giving* change—*granted*—On the contrary, he affirms, they ALL *call* for change—*allowed*—They are *all* then for changing—*admitted*—ergo, then "ALL the world is given to change".—Prithee Harry what recompence do we deserve for this ingenious elucidation?—come we'll not be extravagant—inclose us half a score box orders the next time you speak it. But to go on—

"The world a mere Change-Alley we may call,
"Stars, Tides, and Stocks, and actors, rise and fall."

As to stars; Mr. Rowe's *ingenious* system proves their *falling*, in that truly *natural* philosophic line of his, "She sets like *stars* that *fall* to rise no more;"—but thy genius, Hal, has outsoared poor Rowe all to nothing—His eyes were only just so much better than other people's, as to have perceived the *falling* of the stars; but thy amazing pair of opticks, have penetrated through all impediments, and seen them *rise* again.—In respect to tides, Dr. Halley has made out their theory

theory by moon-light.—The stocks no doubt, do rise and fall, and fall and rise, and a wonderful piece of work Hal has made about them!—But how do actors fall?—Ay that's a stroke above common capacities.—Judge gentle reader, of one part of Harry's text, by the other, and nothing more easy—there—you perceive how he *puns* on the word *change*; so does he on the word *fall*—and all Hal's meaning about the *falling* of actors, is nothing more than the late *falling* out between them and the town. Stop—there may be another explanation too——“and stocks and actors fall”!—that is, the stocks *of* actors; poor Harry could not avoid a trifling retrospect to his lamentable Dublin expedition; since when *his* stock (we do not mean his assurance) has fallen very severely indeed.

Pray Mr. Woodward what can you mean in the 13th line by *more* than comic grin?—to *more* than comic!—is it to be *tragic* Harry?—to *more* than SMILE, is no doubt to LAUGH; but that to be *more* than COMIC, is to CRY, is spick and span new, and a discovery reserved only for a genius, such as Bobadil's.—Besides, for a mere Comedian to forego Comedy for Tragedy is unnaturally absurd—as soon should *Ned-Shuter* give up his London-Cries to any of the ancient Chorusses.

We confess we do not comprehend the sense of this line,

“And show my wisdom to disguise my mirth.”

What the devil, Harry, are wisdom and mirth incompatible? Does it argue a want of wisdom in those audiences whom you so frequently set in a roar?—Poor Woodward, how bewildered!

As to the Triplet, which follows, about “*strange* delight,” “conscious heart,” “inspiring of airs,” “spoiling his part,” &c. we scarce know what to make of it!—In regard to his *strange* delight; to be sure Henry begins with telling us every thing is *strange*, and therefore uniformly adheres to his postulatam. A conscious *mind* is a very proper expression, but conscious *heart* is rather *strange* to the strict propriety of common sense. That airs, in music, may inspire the hearers, and (to *pun* with Mr. Woodward) that some people now and then, give themselves *strange* airs, is most certain; but how airs instead of inspiring are inspired, is beyond our comprehension: And what was the event of

this inspiration of airs, occasioned, as Hal tells us, by our smiles? Why truly, they had so *strange* an effect, that, contrary to the common consequences of applause, instead of encouraging him,

They did impart
Unto his heart
What spoil'd his part.

'Twas *strange* (excuse our gravity) 'twas passing *strange*! Now comes the grim gribber—A GIANT BARD—as Tat-tle says—we all know who. But to proceed—

“Alas, poor WISDOM!—what a cruel case,
“That wanton JOY should thus usurp her face!”

Why, Hal, you blow hot and cold with the same breath. You just now talked of shewing your wisdom to disguise your mirth; now you are despising wisdom—jeering it—calling it *poor WISDOM*, and are all for MIRTH again. This is *poor wisdom* indeed! nothing but the legerdemain language of high presto, pass and be gone; quick, and 'tis here again.

And now, gentle reader, out of our great tenderness to Mr. Woodward, we shall pass over the remainder of this celebrated poetical *take-in*, and leave him

To smook, in calm composure, trinidado,
And have, for ALL his faults, the BASTINADO;
Which office we resign to Mr. Churchill.

Critique on the New Piece, call'd the SKETCH OF A FINE LADY'S RETURN FROM A ROUT, as it was acted at Drury-lane Theatre, the 21st of March, for the Benefit of Mrs. CLIVE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir JEREMY JENKINS	- - - -	Mr. Love,
NETTLE	- - - -	Mr. King,
TRAVERSE	} Two of Sir Jeremy's	Mr. Ackman,
IRISHMAN		Mr. Moody,
FOOTMAN	- - - -	Mr. Watkins,
		JANE

JANE	- - - - -	Mrs. Bradshaw,
Miss JENKINS	- - - - -	Miss Heath,
Miss FANNY	- - - - -	Miss Rogers,
Lady JENKINS	- - - - -	Mrs. Clive.

THIS little performance opens with a view of the Irishman setting at a table, with some books of accounts before him, discoursing of the ridiculous affectation of Lady Jenkins, in aping the airs of a woman of quality, and indulging herself in all the expensive amusements of a coronet—Sir Jeremy Jenkins, is a Citizen, not above two months created a Knight, and during that time we are told, that my Lady has turned away ten servants for calling her Madam, by accident. When the piece opens, 'tis supposed seven o'clock in the morning, and that Lady Jenkins has not yet returned home from a party, with which she was engaged the preceding evening.—During the conversation between the two clerks. Jane, Lady Jenkin's maid enters, for no other purpose indeed, but to rail against her mistress for keeping her waiting up the whole night, and to abuse a french Governess, who has been lately brought into the family for the education of the children; but her master's bell ringing in the mean time, she is cut off in the midst of her invectives, and obliged to retire to get him his chocolate; a violent wrapping at the door, at the same time announces the arrival of Lady Jenkins.—She comes in, inviting a person behind the scenes to stay and eat a bit of supper, at the very time Sir Jeremy is going to Breakfast; but her invitation being refused, she swims across the room, drawing out, with a careless air, as she passes by the Irishman “How d'ye you do, Mr. What's your name?”

Lady Jenkins, is next discover'd in her dressing-room, scolding her maid for presuming to tell her of the hours she keeps, but the Abigail begging pardon for her impertinence; my Lady is pacified, and tells her she is not angry.—The maid then give her a guinea, which she had found on the dressing-table, which, contrary to her expectations, the mistress puts it in her pocket, the other supposing she would be desired to keep it, as a reward for her honesty.—Jane being ordered to get a dish of strong coffee. Sir Jeremy enters in the mean time, and a conversation then passes between him and his Lady, on the manners of the fashionable world, in which my Lady affects to be a great adept.—

Sir Jeremy, tho' she informs him of her having staid out the whole night, appears no way dissatisfied, for the good man is very easy about her behaviour, provided she does not ask him for money.

In the middle of this discourse, a servant informs Sir Jeremy of his being wanted about business—the Knight retires, and my Lady is left to make peace between her two daughters, the eldest of whom had come in with a complaint against Miss Fanny, for scratching her hands on refusing to play at cards.—Lady Jenkins on hearing the affair, dismisses her eldest daughter in a huff for her ill-nature, and kissing Miss Fanny, desires she may be carried directly to the Governess to play at Loo. Her ladyship then begins to reflect upon her luck at cards, and lays all her money upon the table to see how much she may have lost, but being quite jaded with sitting up, before she can satisfy this enquiry, she falls fast asleep. In this situation, she is found by the maid, who seeing the money spread upon the table, retaliates her mistress's acceptance of the guinea, by making free with two or three pieces; after which she steals out of the room.

Sir Jeremy having received a letter from Mr. Barnaby Smoakum, his Banker, acquainting him that lady Jenkins has taken up three hundred pounds upon his account; enters in a violent passion against his wife, and sends for Mr Nettle, his attorney, to know if he should be liable to pay the money, as it was received without his order—he then runs to his lady's dressing room to call her to an account for so unexpected an extravagance of behaviour—the first thing he does is to take the advantage of her nap, by pocketing all the money remaining on the table, he then wakes her, and upbraids her in the strongest terms with her ill-conduct—but her ladyship far from being in the least intimidated by his threats or remonstrances, bullies in her turn; and when he talks of a commission of bankrupt, tells him a commission of lunacy ought rather to be taken out by his relations.—In the midst of this altercation, Mr. Nettle the attorney comes in, who after a few interrogatives to the lady, assures Sir Jeremy, that the Banker, must be paid—but at the same time, comforts him with an absolute promise of very large damages, provided Sir Jeremy brings an action against any person to whom lady Jenkins,

at

at one time, lost more than ten pounds—to this the knight agrees, and the lady giving in the time, day and parish; in which she lost a hundred pounds to one person—"Now, my good lady (cries the lawyer) it only remains to tell the christian and surname of the party to whom it was lost."

"As for the christian name, returns (lady Jenkins) that I must enquire of you, Mr. Nettle, for the party is your wife." Thunderstruck at this unexpected reply, the poor attorney runs raving out of the room, Sir Jeremy all the while, threatening him that another lawyer shall be employed, and his own advice followed in the minutest circumstance.—Lady Jenkins, through fear of being exposed, or through conviction of her error, promises never to play again for any sum of the least consequence, provided her past behaviour is forgiven; to which Sir Jeremy very readily consents, the mortification of the attorney, having restored him to his usual good humour.

Such is Story of THE SKETCH OF A FINE LADY'S RETURN FROM A ROUT.—This piece is said to be written by Mrs. Clive herself, with what degree of truth we know not; but, however, our regard to justice, and the favour of our readers, will not suffer us to sacrifice our judgment to our politeness, in recommending, or even passing uncommenced, a performance we cannot approve, because it is the production of a Lady.

F A B L E.

The Fable of this little piece, if tolerably handled, might afford no small entertainment on a Theatre.—There is opportunity enough for working up some interesting scenes between Sir Jeremy, and Lady Jenkins: and the distress of the lawyer might be carried to the most ridiculous height, by making Mrs. Nettle, equally guilty with lady Jenkins, in drawing on the Banker without the knowledge of her husband.—Lady Jenkins's reformation so suddenly, is monstrous and absurd; and Sir Jeremy's hasty forgiveness, no less injudicious.

C H A R A C T E R.

The two Clerks have no business in the piece.—Sir Jeremy is trifling and inconsistent—the attorney, pitiful and low.—But the maid and Lady Jenkins seems to have a little meaning, though but little in their composition—and the two children,

children, in an author of any judgment, might produce a very good effect.

SENTIMENT.

Not one in the whole piece.

MORAL.

Pretty good, to lash the follies of the great, and to ridicule the affectation of the little people of distinction.

DICTION.

VILE!

REPRESENTATION.

EXECRABLE!

We think it necessary to inform our Readers, that though one of the clerks is made an Irishman, the part was not intended as an Irish one, by the Author; but it being so intolerably written, Mr. Moody, who played it, imagined the only way he could get off, with any kind of decency, would be to commence Hibernian; whereby he might have some chance to hide the poverty of the Poet, under the accent of the country he affected to put on.

The Cure of SAUL, a sacred Ode. Written by Dr. Brown.

As it is performed, by way of Oratorio, at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. Set to Select Airs, Duets and Chorus from Handel, Marcello, Purcell, and other eminent Composers.

THOUGH this performance cannot absolutely be ranked under the number of theatrical exhibitions, yet the obligations, which we have received from the public, will not suffer us to omit any opportunity of adding to their entertainment.—And as the CURE OF SAUL may be thought by some to have, at least, a distant relation to the drama; we shall speak of its merits, as a poem, though we cannot altogether consider it as a theatrical piece.

The story cannot be more concisely given than in the author's own words.

The

The ARGUMENT.

SAUL for his disobedience to heaven, is afflicted with the fiend of melancholy. David is sent for, to cure him by the powers of musick. He comes, attended with a choir of shepherds; and as the means of dispelling Saul's despair, he sings the creation of the world, and the happy estate of our first parents in paradise. Saul is moved by the representation; but expostulates with David, "Why when others are happy, he should be miserable?" David, to convince him that guilt is the source of misery, sings the fall of man, and his expulsion from paradise. This alarms the monarch's pride; and instead of reclaiming, provokes him to resentment and rage. David, superior to his threats, awakens his conscience, and terrifies him, by singing the fate and punishment of guilt, in the destruction of the rebellious tribe of Chorah, by an earthquake. Saul, struck with horror, attempts to kill himself: But being prevented by his friends, David soothes his anguish, by invoking repentance and divine mercy to compose his passions. Saul relents into virtuous sorrow. But his despair returning, David calls on his attendant choir to raise a more sublime and affecting strain. This hath its effect; and Saul melts into tears of penitence. David now comforts him with the return of the divine favour. To banish the remains of pride, he then sings his own happiness in the humble station of a shepherd. Still farther to compose the monarch's griefs, by a strain of soft musick, he throws him into a gentle slumber; invoking celestial visions to transport him to the regions of the blessed, and change his anguish into joy. The desired effects appear in his countenance, the fiend departs; and Saul awakes in perfect tranquility. David then concludes with a song of triumph on the powers of harmony, and the seraphic hymn that attended her, as the minister of heaven, on the creation of the world.

With regard to the versification, the following passage may be considered, as a specimen of our author's abilities.

David

—David having sung the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, and taught Saul

“ that guilt is woe.”

The Poet says

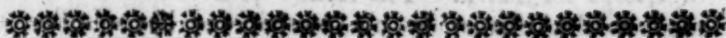
*The king with pride, and shame, and anguish torn,
Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn
The glowing youth [David]
Bold in Truth.
(So still should virtue guilty Pow'r engage)
With brow undaunted met his rage;
See his cheek kindles into generous fire:
Stern he bends him o'er his Lyre,
And while the doom of guilt he sings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.*

There is much of poetry in this passage, and infinite merit in the last line.—The hymn to harmony at the conclusion of the piece reflects no little merit on the author.

*What Pow'r can every passion's trace controul?
What Pow'r can boast the charm divine,
To still the tempest of the soul?
Celestial HARMONY, that mighty charm is thine!
She heavenly-born came down to visit earth,
When from GOD's eternal throne
The Beam of all creative Wisdom shone,
And spake fair order into birth.
At Wisdom's call, she rob'd, yon glittering skies,
Attend the spberus, and taught consenting orbs to rise.
Angels wrap'd in wonder stood
And saw that all was fair, and all was good:
'Twas then ye Sons of God in bright array,
Ye shouted o'er creation's day;
Then kindling into joy
The morning stars together sung,
And thro' the vast etherial sky,
Seraphic hymns and loud Hosannah's rung.—*

Upon the whole this ode is a performance of much merit, and though in point of poetical excellence, it must by

no means be mentioned with either Dryden's or Pope's on St. Cecilia's day, yet, in moral, it considerably exceeds both; and whatever it wants in the first respect, is amply made up by the piety and devotion in the latter.



The Fall of MORTIMER, an historical Play, altered from MOUNTFORT.

THOUGH this play does not properly come under our cognizance, as not being a new one; yet, as the republication of it, at this time, has been attended with no little noise, something of this sort may possibly be expected from us. Ever ready to oblige that public, to whom we are so much indebted, we are determined not to disappoint those readers who may have formed any such expectations. To enter into an absolute criticism on the merits of this piece, is obviously needless; it will be fully sufficient that we regard only the reason of its present publication; which is by no means its dramatical excellence (for it is very deficient in that point) but to serve the purpose of drawing a parallel, too glaring to require any great illustration from us.

This edition of the *Fall of Mortimer*, was ushered into the world with the following most remarkable dedication; a piece too bold for us to make any other comment upon, than that it appears to be the *daring* production of the *spirited* author of the *NORTH BRITON*.

To the Right Honourable JOHN Earl of BUTE, Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen in Scotland, first Commissioner of the Treasury in England, one of the sixteen Representatives of the Peers of Scotland, one of His Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most noble English Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

MANY and various motives have concurred to give a peculiar propriety to the fond wish I had formed of making this humble offering to the shrine of BUTE. I have felt an honest indignation at all the invidious and odious applications of the story of ROGER MORTIMER. I abso-

Vol. I.

U

lutely

lutely disclaim the most distant allusion, and I purposely dedicate *this Play* to your Lordship, because history does not furnish a more striking contrast, than there is between the two Ministers in the reigns of *Edward the Third*, and of *George the Third*. The former prince was held in the most absolute slavery by his mother and her minister, the first Nobles of England were excluded from the King's councils, and the minion disposed of all places of profit and trust. The King's uncles did not retain the shadow of power and authority, but were treated with insult, and the whole Royal Family was depressed, and forced to depend on the caprice of an insolent favourite. The young King had been victorious over the *Scots*, who were in that reign our cruel enemies, but are happily in *this* our dearest friends. On every favourable opportunity, either by the distractions in the public councils during a minority, or by the absence of the national troops, they had ravaged *England* with fire and sword. *Edward* might have compelled them to accept of any terms, but ROGER MORTIMER, from personal motives of his own power and ambition, hastily concluded an ignominious peace, by which he sacrificed all the glories of a successful war. With the highest rapture I now look back to that disgraceful æra, and I exult when I compare it with the halcyon days of *George the Third*. This excellent Prince is held in no kind of captivity. All his Nobles have free access to him. The throne is not now besieged. Court favour, not confined to one partial stream, flows in a variety of different channels, enriching *this* whole country. There is now the most perfect union among all the branches of the Royal Family. No Court Minion now finds it necessary, for the preservation of his own omnipotence, by the vilest insinuations to divide either the Royal, or any noble families. The King's uncle is now treated with that mark'd distinction which his singular merit is entitled to, both from the nation, and the Throne, established by his valour in extinguishing a foul rebellion, which burst upon us from its native *North*, and almost overspread the land. Our sovereign is conscious that he owes more to our *great deliverer* than any Prince in Europe owes to any subject; and he sets a noble example of gratitude to Princes, *que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats, Sont assez malheureux pour ne connoître pas.* No favourite

*your*ite now has trampled upon the most respectable of the *English* Nobility, and driven them from their Sovereign's councils. No discord now rages in the kingdom, but every tongue blesses the Minister who has in so many ways endeared himself no less to the Nobility than to the whole body of the people. *Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim.* To compleat the contrast, we have now an advantageous, a glorious peace, fully adequate to all the successes, to all the glories of the war.

The internal policy of this kingdom is equally to be admired. Our gracious sovereign maturely examines all matters of national importance, and no unfair or partial representation of any business, or of any of his subjects, is suffered to be made to him, nor can any character be assassinated in the dark, by an unconstitutional *Prime Minister*. He regularly, by your advice, attends every private council of real moment, and nothing is there submitted to the arbitrary decision of *one man*. This happy state of things we owe to your Lordship's unexampled care of His Majesty's youth. The great promise you made us, that we should frequently see our Sovereign, like his great Predecessor William the Third, presiding in person at the British Treasury, has been fulfilled to the advantage and glory of these times, and to the perfecting of that scheme of *economy*, so earnestly recommended from the Throne, so ably carried into execution by *yourself*, and your *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, and so minutely by the Lord Steward of the Household. Your whole council of state too is composed of men of the first abilities; the Duke of Bedford the Earls of Halifax, Egremont, and Gower; the Lords Henley, Mansfield, and Ligonier; Mr. George Grenville, and Mr. Fox. The business of this great empire is not however entirely trusted to them: the most arduous and complicate parts are not only digested and prepared, but finally revised and settled, by Gilbert Elliot, Alexander Wedderburn, Esqrs; Sir Henry Erskine, Bart. and the Home.

Another reason why I chuse your Lordship for the subject of this Dedication, is, that you are said, by former *Dedicators*, to cultivate with success the polite arts. They ought to have gone further, and to have shewn how liberally you have rewarded all men of genius. Malloch and the Home have been nobly provided for. Let Churchill or Armstrong write like them, your Lordship's classical taste will relish their works

and patronize the authors. You my Lord, are said to be not only a *Patron*, but a *Judge*, and *Malloch* adds, that he wishes “for the honour of our country, that this praise were not, almost exclusively, your own.” I wish too, for the honour of my country, and to preserve your Lordship from the contagion of a malignant *envy*, that you would not again give permission to a scribler to sacrifice almost the whole body of our Nobility and Gentry to his itch of panegyrick on you, and of pay from you; and I submit, whether a future inconvenience may not result from so remarkable an instance how certain and speedy the way to obtain the *last* is, by means of the *first*.

The progress, my Lord, which almost all the Sciences have made in *England*, has become the jealousy of Europe. Under your auspices *Botany* and *Tragedy* have reached the utmost height of perfection. Not only the *System of Power*, but the *Vegetable System* has been compleated by the joint labours of your Lordship, and the great Doctor *Hill*. *Tragedy* under *Malloch* and the *Home* has here rivalled the *Greek* model, and united the different merits of the great Moderns. The fire of *Shakespeare*, and the correctness of *Racine*, have met in your two countrymen. One other exotic too I must not forget: *Arthur Murphy*, Gent. He has the additional merit of *acting* no less than of *writing*, so as to touch in the most exquisite manner all the fine feelings of the human frame. I have scarcely ever felt myself more forcibly affected, than by this poor neglected player, except a few years ago at the Dutchess of *Queensberry's*, where your Lordship so frequently exhibited. In one part, which was remarkably *humane* and *amiable*, you were so great, that the general exclamation, was *here you did not act*. In another part you were no less perfect, I mean in the famous scene of *Hamlet*, where you *pour fatal poison into the ear* of a good, unsuspecting King. If the great names of *MURPHY* and *BUTE*, as *Players*, *pensantur eâdem trutinâ*, it is no flattery to say that you, my Lord, were not only superior, but even unrivalled by him, as well as by all who have ever appeared on the great stage of the world. As a *writer*, I take Mr. *Murphy* rather to excel you, except in points of *Orthography*: as an *actor*, he can form no pretension to an equality. *Nature* indeed, in her utmost simplicity we admire in Mr. *Murphy*; but *Art, Art*, characterises your Lordship.

This

This too gives your Lordship a claim to the Dedication of this *Play*. You are perfect in every thing respecting the powers of *acting*. Your whole mind has been formed to it. All your faculties have been directed to this important object. While Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, and others, your contemporaries, were preparing themselves for the national business of Parliament, and already taking a distinguished part there, you were treading a private stage in the high buskins of pompous, sonorous Tragedy. With what superior success I record with pleasure. Mr. Pitt and his noble Brother are now both in a private station. You have, almost exclusively, the smiles of your Sovereign; they only the empty applause of their country. This too they share with others; a Duke of Newcastle and Devonshire; a Marquis of Rockingham, an Earl of Hardwick, and the two-spirited, young Nobles, who stand so high in fame and virtue, whom England glories that she can call her own, the Dukes of Grafton and Portland. These distinguished characters must ever be respected by your Lordship, for their ardent love of our Sovereign and of Liberty, and honoured by this nation as the declared, determined, and combined enemies of despotic, insolent, and contemptible *favouritism*.

As Tragedy and Botany have thus reared their heads, give me leave to recommend to your Lordship one important point respecting the Sciences, and the *Belles Lettres*, which still remains unsettled: I mean *Orthography*. The French Academy has fixed it for their nation; yet a bold modern *Voltaire*, has dared to deviate from their rules, and has endeavoured to establish a new *Orthography*, still nearer approaching to the modern pronunciation. I have seen, and admired, some curious specimens of your Lordship's labours of this kind, most happily adapted even to the *female* mode of pronunciation, which with me, as well as with a polite nobleman, must ever bear the palm, if not of correctness, yet of grace and elegance. Indeed, my Lord, the letters I allude to are so curious, that I wish for a *fac simile* of them, as we have of one of the *genuine letters* of your countryman Archibald Bower. They would I am persuaded excel all the curious manuscripts of this kind in your own University of Aberdeen, or among the immense collection of learned books of your late valuable purchase, the Argyle Library. May I not therefore hope that as the *Definitive Treaty* is now signed, your Lordship's labours will be directed to this important point,

point, and that we may expect to see a compleat *Orthographical Dictionary*, to determine the knotty point of *Britain* for *Briton*, which has of late puzzled that *great* writer, the *great* *BRITON* himself, notwithstanding the excellence of his *Scottish* education? Ease and elegance will, I am persuaded, still attend your Lordship as inseparably as they have ever done, nor will you in this case be in danger of being forsaken by them, when, as *Benedick* (or if you please, in your own botanical phrase, *Carduus Benedictus*) says, *now he is turned ORTHOGRAPHER, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.*

I should have added, my Lord, that the *Play* I make an offering of is a *Tragedy*, the most *grave* and *moral* of all Poems, and therefore with a happy propriety comes inscribed to your Lordship, the most *grave*, the most *moral* of all men. A *witty comedy*, I would never have offered to your Lordship, nor indeed to any of your countrymen. Wit is an *ignis fatuus*, which bewilders and leads us astray. It is the *primrose path*, which conducts to folly. Your Lordship has never deviated into it. You have marched on with solemn dignity, keeping ever the true *tragic* step, and have on the greatest occasions (*so known, so honoured—in the House of Lords*) exhibited to the world what you learnt on the stage, the most pompous diction with the boldest theatrical swell, infinitely superior to all the light airs of wit or humour. The easy *sock* of laughing comedy you never condescended to wear.

I have on'y one thing more to urge to your Lordship. The *Play* is quite imperfect. Your Lordship loves the stage: so does Mr. *Murphy*. Let me intreat your Lordship to assist your friend in perfecting the weak scenes of this *Tragedy*, and from these crude labours of *Ben. Johnson* and others, to give us a compleat *Play*. It is the warmest wish of my heart that the Earl of BUTE may speedily complete the story of ROGER MORTIMER. I hope that your Lordship will graciously condescend to undertake this arduous task, to which *parts* like yours, are so peculiarly adapted. A variety of anecdotes in real life will supersede the least necessity of poetical fiction. To you every thing will be easy. The *fifth Act* of this *Play* will find talents great as your's still in full vigour, even after you have run so wonderful a career. If more important concerns, either of business,

business, or amusement, engage you too much, I beg, my Lord, that you will please royally to command Mr. Murphy as Mr. Macpherson says you commanded him to publish the prose-poems of *Fingal* and *Temora*. Such a work will immortalize your name in the literary, as the peace of *Versailles* will in the political world; and wherever the name of ROGER MORTIMER shall be mentioned, that of BUTE will follow to the latest times.

Give me leave, my Lord, to offer my thanks as an Englishman, for your public conduct. At your accession to power, you found us a distracted, disunited nation. The late abandoned minister of the people had wickedly extended every art of corruption through all ranks of men, the senate (I speak of the late venal Parliament) not excepted. You, my Lord, have made us a happy and united nation. Corruption started like a guilty thing, upon your summons of Mr. Fox, nor have I heard of a single instance of any undue, unconstitutional influence exerted in the senate. (I speak of the present, virtuous Parliament). Your Lordship too from every foreign Court has received the most flattering testimonies of an unbounded confidence in your veracity and good faith, equal to their just sense of your transcendent abilities.

I beg pardon, my Lord, for having so long detained the patriot Minister of the patriot King, from the great scenes of foreign business, or the rooting out corruption at home, or the innocent employments of his leisure hours. I hope Doctor Hill and the Home will forgive me, and that the great Triumvirate having completed a glorious, and permanent peace, may in learned ease, under the shade of their own olive, soon enjoy the full sweets of their own philosophy; for as *Candide* observes, *Cela est bien dit, MAIS IL FAUT CULTIVER NOTRE JARDIN*. In your softer, more envied hours of retirement, I wish you, my Lord, the most exquisite pleasures under the shade of the *Cyprian Myrtle*. Your patriot moments will be passed under the shade of your *Scottish Fir*.

I will no longer intrude on your Lordship. The *Cocoa Tree* and your countrymen may be impatient to settle with you the Army and the Finances of the kingdom. I have only to add my congratulations on the peculiar fame you have acquired, so adequate to the wonderful acts of your administration. You are now in full possession of that fame at the head of

Tories

Tories and Scotsmen; but alas! my Lord, how fantastick as well as transitory is *fame*! *The meanest have their day*; and though Mr. Pitt is now adored, as the head of *Whigs* and *Englishmen*, the greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

I am with a zeal and respect equal to your virtues,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Very humble Servant.

March 15, 1763.

We shall now proceed to the play itself.

The PERSONS.

King EDWARD III.

Lord MONTAGUTE,

Sir THOMAS DELAMERE,

Sir ROBERT HOLLAND,

Earl of LEICESTER,

Earl of EXETER,

Earl of BERKLEY,

MORTIMER, Earl of MARCH, gallant to the Queen mother.

Serjeant EITHERSIDE, a corrupt lawyer, creature of MORTIMER's.

TURRINGTON,

NEVIL,

SLY,

SECRET,

BUMPER, FELT, &c. &c.

Citizens, Mob, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

ISABELLA, the Queen mother.

MARIA, EITHERSIDE's niece, in love with MONTAGUTE.

There

There is but little necessity, we imagine, for telling our readers, that this tragedy is built upon the story of Mortimer, Earl of March, who was minion to the royal strumpet Isabella, mother of Edward the third. The ground work of the piece is, however, as follows :

The Queen mother and Mortimer, having been guilty of innumerable abuses in the government, and artfully striving to keep the King in a constant state of minority, the better to preserve their own power, a considerable number of the nobility, enter into a design of preserving their country from the destruction with which it was threatened, and of placing the sovereign power in the only hands which ought to hold it—the King's.

In consequence of this resolution, a deputation waits upon the King, points out the intolerable insolence of Mortimer, expatiates on the sufferings of the nation, and begs his Majesty to take the reins of power in his own hand ; nor to allow the presumptuous Mortimer, any longer to engross the sovereign authority, and tread upon the nobility ; the greatest part of whom, are infinitely his superiors. Fired by this representation, the young King enters heartily in their design, and sets himself at the head of their enterprize, to wrest the authority from the Queen, and to bring her infamous gallant to justice.

Mortimer, from his emissaries, having intelligence of these resolutions, acquaints the Queen with them. Frantic at the information, she gives orders that a prosecution may be commenced against Montacute and the other lords, for high treason ; and the judges refusing to act, as the personages were above the cognizance of their courts, she appoints Serjeant Eitherside, chief justice, who promises any thing for the sake of promotion, and engages to pack a proper jury, and to provide a convenient set of witnesses too.

This plot is however discovered ; for Mortimer falling in love with Maria, the Serjeant's niece ; Eitherside, who would sell his soul for the advancement of his fortune, carries her to Mortimer, with a determined resolution of obliging her to comply with the illiberal purposes of that nobleman. In a struggle with her upon that occasion, he drops the instructions he had received from Mortimer, in which the Queen's hand was not only set against the lives of the lords, but even that of her own son.—This paper, Maria, who is passionately in love with Montacute, finds means to give to that nobleman ;

he shews it to the King and council, where the Queen had just made an ineffectual effort to mould her son to her designs. — Astonished at so unnatural a behaviour in his mother, the King finding that nothing but a desperate push would be of any service, breaks into a chamber where the Queen and Mortimer were sitting, and with the assistance of his friends, seizes the earl, whom he orders for execution, while the Queen is carried off, cursing her son, to another apartment.

The King then creates lord Montacute, earl of Salisbury, and that nobleman, as a reward for Maria's generous behaviour, begs her as his wife from the King, who immediately grants his request, and pardons justice Either side at the Intercession of Maria.

We shall conclude this account with a few passages selected from the piece itself, most of which the editor has thought proper to distinguish by Italics, for what purpose, the reader of any discernment will readily perceive.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

MONTACUTE.

*What are our princes? What the nobles now?
Are they not vassals to this upstart's state?*

SIR ROBERT HOLLAND.

*He rides the privilege of peers and commons;
For who in parliament speaks not his thoughts,
Must ne'er expect a smiling look from court.*

SIR THOMAS DELAMORE.

*If as sometimes he meets a knotty point,
Which will not stretch to what his need requires,
He summons the most subtile at the bar,
Begging their kind interpretation of it.*

S C E N E II.

OLDSTILE [sings]

*If Mortimer this peace has made
For sake of England, and of trade,
May his enemies be few,
May his friends be great and true.*

FELT.

FELT. [sings]

*But if mending up the state,
He has wrought with tinker's tools;
May a gibbet be his fate,
Nor we no longer be his fools.*

OLDSTILE.

*Metinks I want to know what flaw they can find in a peace
that was both prayed for and paid for.*

FELT.

*Between them both [King's Edward's mother and Mortimer]
I find the King and the nation are finely bubbled.*

BUMPER.

*Why you must know Mortimer's so very complaisant, he scorns
to strike an enemy that's down.*

OLDSTILE.

*This is making but a very scurvy figure among our neighbours;
I wonder if the King knows of all these doings.*

BUMPER.

*No, God bless him, he thinks all things go right, poor
prince!*

FELT.

But should he not be told then?

BUMPER.

*How, in the name of wonder, should he, when Mortimer
takes care nobody shall have the King's ear but himself?*

*_____ though the brave lord
Montacute, and some other well-wishers to their country, have
sworn to make a push, though they die by't.*

FELT.

*They will succeed—they are honest men—they have the true
ENGLISH spirit about them—Mortimer's crew are of a MON-
GREL breed, and can't face a downright ENGLISH litter.*

BUMPER.

God bless the King, and send him better counsellors.

[sing in chorus.]

*For why should we stoop to King Bob,
Or be led by Mortimer's crew?
A halter would finish the job,
And make all our enemies true.*

The patriots, Lord Montacute, Sir Thomas Delamore, and Sir Robert Holland; having determined to lay theirs and the nations grievances, occasioned by the mal-administration of Mortimer, before the King, and to intreat he would assume his right of governing himself; in that scene are the following strokes,

ACT. II. SCENE I.

KING [speaking of Mortimer.]

*I find he's grown the president o'th' court;
The star by which each courtier guides his hopes.*

MOUNTACUTE.

*It is the man you've nam'd who rides our spirits,
Oh my lov'd lord!
Why is this viper harbour'd in your bosom,
Which gnaws insensibly upon your honour?
Why pamper'd with the worship of men's knees?
You are our King.*

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

SIR ROBERT HOLLAND.

*Never prince
Was grac'd with so much knowledge as young Edward,*

*Still as he speaks, the accent of each word
Keeps proper time.*

MOUNTACUTE.

His ears are open to the nation's groans.

SIR ROBERT HOLLAND.

*— In the roll of fame, there yet remains
One chance, one glorious lot that's worthy hazard.*

MOUNTACUTE.

*— the wresly people,
Whose rights and privileges are usurp'd,*

*No longer free, but all in vassalage,
Are ripe for mischief.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

BUMPER, OLDSTILE, FELT, MOB, &c. &c.

SECOND MOB.

What's the nation the better for him [Mortimer]?

BUMPER.

*THAT's a great deal the WORSE for HIM, Neighbours; but
HE's a great deal the BETTER for THAT,*

FIRST MOB.

*But hark ye me—the Scots did not use to be so ready for
peace.*

BUMPER.

*Why, here it is,—put the case now, any one had abused
you, and called you SON OF A WHORE, and to salve up the sore,
he had given you a good round sum, you'd stand his friend,
upon a pinch, wou'd you not, though you was never so sturdy
before?*

FIRST MOB.

*Ay, marry, would I, as long as I found the good MARKS
coming in.*

BUMPER.

*Odso! here's my good lord Mountacute—stand on one side—
perhaps we shall hear how things go.*

[Enter lord Mountacute.]

FIRST MOB.

Don't tell me, we are no slaves yet.

MOUNTACUTE.

*Bravely said my friend—You ought not to be so; nor shall
you be reduced to it, though Mortimer, by his vile artifices, is
contriving your bonds, AS FAST AS HE CAN. HE STICKS AT
NOTHING TO ACCOMPLISH his WICKED PURPOSES.*

SCENE IV.

MOUNTACUTE [to the King]

Your loyal citizens impatient wait:

They cry, with one accord, AWAY WITH MORTIMER.

KING,

KING.

*They shall be satisfied.——Mortimer we come,
The night BEGINS my REIGN that SEALS thy DOOM.*

Mortimer having been surprized and seized by the King's party, it produces the following,

S C E N E VI.

DELAMORE.

Well haughty Mortimer, what think'st thou now?

MORTIMER.

That I shall die.

DELAMORE.

By all unpity'd and by all condemn'd.

QUEEN.

Oh, ye malicious pow'rs.

MOUNTACUTE.

*Blame not the pow'rs, madam, they are just.
By a sad series of triumphant guilt,
Long had oppression gall'd a free-born people;
At last they're beard, and the oppressor falls
In justice to a plunder'd, sinking nation.*

KING.

*Such be the fate of all, who dare abuse
The ministerial function, and sacrifice
Their master's int'rest to their own vile ends.
What can'st thou say,
Thou most unworthy of that character?*

How HAVE I BEEN MISGUIDED BY THY COUNSELS!

Serjeant Eitherside, the principal assistant in Mortimer's crimes, pleading for mercy, the following answer is made by the

KING.

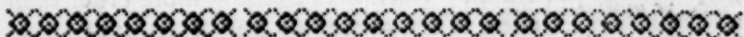
THE NATION MUST BE SATISFIED.——

*Long have they borne infringements on their laws;
A wicked, worthless MINISTER, the cause;
His views no farther than HIMSELF extend,
And, center'd in himself, with his base Being end.*

A King

A King on nobler principles should move ;
His people's good, he should with care improve ;
And leave his latest heirs, *rich* in his *subjects* love. }

Our readers have now seen the drift of the editor's publication of this play—we mean as far as it respects its political allusion,—but we have another thing to observe ; namely, that the principal design seems to have been the acquiring of a present sum of money ; for the price of two shillings is scandalously *imposed* on the purchasers of this play, which is not only a very indifferent one in itself, but the whole *substance* of it, absolutely contained in the foregoing abstract.—To this play is subjoined a scene (of no great consequence) of a play on this story, which Ben. Johnson proposed to write, but died and left unfinished.—It is in all the editions of his works.



The VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

SINCE I have taken upon me the superintending the management of our several Theatres: letters pour upon me so fast, and so many personal applications are continually making to me, that were I the least inclinable to vanity, they would furnish me with ample food for that insatuating passion ; and by the publication of a Review or two more, ten to one but I should plume myself on being a person of no little consequence ; perhaps esteem my department as inferior in, profit alone, to the exalted office of Lord-chamberlain itself.

I bless my stars, however, that I am naturally free, all such SELF-IMPORTANT CONSEQUENTIALITY ; and that my commencing a *volunteer manager*, was not owing to a partial conceit of my own abilities, but a firm belief in the absolute necessity of such a public spirited institution ; and, as an establishment of this kind had been hitherto very unaccountably neglected, to an opinion that it were a much more eligible step to assume the office myself, than that it should be any longer, most supinely, suffered not to exist at all.

As a proof of what I have here premised, I shall not, like too many of my brother-periodical authors, ever *sink* the favours of unknown correspondents ; and with altering, chopping

chopping, and changing the language, rob the writers of the honour of their thoughts, by introducing them to the public as my own. In pursuance of which plan, I shall, without farther ceremony, lay before my readers the following *genuine* epistles.

To the VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

SIR,

I Think you observed in your first number that the grand obstacle to the entertainment we have a right to expect, and are so frequently disappointed of, is the caprice of managers in allotting characters to players utterly void of every requisite for the just execution thereof.

Far be it from me to invidiously attack the abilities of any person in his profession. I know of nothing more cruel than an unjust depreciation of the talents of a man in that vocation on which he is obliged to depend for support: But what aggravates not a little the baseness of such a wicked attempt is, when that unmerited disparagement is publicly thrown into print. On the other hand, however, it does not follow, because a man ought not to be undeservedly censured, that he should not be censured at all.

The necessity of this prelude, Mr. Volunteer Manager, you will easily perceive, when I acquaint you, that I was the other night at the *Fair Penitent*, for the benefit of Mrs. Cibber; and that I was much disgusted at a part of the performance. I do not mean to enter into a criticism on the merit of the several performers in this piece (though I think it might well employ the more able pen of a Theatrical Reviewer) but just to point out some exceeding ill management in the *casting* of one character; I mean that of Altamont.

Whatever opinion the managers or actors may have formed of this part, I know not; but certainly it requires a performer of some abilities. I think Mr. Packer is not destitute of stage-requisites—he has a tolerable person, and speaks with some judgment—but his extreme want of power, confines them altogether to the sock. He supplies the third-rate walks of genteel comedy with great justice, and is even bearable in some of the second; but as to tragedy, on a London Theatre, he cannot justly form any pretensions to a character

rafter of the least degree of eminence. How, therefore, the managers came to *cast* him for Altamont is a matter of astonishment, and an insult to the town.

Mr. Wilks (whom, however, I do not mention as a GREAT tragedian) did not think this character derogatory to his consequence, for it was always his part: And I remember when Mr. Garrick did Lothario in Dublin, and Sheridan Horatio, that Barry played Altamont; and I assure you he made so much of it, that he almost threw Horatio at a distance. His performance of the scene in the third act, where Altamont quarrels with Horatio for defaming Calista, was accompanied with the most violent bursts of applause. The passionate manner of his expressing

“Thou *can’st* not—DAR’ST not mean it; speak again.

“Say, *who* is vile?—but DARE not name CALISTA,”

was nobly animating; and rendered the sudden, though natural transition to reflection, more strikingly affecting, where he says in the next speech,

“Thou wer’st my father’s friend, he lov’d thee well;

“A kind of venerable mark of him

“Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance:

“I *cannot*, DARE not lift my sword against thee,

“But henceforth never let me see thee more.”

And in the fourth act, where Horatio refuses to be reconciled to him, he drew tears from the whole audience.

It may naturally be asked here, that as Mr. Holland had given up Altamont for Horatio, who in that house so proper as Mr. Packer? I have considered that point, and upon a review of the Drury-lane company, think Mr. Jackson (though perhaps unequal, at present, to Altamont, as it *ought* to be performed) by much the most eligible person, for the part, amongst them; and as Mrs. Yates is to have the same play for her benefit, I could wish, unless sufficient reasons can be given to the contrary, to see Altamont, on that night, so supplied. I am

Mr. Volunteer Manager,

Your constant Reader,

THEATRICUS.

VOL. I.

Y

To

SIR,

AS theatrical impositions are properly cognizable at no bar but that of the public, I shall beg leave, thro' your means, to make a complaint, which I hope will not pass altogether unregarded.

I am an old man, Mr. Volunteer, of moderate circumstances, and very fond of theatrical entertainments—indeed they are all the public amusements a man of sixty can take with any tolerable reputation—I seldom miss a night from the play, especially if there be any thing musical, and as I neither choose to be obliged for orders to the players, nor can afford going into the boxes, I generally take up my station in the pit—Artaxerxes I am very fond of, and thought to go on Miss Brent's night—but I don't know how, sir, I was excluded—the whole pit was charged at five shillings; the good-natured and obliging lady, whose benefit it was, being kind enough to *tax* that place at an additional two shillings, because the people were so good as to come at all.—You must know Mr. Volunteer, that as my eyes are very weak, and my hearing none of the best, I cannot receive any satisfaction in the gallery—I therefore, who am a customer to the Theatre almost every night, was cut off from my favourite entertainment, to oblige perhaps a number of people who may not go there more than once in the season—Why this infringement upon the pit is allowed, I can by no means imagine; if it is wrong in the *Manager* to raise the price, I can't see how it is excusable in the *Performer*; for tis not the person who does it, but the thing itself, which comes under the consideration of the public.

It may be answered that the friends of the actors only go on these nights—even supposing that to be true, which can never be the case, is it a reason because they are friends, that they are to be charged more on that particular night than any other of the year?—Ay but, say the actors, our friends won't mind the additional charge—Ay but, say I, if that charge be an imposition, does the actor who practices it deserve any friends at all?—Lay these matters if you please fir before the town, and you'll much oblige

Mr. Volunteer Manager,

Yours,

SENEX.

To

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have constantly taken in the Annals of the Drama, since their first publication, and though here and there I discover some typographical errors, and perhaps a literary one, yet, upon the whole, I think they have much merit; and I thank you heartily for so agreeable an entertainment.—In return, I have something to propose, which, if favoured with your approbation, may possibly render us mutually obliged; at any rate it will shew my opinion of your abilities in a better light than all the fulsome eulogiums I could make for a twelve-month.

The so highly celebrated Rosciad, of that celebrated author the celebrated Mr. Charles Churchill, having been, at various times, encreased from a solitary twelver, up to a spanking half-ounce; and having an immediate relation to several performers of whom you are under a necessity of taking notice, I dare say it would be highly agreeable to your readers, if it was published in your work: not only on account of its connection with the Theatre, but the easy manner by which this expedient would bring it to their hands.—The *Utile* and the *Dulce*, gentlemen, let me tell you, are very striking considerations; and no man, who knows the intrinsic value of two and sixpence, can ever have any objection to the saving of half a crown.

Whenever the author has the least inclination to charge a shilling for an additional dozen lines, it is a very easy matter for you to print so *considerable* an improvement; and if his Reverence's moderation and lenity, should induce him neither to raise the price, nor lengthen the poem, it acquires no conjurer to observe, that the public will have no demand upon *you*, unless he should first make some demand (in that point) upon *them*.

Whether I have said too much, or too little, by way of introduction, I don't know; nor, to tell the truth, do I, indeed, much care—I profess myself a great wit; and as such, have a privilege, if my friend Pope's word is to be taken, of "*gloriously offending*."

But to the proposition.—

You must know I am a prodigious admirer of the Rosciad, and have spent some time in pointing out the beauties of the admirable Poem, and fearing my memory might not be suffic

ing confined to make a likeness, perhaps something more than tolerable.

The two Companies performing at the respective Theatres, are like the man in the fable, who was content to lose *one* of his eyes, provided his neighbour could be deprived of *both*. They seem most resolutely bent upon starving each other out; and the contest does not so much depend upon the merit of either house, as upon who is the best able longest to support the loss.

Mrs. Sheridan's Comedy of the DISCOVERY has been played here.—Mossop jockey'd Barry, and got it up in two days; but as it was impossible, in so short a time, to be perfect, the performance did not give so general a satisfaction as at Barry's, who gave his actors more time than the other, and painted a scene or two on purpose for the play; though Baddely in the part of Sir Anthony Brannville, at the Smock-Alley house [Mossop's] gained, and very deservedly, the greatest instances of public approbation.

Mossop's Benefit was on the 14th; the WONDER was the play. He did *Don Felix* for the first time, and not abominably; Mrs. Fitzhenry played *Violante*, for the first time also, and not with a less degree of applause than the manager. He added a farce, taken from Mrs. Sheridan's DISCOVERY, called SIR ANTHONY IN LOVE. Whatever merit it might have, was due to the original piece, and cannot, in fact, be here mentioned as a new performance. Barry had KING ARTHUR or THE BRITISH WORTHY, an Opera of DRYDEN's, for his Benefit; and indeed (besides the *Trip to the Dargle*, mentioned in my last) was it not for that piece, and the CONQUEST OF MEXICO, the illustrious Manager had been in a pitiful sort of a taking.—In reality, neither of these exhibitions were without a considerable share of magnificence, but the everlasting monotony of the jingle, threw an insipidity through the whole, that rendered them uncommonly flat, and harmoniously lifeless.

Business is so very bad that they are obliged to crowd on the benefits as fast as possible, and scarcely an Actor of any consequence, but has a revived piece for his night.

The Success of the INDIAN EMPEROR, at Crow-Street-house, has induced the emulative and indefatigable Mossop to rival his antagonist; accordingly an alteration of that piece, which has been finished some time, is in rehearsal at Smock-Alley;

Alley; cleared of all the burden of its rhimes, and to be ushered in by a new Prologue written by the celebrated DOCTOR LAWSON, not long before his Death, who was greatly pleased with the amendments.

The spirit of opposition which I mentioned just now to actuate Mossop, not content with confining itself to Dublin, intends pursuing poor Barry to Corke.—Mossop has engaged a Playhouse there, and is to perform with his Company in the ensuing summer. To make a diversion at the end of his Dublin season, Shuter, Holland, and Obrien, are expected (that is, if Mossop first transmits them their full sum, 150 £ each, to London) over here when your houses shut up, and Macklin is to join him the next season, if not the remaining part of the present; after having played for his daughter's benefit at Covent Garden.

Sowdon has left Barry, and is even talking, notwithstanding the distresses of the present two Companies, to set up a third—but this can be but a *vax et preterea Nihil*, nor can any man in his senses have any serious thoughts of so absurd an undertaking. Whatever may happen of any consequence to your next publication, I shall take care to send you, and beg you will believe me your humble, &c. &c.

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

AS the affair of the riot in the Bath playhouse on Saturday sevenight, which I suppose you must have heard of, comes immediately under your province, if you think the following account, which has undoubted authority to recommend it, drawn up in any tolerable manner, 'tis at your service, and may possibly not be disagreeable to your readers.

Mr. Arthur, the manager of the Bath company, having given Mrs. Hamilton the part of Andromache in the Distress'd Mother, to study, and allowing her but a very short time, (two days only) to study it in; that lady was under a necessity of returning it. Piqued at this circumstance, Mr. Arthur went so far as to discharge Mrs. Hamilton, and put Mrs. Lee's name in the bills, immediately after, for Lady Townly; tho' Mrs. Hamilton had been in possession of that part and play'd it with the approbation of the public. Mrs. Hamilton not thinking herself well treated, printed an adver-

advertisement, setting forth the nature of the case and submitting it to the perusal of the town. This produced a theatrical party, and to prevent any ill consequences, Mr. Derrick, as master of the ceremonies, sent his compliments very politely to Mrs. Lee, advising her to drop the contention, and assuring her if she should be discharged by Mr. Arthur, he would take care she should be immediately reinstated. Ambition, and the hopes of a truncheon, as Plume has it, would not, however, suffer Mrs. Lee to attend so friendly an advice, but, determined to appear at all events, she dress'd for the part on the night of performance, as did Mrs. Hamilton also, by the advice of Mr. Derrick. Upon Mrs. Lee's refusing to decline the part, Mr. Arthur was spoke to, to discharge her, which he promised, but instead of keeping his word he came on the stage a little before the curtain was drawn up, and said Mrs. Lee was the person mentioned in his bills to perform the part, but as both Mrs. Hamilton and she were dressed, he desired to know which the audience would chuse to represent the character.

Nothing could be more injudicious than this step of Mr. Arthur's; the question set the house instantly in a tumult, both were called for, and both came on; at length the parties resolving to terminate the affair by force of arms, proceeded to hostilities. Matters however turn'd out in Mrs. Hamilton's favour, and Mrs. Lee was obliged to quit the field to her antagonist.

Mr. Derrick, next morning, desired Mr. Arthur to make a public apology to the town, and a particular one to some Gentlemen who thought themselves immediately offended by some passages in his behaviour; to this he agreed, matters were once more set upon a footing of peace, and tranquillity restored to the belligerent powers who supported the different causes of the Theatre.

I am, Gentlemen, &c.

Bath, March 28th, 1763.

THESPICULUS

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR readiness to oblige me in your last, by inserting the excellent specimen of a translation of Plautus, after the old English measure, induces me to beg the same favour for the following spirited letter on our present operatical entertainments

tainments in the Haymarket. Perhaps your readers will readily perceive it to be the production of an eminent *Connoisseur*, and as such be glad to preserve it in the *Theatrical Review*.

I am, your most humble servant,

X. Y. Z.

Translation of a letter from Signor Bimolle [a Florentine fidler] in London, to the Signora Chiara Aquilante [the famous Opera Broker] at Naples.

MADAM,

London, March 18, 1763.

I AM honoured with your obliging letter of the 5th of last month; and in obedience to your orders, shall give you an account of the merits and success of the *Operas* and *Burlettas* here. The *Aquilante* commands, and *Bemolle* must obey.

Give me leave, however, madam, first to return you my most humble and sincere thanks, for the noble present you have so generously been pleased to send me. The musick I shall publish by subscription, being encouraged thereto by several munificent patrons here, who having, in their travels made large collections of our compositions, are now become my scholars in order to learn to play them—But how shall I thank my kind benefactress for the *Maccherone*!—It arrived so exactly in the nick of time! For know, Madam, that, in this expensive metropolis, we poor *Christians* are reduced, during Lent, to the melancholy alternative of either fasting, like our founder, or living on rotten eggs, stinking fish, train oil, and frost-bitten roots and herbage.

The Theatre opened here last November with the *Tutore e la Pupilla*; which, notwithstanding its own merit, and the uncommon abilities of the *Amicis*, met but with little applause. The presence of the court filled the house for a few nights, but after that, the audience dwindled apace; and the piece had certainly been dismissed, but for the night scene, in the last act, which supported it about a month longer. A cat and dark lantern drew company, when music could not, and the manager was as much obliged to them, as the distressed peruke-maker at Paris was to his sign, which represented Absalom hanging by the hair, with these words underwritten: *ah! Seigneur, pourquoi ne portiez vous pas perruque?*

In the mean time the serious Opera began, it was *Aflarto Re di Tiro*. The music of it in general was good, and some airs, &c. inserted by *Bach*, remarkably fine: but the performers were bad; so that it was immediately deserted, though never actually damned.

Immediately after Christmas holidays the *Coscina* was brought upon the stage, in which the *Amicis* exerted every power; and yet,

can

can you believe it? it ran but two nights! the audience beheld with an indifference, truly *tramontane*, the most perfect *Burletta* that ever was composed, acted by the most accomplished *Buffa* that ever Italy produced.

The *Calamita dei Cuori* succeeded the *Casinda*. With less merit, it gained more applause: however, though it has hitherto stood its ground, it never has been able to fill the house,

You will certainly ask me, what could be the cause of such an amazing insensibility, that could induce a nation profusely fond of every thing that is foreign, to neglect so fine a composer as *Bach*; or so incomparable an actress as the *Amicis*—the first I can account for; the last I cannot; but shall give you their own reasons for it, as far as I have been able to collect them.

First then, madam, you must know that the English, a very few excepted, neither relish nor understand our music, the German manner has almost universally prevailed amongst them; and such is the force of prejudice, that the ponderous harmony of *Handel* outweighs, by far, with them, the elegant taste of Italian melody. This, *Bach*, at first, did not suspect; but finding it, by experience, has prudently changed his style; and now his chorusses roar, his basses thunder, and his airs float in an ocean of symphony. In a word, he has *Handelized*; and acquired a reputation here, by the very thing which would have ruined him in Italy.

As to the *Amicis*, the principal objections to her were, that she had no body of voice, and could not be heard beyond the middle of the pit; that her songs were too serious for her natural character; and that her action was by much too burlesque. There might be, perhaps, some truth in the first objection; but the other two, with submission, were not so well grounded.

The manager finding herself the dupe of her own policy, in having procured such bad performers, and fearing to become the victim of it too, began to think on methods for retrieving her shattered finances. Of many proposed, none appeared so expeditious, and so cheap, as that of vamping the old set by the addition of the *Amicis*. The agreement was soon made; necessity urged one party, youthful vanity allured the other. An increase of salary, a benefit, and some theatrical *Docteurs* were offered and accepted; and a new serious opera, called *Orione o sia Diana vendicata*, was quickly produced under the auspices of *Bottarelli*, *Bach*, and the ill-advised *Anna de Amicis*.

The story of *Orion*, as related by our poet, is as follows: the states of Arcadia and Thebes being about to give battle to the Achaians, Eunopion, king of the first, and Retrea, queen of the second, meet, attended by their respective courts, in a temple of Diana, to consult the oracle about the event of it. With Eunopion come his two daughters, Candiope and Argia. With Retrea, her son Orion, who is commander in chief of the al-

lied army, and who loves, and is beloved by, the fair Candiope. Orion is accompanied by his father Mercury, disguised, for some time, under the form of Arcades; an officer, who seems of the rank of major general, and appears to be actually on the staff. Diana likewise, dressed in a yellow satin gown and petticoat, is so obliging as to attend the ceremony; where she modestly takes the lowest place, joins in a chorus to herself, consults her own oracle, and is terrified at her own thunder. The doubts proposed are, 'The event of the impending battle,' and 'The success of the loves of Orion and Candiope' the answer, that the victory will be fatal to the conqueror, that Orion may go to heaven if he pleases, but that he can never marry Candiope. Upon this he resolves to march against the enemy, [and after some whimpering with his *Caro Bene*] sets out, beats the Achaians, over-runs and subdues their country, returns triumphant and loaded with spoils, and all within the space of twenty minutes. The king then proposes going back to the temple of the goddess, to thank her for her protection; but Orion begs to be excused, declaring, that she is his inveterate enemy, and that it is owing to her, and her alone, that his match with Candiope is broken off. Diana enraged at this resolves to kill him. Mercury does all he can, nay even sings her a song, to appease her, but in vain. She talks of her birth and family, swears she will teach the youngster to know his betters, flings out of the room in a passion, meets him, and shoots him thro' the body. A shepherd brings the account of his death, which distracts the court to such a degree, that they forget to go into mourning for him, all but the distressed Candiope, who, having in less than three quarters of an hour built a superb Mausoleum, and buried him in it, appears at the foot of it in a suit of black bombasin. Here follows a most melancholy scene; she rants, she raves, she grows delirious. She thinks she sees him first to the left, then to the right, then to the left again; but finding at last that she does not see him at all, she draws out a dagger, and is within an inch of suicide, when Mercury stops her, and promises, if she will be quiet, to conduct her down to him to the Elysian fields. Accordingly she gives him her word, makes a short prayer to the devil, and away they go. The next scene discovers Orion in Elysium. He seems highly delighted with his new lodgings; and in a very sublime soliloquy, discusses and elucidates several abstruse points in metaphysics, and theology; such as the nature, faculties, and immortality of the soul; the certainty of future rewards and punishments, &c. &c. &c. adding withal, that though he wonders much at Candiope's delay, and is extremely impatient for her coming, yet, when she does come, he shall see her without any emotion whatever. The words are hardly out of his mouth when the fond Candiope enters with all her flesh and blood about her, and [after paying him a compliment on his new clothes] drops him

him a broad hint about marriage. He declines the proposal on account of a certain disparity in their present circumstances; a difficulty which she offers to obviate by dying on the spot: but Mercury frustrates all her hopes at once, by taking her back to earth again. After this Diana comforts the queen for the loss of her son; Mercury assures the court and people that he is to be transformed into a constellation; Candiope quits her mourning, and they all sing a long song about a man in a boat, whilst Neptune and Amphitrite, *pour chommer la fete*, politely conclude the whole by dancing a *Pas-de-deux*.

The moral of this opera [if it has any moral at all] is, I suppose, 'That men should reverence the Gods.' But then what a strange oversight has our poet been guilty of! Orion only complains of Diana's cruel treatment of him in depriving him of his beloved Candiope, and for this offence he must die; whilst Thirsis, the gentle Thirsis! who, merely to compliment Nice, adjoins Gods, Oracles, and destiny, all in a breath, comes off with flying colours.

" i labri uxi

" Sono gli oracoli miei;

" Tu la mia Diva, il mio Destin tu sei.

Sure the unhappy Theban may well say with the frolicsome Siennese, who had been severely punished by the magistrate for robbing an orchard; and who some time after passing thro' a large vineyard, which had just been laid waste by a hurricane, cried out to his friends, '*Guardate di grazia; or a se l'aveffi fatto io!*'

I have mentioned Thirsis and Nice; I must not omit their duet. Thirsis comes in on one side of the stage, and immediately turning about, asks his *Coulisses*, whether they have seen Nice? Nice, in the mean time, enters from the other side, and instantly turning about likewise, inquires of her's, what is become of Thirsis? as neither of them receives any answer, they wriggle diagonally towards the front of the stage, where, back to back, like a cleft Janus, they assure the audience, that they are miserable to the last degree in living so far asunder.

As this slight sketch may suffice, madam, to give you an idea of the merits of the drama, I shall now proceed to examine a little into those of the music.

Bach having discovered the vitiated taste of the town, by an ill success of the *Astato*, prudently resolved, as I mentioned before, to comply with it, as far as the nature of the thing could possibly admit of. This sage policy likewise answered another very important purpose, which was, to assist the defects, and conceal the faults, of the voices he had to compose for. Flutes, Hautboys, Passoons, and Clarinets, were accordingly employed; and with so much art, that both Actors and Audience were equally deceived, the Actors attributing the applause to their own abilities, the Audience never distinguished between an intrin-

sically

fically good *Opera*, and a merely judicious one. It would be unjust, however, not to except from the number a few gentlemen, whose knowledge in composition was too great to be thus imposed on; and who perceived with pain our Italian *Cantilena* toiling to animate a dull German *Contrappuntor*; incumbered by its weight, and hampered in its unweildiness, like David in Saul's armour.

Such was the Drama, and such the Musick, of the *Orione ossia Diana vendicata*. There wanted but one thing more to render it complete, which was, that the parts should be so cast, that the principal performers should represent characters diametrically opposite to their natural ones. Even this was provided for. The boisterous *Quilici* became the pacifick Eunopione; the sluggish *Giardini*, the impetuous Orion; the gay *Amicis*, the puling Candiope; and the placid *Zingoni*, the sprightly son of *Maia*.

On Saturday the 19th of February, this motley compound was exhibited for the first time, and was—damned, you will say:—Far from it, Madam, loudly applauded by a noble and numerous audience. The *Amicis*, whose flimsy pipe had hitherto neither *shake* nor *swell*, was now discovered to be endowed with uncommon execution: She, for whom even comic airs were too serious, was now found to touch the tenderest passions in the most delicate, most pathetic, manner; she, whose action was censured as too burlesque even for a lively Italian country-girl, now dignified the sorrow of a distressed Arcadian Princess; in a word, the same *Amicis*, who for three months before had been overlooked and neglected, was now esteemed equal to the *Mingotti* for voice, to the *Sani* for expression, and to the *Gabrieli* for justness of action. This sudden and total change of opinion puts me in mind of what a great Monarch once told a celebrated Poet, who had written both a Lampoon and a Panegyric on him within a fortnight, *Ou vous mentiez tantot, ou vous mentez a present*.

The *Orione* has met with the reception that the *Burlettas* had merited; and the Manager, in six nights only, has amply repaired, by it, the losses she had sustained during the foregoing part of the winter. I sincerely wish, however, that the event may not prove fatal to the deluded *Amicis*. Her talents, with proper application and instructions, might render her in a few years what this fascinated town already deems her; but if fired by ambition, and intoxicated by this injudicious applause, she should rashly attempt in Italy what she has so wonderfully atchieved in London, her ruin is inevitable; She must fall, like Icarus, for having soared above her pitch, and the world be deprived of the most promising actress that ever charmed an audience at eighteen years of age. I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your most obliged, most obedient,

And most devoted humble Servant,

ARCANGELO BIMOLLE.

THE
THEATRICAL REVIEW;

MAY 1, 1763.

*A view of the Spanish Theatre in 1762, by the Rev.
Mr. Clarke, chaplain to the Earl of Bristol, at that
time Ambassador at the court of Spain.*

BEFORE we lay before our readers Mr. Clarke's account of the Spanish stage in the year 1762, it may not be improper to premise, that though the precise time cannot be ascertained when dramatic performances were introduced into Spain; yet it is most certain the Spanish Theatre is of very great antiquity. Their plays, if they deserve that title, were at first represented in their capital cities only, but presently afterwards they were introduced into every town of the least degree of eminence. The most popular streets were, for obvious reasons, always fixed upon for their exhibitions; which were originally nothing more than petite pieces of a single act, denominated *Entermises* or *Jordanas*. From several old ones, now extant, it is most certain they were not destitute of wit, humour, and satire, but as the subject was generally, if not always, composed of characters in the lowest life, and the acting accompanied with the most ridiculous antic gestures (differing very little from the *Latin Mimes*) these pieces were more universally relished by the common people, than by the grandees and persons of fashion. These were succeeded by what are called, by the Spaniards, the *Autos Sacramentales*: CALDERONI'S, are esteem'd much the best, though there are a great variety of others exceedingly admired. The first account

~~w. have of dramatical performances since the general estab-~~
 lishment of christianity in Europe, is, that of the public
 exhibition of the *Mysteries of Religion*, particularly the passion
 of Jesus Christ; these *Autos Sacramentales* in Spain, differ-
 ed only from the *mysterics* of other European nations, in
 that the latter were mere simple representations, and the
 former allegorical ones. We thought it necessary to previ-
 ously say thus much, in order that our readers might be
 the better able to judge of the progress of the drama in
 Spain; in which they will find it has emerged very little,
 if any, from its antient rudeness and barbarity; and that,
 on the contrary, the Spaniards of quality, have absolutely
 deviated from their ancestors, in being fond of, and patroniz-
 ing performances, which the latter, in a much less polished
 era than the present, were too sensible and polite to be pleased
 with. We shall now proceed to Mr. Clarke's account in his
 own words.

When I went first to the Spanish comedy, it was the
 season for acting the *Autos*, that is to say, plays in support
 of the Catholic faith; for *Auto de Fe* is, in their language, *an*
act of faith. I found, at my first entrance, a good theatre,
 as to size and shape, but rather dirty, and ill lighted; and,
 what made it worse was, an equal mixture of day-light and
 candles. The prompter's head appeared through a little trap-
 door above the level of the stage, and I first took him for a
 ghost, or devil, just ready to ascend to these upper regions:
 but I was soon undeceived, when he began to read the play
 loud enough for the actors and the boxes too, who were
 near him. The pit was an odd sight, and made a motley,
 comical appearance; many standing in their night-caps and
 cloaks; officers and soldiers interspersed among the dirtiest
 mob, seemed rather strange. That which answered to our
 two shilling-gallery, was filled with women only, all in the
 same uniform, a dark petticoat, and a white woollen veil.
 The side and front boxes were occupied by people well dres-
 sed, and some of the first fashion.

When the play began, the actors appeared much better
 attired, that is, in richer clothes, than those in England;
 and these they change perpetually, in order to let you see
 the expensive variety of their wardrobe. After some scenes
 had passed, which were tedious and insipid, there came on
 an interlude of humour and drollery, designed, I suppose, for the
 the

the entertainment of the pit. One of these comedians appeared tempting, with a bag of money, a lady who sung to him very prettily, and did not seem altogether averse to grant him some favours: In the mean while, to my great surprise, a man brought in three barbers blocks upon the stage: after these said three barbers blocks were placed upon the stage, the same man returned and dressed them first in mens clothes, and undressed them again, and then dressed them once more in womens clothes. Now, Gentlemen, to tell you the truth, it was for the sake of such scenes as these, that I placed those lines of *Horace* at the head of this account; because I am persuaded the author attempted this excellent piece of humour, for the reason there given, for the sake of his friends in the pit, and this without violating the decorum due to the national gravity of his countrymen.

However, I should not forget to tell you, that when these block ladies were properly attired, there came in three men, who had a fancy to tempt these three ladies likewise; but they were inflexibly coy, and I think it was not long before their gallants discovered the mistake. But to quit this interlude, and return to the play again: in process of time, and after some scenes had passed, which were long, tiresome, uninteresting, and full of fustian and bombast; the grand scene approached; an actor, dressed in a long purple robe, appeared in the character of *JESUS CHRIST*, or the *Nuestro Senor*, as they call him; immediately he was blindfolded, buffeted, spit upon, bound, scourged, crowned with thorns, and compelled to bear his cross, when he kneeled down and cried *Padre mi! Padre mi!* 'My Father! my Father! why hast thou forsaken me?' After this he placed himself against the wall, with his hands extended, as if on the cross, and there imitated the expiring agonies of his dying Lord. And what think you, my friend, was the conclusion of this awful and solemn scene? why, really, one every way suitable to the dignity and seriousness of the occasion: one of the actresses immediately unbound Christ, divested him of his crown and scarlet robes; and when he had put on his wig and coat again, he immediately joined the rest of the actors, and danced a *seguedillas*.

Speſtatum admiſſi, riſum teneatis, amici? Hor.

As to the *ſequedillas*, or dance, it is little better upon the Spaniſh ſtage, than gently walking round one another; though when danced in its true ſpirit, in private houſes, it much reſembles the Engliſh hay. After this one of the actresses, in a very long ſpeech, explained the nature, end, and deſign of the ſacraments; you muſt know alſo, that the Spaniards admit a great number of ſoliloquies, full of tireſome and uninterreſting declamation, into their plays. In the laſt ſcene, Chriſt appeared in a ſhip triumphant; and thus the play concluded. I forgot to tell you, that Chriſt, before his paſſion, preached to the four quarters of the world, in their proper dreſſes, upon the ſtage: Europe and America heard him gladly, and received the faith; but Aſia and Africa remained incorrigible.

Some time after I had ſeen this *Auto* (for, to ſay the truth, my curioſity was a little abated with regard to the Spaniſh ſtage, from this ſpecimen of it) I went to ſee a regular comedy; there were two Engliſh gentlemen in the box with me at the ſame time. We underſtood very little of the deſign of the firſt act; we ſaw a King, Queen, an Enchantreſs, and many other pretty, delightful lights: but the interlude, with which that act concluded, is, I think, not to be equalled by Rome or Greece: neither Farquhar, Cibber, or any of our loweſt farce-writers, have produced any thing comparable to it. The ſcene was intended for the inſide of a Spaniſh *Poſada*, or inn, in the night; there were three feather-beds, and as many blankets, brought upon the ſtage; the Queen and her maids of honour perſonated the miſtreſs of the *Poſada* and her maids; and accordingly ſet to making the beds. After this there came in ſix men to lie there, who paid three quarts a piece; one of them, being a miſer, had rolled up his money in 20 or 30 pieces of paper. Then they undreſſed before the ladies, by pulling off ſix or ſeven pair of breeches, and as many coats and waſtcoats, and got into bed two by two; when behold, the jeſt was, to ſee them all kick the cloaths off one another, and then fight, as the ſpectator is to ſuppoſe, in the dark. The abſurdity of this ſcene, and the incomprehenſible ridiculousneſs of it, made us laugh immoderately. The ſight of the feather-beds, the men kicking and ſprawling, the peals of applauſe that echoed through

through the house, where truly inconceivable; though, I believe, our neighbours in the next box thought we laughed at the wit and humour of the author. It was a scene that beggars all possible description, and I defy any theatre in Europe, but that of Madrid, to produce such another. Shuter's favourite *Beggars Bush*, with all its low ribaldry, is by no means a match for it. But to return once more to the play: when this interlude was finished, there succeeded some other scenes, between the King, Queen, Enchantress, and the rest of the actors; such as five or six of them drawing their swords upon the Enchantress all at once, who parries them with her wand, and retires into her cell unhurt. They are surprised to find that their swords made no impression, and so put them up into their scabbards, for a better occasion, crying, *May grande maravilla!* that is, 'it is a very great wonder!' At other times, the Enchantress kills with one look, and makes alive with a second. Once she came in, fell down upon the stage, broke her nose, got up again, went out, and returned with a black patch. Then we had another interlude, in which some husbands pursued their wives in great anger, and with clubs sometimes like Goliath's staff, or a weaver's beam, in order to beat their brains out; but, by the friendly interposition of some kind neighbours, they were prevented from that rude species of divorce. In revenge for this insult, the wives in the interlude that followed at the end of the next act, dressed themselves up like Amazons, with arms and armour, and pursued their husbands, who, in their turn, now submitted to the conquerors. I remember nothing very remarkable that passed after this, excepting that the Enchantress renounces the devil, and all his works, and in conclusion embraces the catholic faith, and declares she will adhere to that only.

This I hope will serve at present for a short sketch of the Spanish stage. Indeed, I had almost forgot to tell you, that Teresa, one of the actresses, was this winter imprisoned by the King's order, for being too free of her charms to some of the Grandees; it was said she would be condemned to the workhouse for life: however that be, she remains in prison still, and, as far as I can learn, is like to remain so for some time longer.

Calderoni is at present, and has been the favourite author upon their stage for some years,

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

A GREEABLE to my promise in your last, you now receive the masterly Mr. Churchill's masterly poem of the ROSCIAD; together with my annotations thereon, critical, historical, moral, biographical, and philosophical.

Though Mr. Pope has taken upon him to tell us that we must ne'er expect to see a faultless piece, yet I flatter myself in the course of the following observations, to convince the world, that that great man was, for once, mistaken in his opinion; and however the ill-natured or ill-judging part of mankind may think the ROSCIAD to abound with imperfections, that it has not any one imperfection at all. But to support my position with something more than bare observation, introduction shall give way to proof, and pompous elogiums be rejected for simple matters of fact.

I am yours, &c. &c.

HARRY BANTER.

THE ROSCIAD

With Annotations.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his interest for the vacant chair; (a)

The

NOTE

(a) In these two lines our author not only shews his knowledge of history, but gives us a proof of his politeness and poetical abilities besides.—"Roscius deceas'd." How could he know, without a perfect knowledge of history, and that the Roman history, too, that Roscius was dead? Or even know who Roscius was? he must have look'd back for near 1800 years to be inform'd of this circumstance, and that, I suppose, any body must allow, will require a pretty deal of reading. But his politeness! you see, gentle reader, he supposes every person equally wise with himself, and wou'd not pay so bad a compliment to the most uninformed, as to tell them who this Mr.

Roscius

The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage,
No longer whine in love and rant in rage.
The monarch quits his throne and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of antient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And shew where honour bled in every scar.

N O T E.

ROSCIUS was. So great an instance of his complaisance, may, however, render the passage obscure to some of his unlearned readers; and, possibly, they may wish he had made use of a little introduction.—But now I am speaking on this head, I shall beg leave to tell a short story.—The manager of an itinerant company of players, one night, after playing *Richard* the third, entered into a conversation, about the history of that prince, with a journeyman shoemaker, who was reckoned the wit of the country and village, where the performers were exhibiting. The shoemaker, to do the fellow justice, had a little smattering of the English history, and was bearing rather too hard upon the manager. However, the son of *Thespis* (the first number of the *Theatrical Review* has already told who *Thespis* was) in the course of the debate asking Crispin how many names *Richard* the third had? the other paus'd, and said: “I never knew of any “besides *Richard Plantagenet*.”—“You know any thing about “the matter (cry'd the accurate Tragedian with an air of “triumph) why his name was *Roscius*, as well as *Richard*; for “does not king *Henry* say to him, in the first act, “What “bloody scene has *Roscius* now to act?” The poor shoemaker was not historian enough to answer this Clincher, and the argument consequently terminated in favour of the sensible manager.—But to return.—What a boldness of expression? what a glowingness of fancy, do we meet in this admirable distich! and how clear and precise a manner does the author use, in telling us that the players, of the present age, were ambitious of obtaining the *Chair* of the Roman performer? not his *Arm-chair*, nor his *Great-chair*, nor yet his *Easy-chair*, are we to suppose the poet means in this place.—No such thing—he only uses the word *Chair* by way of *Metaphor*, to signify the height of reputation in which *Roscius* was formerly considered as an actor. How easy and familiar an allusion! O this Churchill is a sweet fellow surely.

But

But tho' bare merit might in Rome appear
 The strongest plea for favour; 'tis not here.
 We form our judgments in another way,
 And they will best succeed, who best can pay:
 Those who wou'd gain the votes of British tribes,
 Must add to force of merit force of bribes. (b)

N O T E.

(b) This foregoing passage will, I hope, be consider'd as one of the most finish'd in any language.—Who can possibly read the account of the actors soliciting the interest of their friends (whose interest according to the poet's own opinion, was not in the least necessary) without admiration? the beautiful inconsistency is charming beyond conception; and the more it borders upon nonsense, the more 'tis entitled to our highest approbation.—But the delicate indelicacy of the eighth line, every reader of taste must surely acknowledge to be irresistible. I heartily wish *Doctor Rock*, who has had forty eight years practice in criticism of this nature, would be kind enough to assist me, upon this occasion, in pointing out the merit of that particular; for I must candidly confess it to be a task to which, of myself, I am absolutely incapable. The simile which follows it, is excellent; and a fine piece of satire upon the actors: since, it seems, none but the mob entered into the least debate about their abilities.—Nay, Mr. Garrick himself is not exempted; for it no where appears that the better sort of people ever troubled themselves about the merit of his performance.—The stroke too at the venality of British tribes carries all that happy inconsistency which is the peculiar characteristic of a great genius—The People of England, it seems, never vote without being, as the *Mock Doctor* has it, spoken to *properly*; and yet it no where appears that Mr. Garrick even treated them with a dish of theatrical tea, notwithstanding their general concurrence in his favour, at the end of the Piece.—This is one of these flights which Mr. Pope speaks of, when he says

*Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend,
 And aim at faults, true Critics dare not mend,
 From vulgar bounds, with brave disorder, part,
 And snatch a Grace beyond the reach of Art.*

In Authors of less consequence it would be unpardonable, but in Mr. Churchill it is a Beauty; people of exalted abilities may be contradictory and absurd, whenever they think proper; for, if I may beg the oddity of the expression, it only belongs to fools, to write like men of Sense.

WHAT

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of every play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they cou'd bribe you with the world as soon;
And of roast beef, they only know the tune,
But what they have they give; cou'd CLIVE do more
Though for each million he had brought home four. (c)

SHUTER

N O T E S.

(c) Here the genuine and easy humour of our author is particularly remarkable — How keen he lashes the poverty of the players! and, does it besides, in a manner so uncommonly *degagé* and *nouvelle*, that I am absolutely charmed with it — Other writers would have insipidly stuck to simple truth, and said that tho' the actors eat and drank as well as most people, yet few of them were remarkable for making fortunes. — Your lifeless sort of poets would also have paid a little regard to grammatical accuracy, and stuck to sense as well as truth. Let me ask any Reader, if he is not charmed with the following lines?

*Monarchs themselves, to grief of every Play'r,
Appear as often as their image there;
They can't, like Candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine and mountains raise of meat.*

Who can't, (cries some snarling critic) the monarchs? Mr. Churchill must certainly mean the candidates for the crown of Poland, or the imperial sceptre of Germany. — Monarchs, they would tell us, is the plural nominative case, upon which the pronoun *They*, at the beginning of the next line, but one, has a dependance. It can't be upon the word *Player*, because *Player*, and *they*, would sound a little oddly as companions: — But, abstracted from the grammatical impropriety, which the little snarling race of critics will be apt to censure, it is more than probable, the versification of the whole passage may be found fault with, tho' nothing in language can be more masterly or spirited. — Let us only look over this single line.

They can't, like candidate for other seat;

There's a line which may serve as the standard for English poetry! so comprehensive, it takes in Constables and Common-council-

B b

men,

SHUTER keeps open house at Southwark fair,
 And hopes the friends of humour will be there.
 In Smithfield, Y-T-s prepares the rival treat
 For these who laughter love, instead of meat;
 F--TE, at Old House, for even F--TE will be,
 In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
 Which W—K—s—N at second-hand receives,
 And at the New, pours water on the leaves (d).

The

 N O T E S.

men, Ticket porters and Lord mayors, Watchmen and Bishops, Judges, and Sheriffs officers, parish clerks and members of parliament! the meanest fellow in England, who wants any office, can bribe with seas of wine and mountains of provender, except the poor actors.—Then the generous roughness of the line itself, the beautiful dissonance is admirable! and the happy omission of the letter *s*, at the end of *seat*, in order to make it rhyme with *meat*, is judicious beyond expression! — But, when the poet exclaims upon the word “*wine*”, at the beginning of a succeeding couplet, I am absolutely left in wonder! Only mind, gentle reader, the air of astonishment with which he expresses it, “*Wine! they could “bribe you with the world as soon.”*” See there, they could as soon bribe you with the whole world as a single gill of port or a solitary glass of Madeira! — And as for roast beef— they only know the tune of that. — What a miserable pack of fellows has this elegant author proved the poor players!

(d) One may easily conceive what a joyous soul our author is, for, hitherto, he has scarcely talked of any thing but eating and drinking.—And, indeed, I don’t wonder at it, for the generality of poets are so much taken up with imaginary banquets that it is not at all surprizing if their writings breathe an air of their natural disposition, and that that subject should be frequently mentioned in their performances, which constantly sits nearest to their hearts.—The agreeable disagreeableness (for I must insist gentlemen, upon what epithets I think proper) of versification, for which our author is so very much distinguished, is pretty conspicuous in the present passage;

FOOTE at Old house, for even FOOTE will be,

In self conceit, an actor, bribes with Tea.

The omission of the particle *the* before *Old house*, is truly clever, and the running of the one line into the other, a noble proof how much

The town divided, each run sev'ral ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party, sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair;
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder SHUTER's praises, he's so droll,
Embox'd the ladies must have something smart,
PALMER! Oh! PALMER tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, (e) the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that BARRY's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that GARRICK is another COAN (f).

When

NOTES.

much Mr. Churchill is above being confined by the cramping fetters of jingle or versification. — Great geniuses would be injured by a lavish obedience to rules, those only, as I before observed, should be the children of propriety, who are not happily possessed of the most extraordinary abilities

(e) Here Mr. Churchill again shews his spirited disregard of poetical ease, and his hearty contempt of that little pitiful particle, *the*; an author of less fire wou'd have written

Plac'd in the pit the dwarf with aching eyes;

As that would have polished the poetry considerably — but Mr. Churchill, like another celebrated author, *Sir Richard Blackmore*, is fond of the manly coarseness of a line; and had he, like that great poet, been happily possessed of a carriage, I should have said he studied like him, to write to the rumbling of his chariot wheels.

(f) Here I must beg to introduce one of my biographical annotations, and to mention something to such of my readers, as are not very conversant with the five fields of Chelsea, concerning this great little personage who is mentioned with Mr. Garrick. Mr. *John Coan* is a celebrated dwarf, who, good-naturedly, exhibits himself gratis to such as choose to spend an humble three pence with his worthy friend Mr. *Pinchbeck* at the five fields aforesaid. — Our author chooses to mention him with Mr. *Garrick*, as being a very distinguished character, and an universal favourite of the public; as well as the properest person to ridicule any objection

When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
 And our opinions have their rise in pride;
 When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
 We praise and censure with an eye to self;
 All must find friends, and A-KM-N bids as fair (g)
 In such a court, as GARRICK, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
 By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
 But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
 Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?

For J-HNS-N some, but J-HNS-N, it was fear'd,
 Would be too grave; and ST-NE too gay appear'd:
 Others for F—KL-N voted; but 'twas known,
 He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own;
 For COLMAN many, but the peevish tongue
 Of prudent Age found out that he was Young.
 For M-RP-Y some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
 Whilst FOLLY clap'd her hands, and WISDOM star'd.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
 Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
 Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
 And reach the heights, which honest men despise;

A pert

NOTES.

which might be made to the minority (I will have the word master reader) of stature in the theatrical phenomenon. Had I any particular ambition to be clever, I could draw a parallel, in the manner of Plutarch, that would be highly to the satisfaction of my readers, however I must not be in too great a hurry to prove myself a fine fellow, but call that line of Shakespear to my memory

"Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast."

(g) O yes! O yes! O yes! Be it henceforth known to all fauce, arrogant, and presuming players that a name with two syllables is a sufficient cause for satire when it helps the measure of the line; and therefore, for the future, let all that would avoid the anger of our author, lengthen out theirs, if possible, with as many syllables as *Chrononhotontologos*. This will render them a little difficult to be introduced and Mr. Churchill may possibly suffer them to pass uncensured when he finds his satire must be exerted at the expence of his versification.

Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud (b);
A pert, prim Prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth, and thrice he wav'd his lilly hand (i)—
And twice he twirl'd his Tye—thrice strok'd his band—
At friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous aim,
Men void of faith usurp faith's sacred name)
At friendship's call I come, by M—R—P—Y sent,
Who thus by me *developes* his intent.
But lest *transfus'd* the spirit shou'd be lost
That spirit which in storms of Rhet'ric tost,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words, his own intentions hear.

"Thanks to my friends—but to vile fortune born,
"No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.

"Vain

N O T E S.

(b) Other writers who were pitifully tied up by the rules of poetry, would have put the epithet *dull*, in the superlative degree, to hold some connection with the word *proudest*, and would have written it this way, which (by the bye) would no way prejudice the reading,

"Of the dull, dullest; proudest of the proud."

But Mr. Churchill perhaps intended to pay the gentlemen spoken of, a compliment, by saying, the company of dull people had such an effect on him as to make him dull also.—I can't help paying my self a compliment in this place (however it may subject me to the imputation of egotism) for this accurate discovery: But, upon recollection, 'tis not very surprizing,

"For learned Commentators view

"In Homer more than Homer knew!

(i) There's a piece of information for you reader—"he wav'd his lilly band." How would you have known this without the help of inspiration unless you had been told it?—His lilly hand—ah, ah, there's more meaning in this, Mr. Reader, than appears at first sight, it contains a fine stroke at the Scotch.—Mr. Churchill does not insinuate that this "*prim prater's*" hand really was like a white lilly.—No, no, he satirically means that being tanned upon the grampian hills of Scotland with the heat of the sun, it bore the strongest resemblance in the world to an orange one.—There's a thought of Mr. Churchill's, reader! there's a discovery of mine!

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"Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
 "Vain all my wit—for what is wit in law?
 "Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to gain
 "Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
 "Who in the *Temple* and *Grays Inn* prepare
 "For clients wretched feet the legal snare;
 "Dead to those arts, which polish and refine,
 "Deaf to all worth, because that worth was MINE,
 "Twice did these blockheads startle at my name,
 "And foul rejection! give me up to shame.
 "To laws and lawyers, then I bid adieu,
 "And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
 "Who will may be a Judge—My kindling breast
 "Burns for the chair which *Roscus* once possess'd,
 "Here give your votes, your interest here exert,
 "And let success for once attend desert."

(To be continued till the whole ROSCIAD is completed.)

Messrs REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

A Correspondent, in your last, intimates that a criticism on the acting the *Fair Penitent*, as it was lately performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane might well employ the pen of a Theatrical Reviewer. If you have not already carried that hint into execution, the following spontaneous thoughts on that subject are at your service.

I believe there are few real judges of the drama, who have attentively read this play, but must allow *Sciolto* to be the most difficult character, to act, in it; and yet, from the original appearance of the *Fair Penitent* on the stage, this arduous part has been, most unaccountably, allotted to some second or third-rate performer. The only character that can be possibly placed in competition with it, is *Horatio*; and yet, when considered with *Sciolto*, it must stand in a very indifferent light. In *Horatio*, indeed, all the fine feelings for the honour of a friend, wounded in that dearest part of it, the vir-

tue

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tue of his wife, no doubt call for great abilities in the actor, who is to represent them: But what are the feelings of friendship to the more pungent ones of nature? If we consider a tender father, lamenting the shame of a most beloved and only child, from whose virtue he had formed "a vast scheme of joy", no less than what the good old man pathetically describes to Altamont, where he says,

" — — — — — Well did I hope
 " This Daughter would have blest my latter days;
 " That I, should live to see you the world's wonder,
 " So happy, great, and good, that none were like you.
 " While I, from busy Life and care set free,
 " Had spent the Evening of my age at home,
 " Among a little prattling race of yours:
 " There, like an old Man, talk'd a while, and then
 " Laid down, and slept in Peace. Instead of this
 " Sorrow and Shame must bring me to the grave;

Surely it can need little argument to prove, that none but the greatest actor could exhibit the heart-broken sufferings which such a fatal disappointment must inevitably produce! — But to go further. — *Sciolto* is drawn by the poet with so nice a sense of honour, that nothing less than his daughter's death can atone for her offence: What a field for acting are the struggles between affection and justice! — No sooner, in giving her the dagger,

" The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd,
 " But Nature and the Father claim their turns;

In this distraction of the soul, this "strong grief", as *Sciolto* expresses it, how highly agitated must the afflicted parent be, when he passionately exclaims.

" I could curse Nature, and that Tyrant, Honour,
 " For making me thy Father and thy Judge!

And as all the powers of acting, are requisite to paint such a combat of the passions, I believe, gentlemen, you will readily agree with me in placing *Sciolto* the first character in the play, as well as expressing a surprize that Mr Garrick should be

be the only performer, of eminence, who has ever appeared in it. In respect to that gentleman's performance of it, it was such as could be expected from so accomplished an actor. I observed, however, one fault; for (as a certain, emperical advertiser tells us every day) the smallest specks are seen on snow——Here I beg no critic will be punnically witty upon my simile, by smartly remarking, that I insinuate Mr. Garrick to be but a cold sort of an actor.—There may be more reason for this caution (to borrow the phrase of another newspaper Physician) than good men would think, when they are acquainted with my objection——which is; that where *Sci-alto*, on the discovery of his daughter's frailty, says,

“ — — — — — But I am slow to anger
“ And Justice lingers in my lazy hand”

I think Mr. Garrick too *slow* and *lingering* indeed; for he carries, his *coldness* even to the end of the following line,

“ Thus let me wipe dishonour from my Name, &c. &c.”

The words of which, most undoubtedly, demand a very *opposite*, and, if I may so say, *animated* action.

In *Calista*, I think Mrs. Cibber, *rather* too plaintive, and Mrs. Yates, *somewhat* too imperious. — The fault, indeed, is more excusable in the latter than the former; for the poet, before *Calista* appears, means to give us an idea of her character, where *Rossano* says to *Lothario*

“ I have heard you oft describe her, Haughty, Insolent,
“ And fierce with high disdain”.

She is, nevertheless, not utterly void of tenderness; A woman's softness hangs about her still, when blushing she expresses,

“ I wear, I could not see the dear Betrayed
“ Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
“ But my relenting heart would pardon all
“ And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.”

Mr. Holland's extreme assiduity in his profession, is highly laudable and praise-worthy: He supported the character of
Horatio

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Noratio, take it for all in all, with great decency. A mistake or two, however, in speaking, and some few faults in action, I cannot pass unnoticed. — In the first scene with *Altamont* he said to him

“ Yet what thou could’st, thou didst,
“ And didst it like a Son ;”

The last line, thus accented, is, in fact, to say he did not do it like a daughter. I apprehend it should be thus

“ And didst it like a Son”,

That is, as a son *should*; as a child *ought*, for such a father. — In the scene where he picks up the letter, instead of appearing to find it by chance (such as accidentally kicking it before him, or otherwise) his action palpably shews he is previously acquainted with its laying there. Again in the second scene of the second act, instead of that natural surprize at the unexpected meeting with *Lothario*, which these words express,

Ha! he’s here!

Mr. Holland, loses all the force of them, by absolutely first looking for *Lothario*. In reading *Calista’s* letter to *Lothario*, where she says, “ *I could almost wish I had that heart and that honour to bestow with it, which you have robbed me of,*” He repeats it rather too unconcerned, considering the exclamation of “ *damnation!* &c. which follows it. I think a greater beauty might be added to the reading this sentence than I have yet seen — I mean, if somewhat more surprize was expressed at the word *Honour* than *Heart*: as thus, “ *I could almost wish I had that heart, and that — HONOUR! — to bestow with it which you have robbed me of.*” This method of pointing the passage (though I know of no better for my purpose) does not fully explain the manner I would have it spoken in, but the judicious reader, will easily supply the deficiency.

The person and features of Mrs. Davis, very strongly mark the character of the amiable and innocent *Lavinia*; and her speaking denotes judgment and feeling: Her great fault if that, may be called one, is her voice; it is too weak.

Mr. Obrien is perhaps the exact figure the author imagined — a better could not be formed for the part — he is the very

C c

Lothario

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Lothario himself. If the audience could dispense with the character's being *pantomime*; there is no performer (not excepting Garrick himself) on whom it would set so well: But as *Lothario* must speak, I could almost wish to have seen even Palmer in it, rather than Obrien, nature has been such a niggard to him, in respect to voice: It is much too confined even in comedy; but in tragedy absolutely intolerable. However, upon the whole, Mr. Obrien managed it with so much art, as to get through the character far beyond what I expected from him. When this gentleman plays *Lothario* again, I could wish him to avail himself of the following corrections. Speaking of *Sciolto's* preferring *Altamont* to him as a son in law, he says

" I lik'd her, wou'd have marry'd her,
 " But that it pleas'd her Father to refuse me,
 " To make this honourable Fool her Husband."

Which is, in other words, as much as to say, he ought to have made the *other* honourable fool so; thereby honouring himself with that pretty title. It should most certainly be,

To make this honourable FOOL her husband.

Again—In the second scene of the second act, where *Horatio* says

" At sight of me thou fled'st,"

Mr. Obrien returns,

Ha! fled from thee!

Which is, *bona fide*, admitting there may be some people he would fly from, but that he would not fly from him. The true way is

Ha! fled from thee!

Lothario is not angry at *Horatio's* affirming that he fled from him, but that he fled *at all*; which is incontestibly evinced by *Horatio's* immediately reiterating the word,

" Thou fledst, and guilt was on thee, &c. &c."

It would be injustice to take my leave of Mr. Obrien, without remarking a circumstance highly to his honour. It has

has always been customary in the fight between *Altamont* and *Lothario*, for the latter to fall the moment the former gives him the third thrust, mentioned in these lines,

"——— this for my father,
" This for *Scioto*, and this last for *Altamont*.

Mr. *Obrien* differs from this practice, and adds a beauty to the character. *Lothario* is drawn by the poet "hot", one in whom "Love and war take turns like day and night:"— This Mr. *Obrien* seems to have well considered; for, after receiving the last wound, instead of tamely falling, he only retreats a little, and then (as if disdainful of the death he had met) bravely summoning "all the fires" of his "fierce ambitious soul," makes another effort to annoy his enemy; in the execution of which, his powers suddenly failing him, he first staggers, and then falls.

In respect, Gentlemen, to *Altamont*, I must differ widely from your correspondent in your last Number. So far from condemning Mr. *Packer*, I will venture to affirm that he adhered more to his character than any performer in the play.—This, I think, I shall be able to prove in very few words. The strong characteristical mark of *Altamont*, is his gentleness, as may be seen from the following extracts,

[HOR.] "At sight of this black scrole the gentle *Altamont*."

[LUCILLA.] "Turn, and behold, where gentle *Altamont*."

[CAL.] "Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much?"

[LAV.] "Can'st thou behold thy *Altamont* undone?
" That gentle, that dear youth?"

[HOR.] "——— Look up my *Altamont*;
" Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleness too far."

[CAL.] "——— my proud, disdainful heart,
" Bends to thy gentler Virtue."

[CAL.] "——— Oh, gentle *Altamont*,
" Think not too hardly of me."

Now, Gentlemen, I appeal to all, who had the pleasure of seeing him, whether Mr. *Packer* deviated, throughout the whole Play, from the most GENTLE creature in the world.

196 CRITIQUE on the NEW PIECES.

Nay, he stuck so *uniformly* close to his character, that even in the combat with his antagonist "in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of his passion, he acquired and begat a temperance that gave it smoothness;" indeed so very *smooth* and *gentle* was he, that *Lothario* seemed rather wounded through the effect of his own *rashness*, than the other's *ebull*.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your constant Reader,

J. B.

Critique on the last new Piece, called the ELOPEMENT,
Written by Mr. HAYARD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THOUGHTLESS,	- - - - -	Mr. Hayard.
SENSIBLE,	- - - - -	Mr. Packer.
Lord LOVE ALL,	- - - - -	Mr. Lee.
Mrs. THOUGHTLESS,	- - - - -	Mrs. Davis.
Miss THOUGHTLESS,	- - - - -	Miss Haughton.
Lady CANDID,	- - - - -	Mrs. Hopkins.
POMPONE,	- - - - -	Miss Pope.

Sportsmen, Waiters, Footmen, &c.

MR. Thoughtless, a man of fashion, having married a very deserving and beautiful woman, but being much fonder of the diversions of *Newmarket*, and the amusements of the gaming-table, than either her company or his own house; Mrs. Thoughtless, who is passionately fond of her husband, is made extremely unhappy in his behaviour; and finding that remonstrances are of no service, she enters into a little plot, which is laid by his sister, Miss Thoughtless, and that Lady's lover, Mr. Sensible, of leaving her husband, in order to wake his affection with the fear of losing her, and to try if that fear will not bring him to a proper sense of his indiscretion, and produce an entire reformation in his conduct. In consequence of this scheme, Mrs. Thoughtless sets out at an appointed hour, in a chair, to Lady Candid's, a relation of her husband's, who is privy to her design; and

Mr.

Mr. Sensible goes to Almacks, in Pall-mall, where Thoughtless is supposed to be in company, in order to rouse his suspicion, with a hint or two concerning his wife.

Sensible being admitted, tells his friend, that he just met Mrs. Thoughtless in a chair, preceded by three footmen, with flambeau's, going, as he supposed, to some rout.—As this was a manner in which Thoughtless never remembered his wife to visit, he is startled at the information, and retires home in an apparent uneasiness to make some enquiry concerning her; for, notwithstanding all his seeming indifference, he was really the lover of her person, and the admirer of her virtues. The servants being all admitted into the plot against him, are instructed to give him such answers only, as may encrease his uneasiness; particularly Pompone, his wife's woman, who is the first person he desires to see upon his entrance.

Pompone, after teasing him for a considerable time, is desired to send Miss Thoughtless to him; she comes, and then a scene of altercation passes, she justifying the step her sister had taken, and acknowledging that she had advised her to it, and he upbraiding her for a want of good-nature and humanity in the part she had taken against him: During this interval of recrimination, Mr. Sensible arrives with an account of Mrs. Thoughtless being at Lady Candid's, upon which the husband instantly sets out to find her, and effect a reconciliation.

Upon his arrival at Lady Candid's, her Ladyship, with a seeming air of sincerity, laments the unfortunate breach between him and Mrs. Thoughtless; informs him that that Lady had been with her to desire the favour of her protection; but that she (Lady Candid) not choosing to countenance an elopement from a husband, Mrs. Thoughtless had taken her leave and retired to the house of Lord Loveall her own relation.

This information drives poor Thoughtless almost distracted; the bare mention of Lord Loveall, who had been prodigiously remarkable for his amours, and had even formerly paid his addresses to Mrs. Thoughtless, but was refused, on account of his libertinism, by her friends, rouses a storm in the mind of Thoughtless, which he retires to discharge immediately on his Lordship.—My Lord, it is now necessary to inform the reader, had been admitted into the secret by
the

the allies, and agreed to lend his assistance; and Pompone was that moment in his chamber, when Mr. Thoughtless comes to demand the restitution of his wife.—Fraught with an opinion of her being actually with his Lordship, he follows the servant up stairs, as the fellow is going to tell my Lord of his arrival.—Upon this, Pompone is thrust into a closet, yet not altogether so speedily, but Thoughtless has a sight of her gown in stepping in.—The husband then demanding his wife, and Lord Loveall declaring she is not in his house, the former immediately draws and insists upon searching the closet, the nobleman draws also; and the clashing of swords terrifies poor Pompone so much, that she runs shrieking out of the closet; this occasions a momentary cessation of the combat. Thoughtless searches the closet, and finds his wife is not there; but, more than ever, persuaded, from Pompone's being with my Lord, that he must know something of the matter, prepares for a renewal of the engagement, when the entrance of Mr. Sensible puts an end to the dispute. Mr. Sensible informs him that Mrs. Thoughtless is returned home, and that matters may be amicably adjusted, provided that Lady, and he, are willing to come to a proper explanation.—Upon this Mr. Thoughtless politely apologizes to Lord Loveall for the warmth of his behaviour, and begs the favour of his company to witness his reconciliation with Mrs. Thoughtless. They all accordingly set out, and that Lady, upon their arrival, requests her husband may read a letter, before they enter into any conversation about the motive of her elopement.—The purport of this letter is to inform him, that having since her departure heard he was pleased to express some concern upon her account, she was willing, provided he promised a reformation of his conduct, to make every thing up; but that, if he did not choose agreeing to this proposal, however miserable a separation from him might make her, she was still of opinion it was much more eligible than an utter indifference and neglect.—Thoughtless overjoyed at the recovery of his wife, and conscious of the impropriety of his former behaviour, makes every concession, and promise of a tender husband; and thus this affair, together with the marriage of Miss Thoughtless and Mr. Sensible, is happily concluded.

The fable of this piece, is, in our opinion, not very judiciously conducted; for 'tis the business of every poet to make his amiable characters always worthy of imitation.—This, in the present case, is not altogether so proper; for it might be a very dangerous affair, if every Lady, who does not live in the most tender manner with a husband, should be induced to follow the example of Mrs. Thoughtless.—The admission of the servants into the plot, is neither natural nor necessary—not natural, because there might be a very just apprehension, that for the sake of their master's favour, some one might have discovered the matter to him; and not necessary, because their knowledge of it is in no place necessary to carry the scheme into execution.

C H A R A C T E R S.

Nothing new; the principals, people of good breeding and understanding.—Pomponne indeed is continually aiming at hard words from *Bailey's Dictionary*, but, like the generality of illiterate pretenders to language in low life, always fails in the pronunciation. The hint is taken from a character in the Upholsterer.

S E N T I M E N T S *and* L A N G U A G E.

May be judged of from the following soliloquy of Mr. Thoughtless, before his interview with Lady Candid. As the piece is not published, we acknowledge ourselves indebted for this speech to a dispute carried on, in the Public Ledger, between a gentleman of the critical turn, and the author.

“What kind of behaviour shall I put on when I see my wife? Shall I reproach her?—Will not that be reproaching myself as the cause?—The pain I have felt since her elopement, I thought arose from the insulted honour of an husband; it might be so at first:—But if I examine my heart now, I find I feel different sensations—The amiableness of her disposition rises like the spirit of some much-lov'd person to my view, and at once both terrifies and pleases me: I must find a means to lay it—though by kindness:—yes, let my reformation—Zounds how my companions would laugh at me, if they overheard me—Why let 'em laugh—What are they?—a set of Rascals who make a prey of all mankind—at best, a herd of loose unthinking fools, who having no consciences of their own, make a ridicule of all who have:—I have been too long amongst them, and in short, must, and will—Lady Candid your most obedient, &c. &c.”

M O R A L.

A recommendation of conjugal affection, and no indifferent lesson against the vices of the gaming-table. *Of*

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

THE granting of favours, you find, only lays you open to farther solicitations. — Your readiness to oblige me in your second number induces me to trouble you again. — A very sensible and accurate performance, having appeared concerning the most celebrated Oratorios in our language, your readers of taste (and I will venture to pronounce them not a few) will be pleased with the inclosed extract from so masterly a production. As I cannot think it *altogether foreign* to your plan, your insertion of it will give great satisfaction to

Yours, &c. Harmonicus

Extract from an examination of the Oratorios.

It is an old observation, that public entertainments are most admired, when most imperfect; and that improvement in them is seldom attempted, and with difficulty received.

There can hardly be a stronger confirmation of this maxim, than the present state of music in England. Never, perhaps, were its professors more caressed or admired; never was a taste in it so universally pretended to. Yet it is certain, that our improvement has not kept pace with our ardour, and that our music, is much worse, than it was thirty years ago. The insipidity of modern instrumental music, is the subject of complaint in every conversation of taste and sentiment; and it is therefore sufficient to have just hinted it here.

Nor are the two capital forms of vocal entertainment, the *Opera* and the *Oratorio*, less imperfect; tho' they are less the subjects of public criticism, because they require more reading and thinking to understanding them.

And here I luckily remember a sage observation of an old philosopher, that more disputes have been raised about the names of things, than about the things themselves. Should this prove the present case, and the reader, and I mean different things by the word *Oratorio*, what a couple of unfortunates should we be, to take so much pains for nothing? And yet I never was more puzzled in my life, than to tell what it is, there are so many discordant opinions about it. At one end of the town, an *Oratorio* is a sort of sober, solemn entertainment; which, by way of mortification in Lent, is served

served up to the public on *fish and soup days*; and so the admirers of *Acis and Galatea*, and *Alexander's Feast*, have slyly slipped them in under the names of *Oratorios*, just as a good catholic friend of mine, who was a great lover of *Pork and Pease*, used to call it *Sturgeon* whenever he eat it in Lent. On the contrary, at the other end of the Town, an *Oratorio* is a bundle of diverting songs and choirs, tied together, with a little solemn nonsense, during which, you may talk, sleep, or stare, without any interruption, either to your own, or the audience's entertainment. Now, for my part, I have a very different idea of a genuine *Oratorio*, and here I present it to the reader, under the dry form of a definition.

An *Oratorio*, then, is a *Poem*, accompanied with *music*, where, unincumbered with the absurdity of a *dramatic exhibition*, they jointly effect the mind, by a representation of some great and interesting subject, impressed with all the force of their combined powers. I say, unincumbered with a *dramatic exhibition*, because an *Oratorio*, if *acted*, becomes immediately an *Opera*, with the additional impropriety of a *continued chorus*, and an almost unavoidable want of *unity*, both in *time and place*; yet, notwithstanding so manifest an absurdity, the author of the life of *Handel* makes no scruple to propose the performing *Oratorios* with *habits, scenery, and action*, as the most capital improvement they are capable of. "As the most remarkable characters, events, and occurrences (says he, p. 127.) contained in the holy Scriptures are intended to be represented in these pieces, it is plainly of their nature, to be *acted*, as well as *sung and accompanied*." And again, p. 128. "Would not *action and gesticulation*, accommodated to the situation and sentiments, joined with dresses conformable to the characters represented, render the representation more expressive and perfect, and consequently much more rational and improving?" It is plain the ingenious biographer thought the *dramatic* form inseparable from the *Oratorio*: and as a *dramatic* performance loses much of its force without an *exhibition*, he concluded, that little was wanting to the *Oratorio*, but to dress the performers, and shift the scenes. But the absurdities of such an exhibition have been hinted above, and are so fully exposed by Dr.

Brown, that it would be as ridiculous to attempt a topic, which he has exhausted, as it is unnecessary to quote what is fresh in every one's memory.

If then *acting* Oratorios as Operas would be so repugnant to propriety, how much more unnatural is the retention of the dramatic form joined with the present method of performance? Here neither the judgment nor the imagination is at all deceived; the actors, "*have neither their exits nor their entrances; and one man at a time plays many parts*.*" Yet it must be confessed, that the dramatic form, however improper in every other respect, has one advantage peculiar to itself, though I recollect but one instance where use has been made of it. The peculiarity I mean, is the opportunity it affords the musician to give a mixture of different passions either in *duets*, or *trios*. The effect of this is uncommon and surprizing, as every one must have felt who has heard the famous *trio* in *Acis and Galatea*; but *Handel* has seldom availed himself of this advantage, and generally makes his *duets* woo or scold to the same tune. Yet this incidental and single advantage is by no means of sufficient weight to counterbalance the numerous and essential absurdities, with which the dramatic form is unavoidably incumbered.

Having thus settled our idea of a genuine *Oratorio*, it will be easy to estimate the merits of the present system, by enumerating the faults which run through the whole, together with their respective causes; and afterwards particularizing each fault in each *Oratorio*. In most of the first, the writer is happily anticipated by the learned author so often cited, and these he shall make no scruple of transcribing, to shew, by an induction of examples, the strict justice of his general criticisms. In those which *Dr. Brown* has omitted (for several he has omitted) he considers himself at full liberty, and will therefore give his opinion with an honest freedom, without prejudice, and without partiality.

Many of the faults of the *Oratorio* are to be charged upon its authors; many of them to be excused on his account. *Handel* is confessedly the father of this entertainment in *England*, and either a partial fondness for his favourite offspring made him blind to her imperfections, or perhaps he lived not long enough to see his infant muse arrive at maturity. In the first case, we may justly blame him for refusing the advice and assistance of others in a point, he could, by no means,

* Shakespear.

means, be a competent judge of himself. In the latter, we can only be sorry he did not leave it to the care of some, who might have had more generous views than the interested ones of guardians in general, those only of making a fortune by their wards. But of this enough.

The first capital defect of the *Oratorio* is the dramatic form of it, and this is common to all *Handel's Oratorios*, except the *Messiah*, *Alexander's Feast*, and the occasional *Oratorio* performed this season.

The second is, the multitude of absurdities which so frequently recur, both in the plans of the pieces, and the want of order and connexion in the execution of them.

The third is, the meanness of the poetry and sentiment; the total absence of every thing sublime and pathetic, the untoward and broken numbers; the uncouth and ridiculous rhimes; in short, a composition more unfit to be set to music than a *birth-day ode*; more unfit to be sung than *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*.

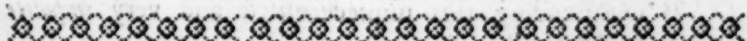
These are the leading errors in the poetic composition; and though, in general, *Handel* has been acquitted from any share in them, yet most of them were, in great measure, owing to himself. *Dr. Brown* says, with great candour, "that *Handel*, being only a musician, was obliged to employ some writer in his service. Now this being a degradation which men of genius would not easily submit to, he was forced to employ *versifiers* instead of *poets*. Thus the poem was either the effect of hire, or favour, when it ought to have been the voluntary emanation of genius. Hence, most of the poems he composed to are such, as would have sunk, and disgraced, any other music but his own." But the author's good-nature here has led him into a small misrepresentation. At the first introduction of the *Oratorio*, the fatal necessity he mentions, evidently subsisted; but when its character was established, men of genius would have been glad to have had their compositions set by so able a master, had not he precluded every attempt of that nature, by affecting to perscribe beyond his province. A single anecdote will convince the world that the writer's sentiments are neither ill-founded, nor unjust. A person, who composed *Oratorios* for Mr. *Handel*, once took the liberty to suggest to him, in the most respectful manner, that the music he had composed to some lines of his, was quite contrary to the sense of the passage. Instead of taking this friendly hint as he ought to have done, from one

who (although not a *Pindar*) was at least a better judge of poetry than himself; he looked upon the advice as injurious to his talents, and cried out with all the violence of affronted pride, "What! you teach me music! the music is good music. D——your words! Here, said he, (thrumming his harpsicord) are my ideas; go, and make words to them." What then could be expected from such changes but confusion and absurdity? who could submit to such treatment but some necessitous writer, whose genius and spirit were alike humbled by misfortune?

Nor is the music without faults, even where it is not influenced by the defects of the poem. "First, too much musical division on single syllables, to the neglect of the sense, and meaning of the song. Secondly, a partial imitation of incidental words, instead of proper expression of the ruling sentiments even where the words and sentiments happen to be contrary to each other. Thirdly, solo songs often too much lengthened without the intervention of the choir to inspire and sustain them: especially the *da capo* is almost in every instance of bad effect, as it renders the first and capital part of the song insipid, by an unmeaning repetition." Under this head we may include the *ritornello*, which is equally unnecessary and prejudicial to the effect, by descending from the united strength of voices and instruments, to the weaker powers of instruments alone. "Fourthly, choirs sometimes too much lengthened without the intervention of single songs and duets, for the necessary repose of the ear, which is apt to be disgusted by such a long continued, and forcible impression. Fifthly, choirs sometimes (though seldom) calculated more for the display of the composer's art in fugues and canons, than for a natural expression of the subject. Sixthly, the choir in many instances (and the single song in some) not sudden enough in its intervention; being generally prepared by a correspondent symphony of instrumental music, which creates expectation, and presentiment, and thus lessens the impression and effect." Perhaps the rigour of this last remark ought to be a little softened, for the ease of the performer, as it is very difficult for him to fix the tone of his voice, without a preparative bar or two in the key he is to sing in. To these defects in the musical part of the oratorio, assigned by Dr. Brown, the following may be added; "Seventhly, an almost perpetual languor and insipidity of re-
"citative,

“ citative. Eighthly, a frequent mistake of setting those parts to recitative, which should have been air, and those to air, which should have been choir. Ninthly, a too great sameness, in general, of the subjects and conduct of the choirs, in the same piece. Tenthly, the introduction of instruments in the accompaniment of songs, which by their tone, take off from the expression and effect. Eleventhly, an inattention to the accent of the words, which creates a jarring between them in the music, equally difficult to the singers, and disagreeable to the audience. Twelfthly, in duets, the expression of discordant passions, or sentiments, given by the same musical subject.”

[The Author then examines the merit of the *Occasional Oritorio*, the *Messiah*, *Sampson*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Alexander's feast*, in the very best of which he points out several glaring imperfections and absurdities; he then proceeds to the *Cure of Saul* (the *Poetical* merit of which, was spoken of in the last Review) which with the greatest justice, he proves to be the most finished piece of them all; as in well respect to Musick as Poetry.]



To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

BATH, April 22, 1763.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I sent you an account, last month, of the disturbances at the Theatre in this place, I did not imagine I should so soon have an opportunity of writing again upon any fresh squabbles—however, we have had wars and rumours of wars, but mere English is too poor to express it cleverly; so I beg you'll let the following three words, by way of Motto at the head of my narration.

Bella horrida bella.

MR. Derrick, or Samuel Derrick, Esq; (give him which appellation you think proper) having brought Miss Gathy from Covent-Garden Theatre to sing at a concert for his

his benefit, that enchanting creature was so well received by the company, that she ventured upon a night for herself, and accordingly stuck up the necessary intimations on the occasion.—Saturday was the *day* she chose, as my friend, the master of the ceremonies declared, for her *night*, but to the great, the wonderful, the inexpressible astonishment of the public, she was obliged to add the following *Nota Bene* to her bills the evening before; in the drawing up of which the accurate Mr. *Derrick* made no little display of those extraordinary abilities which have long rendered him *such* an ornament to the Republic of Letters.

N. B. “Mr. Arthur when very *politely* [to be sure no
 “man living is so polite as the master of the ceremonies] applied to by the master of the ceremonies to
 “spare a few of the band of music, which are absolutely necessary for the concert, in the most *insolent*
 “manner refus’d it; which has laid Miss Catly under the disagreeable necessity of changing her hour:
 “She hopes, however, for the encouragement of the
 “nobility and gentry, as she is a stranger here; notwithstanding this unprecedented and very *impolite*
 “treatment.”

The whole affair was now out; she had advertised a concert without having any music to play, and was in a violent passion, *pretty crater!* with the unfortunate manager of the Theatre, because he woud’nt spare his band to oblige her, and prejudice himself.—Mr. *Arthur* thinking the advertisement in relation to him, was not only very unreasonable, but very impertinent also, printed an account of the *polite* application which was made to him by the *polite* Mr. *Derrick*, together with his own answer, at the bottom of the Play Bill, which I here send you for the entertainment of your readers.

Enter Derrick and Arthur, behind the Scenes, in a dark corner, on Thursday Night.

“*Derrick.* Mr. Arthur, I must have *my* music on Saturday night, for Miss Catley’s benefit; they shall come back by half an hour after eight, time enough for your Pantomime.

“*Arthur.* You have a right, Sir, to command *your* music

fic to attend you whenever you please.—But if you mean the people that belong to me, I cannot comply with it.

“ *Derrick.* Sir, I must have ’em.

“ *Arthur.* ’Tis a very unreasonable request, that I should furnish you with hands to make head against my own interest. Saturday night is of the greatest consequence to the Theatre, and ’tis something unkind to set up Miss Catley’s benefit against that night, and seems designed to prejudice me.

“ *Derrick.* I can’t help it. I must have ’em.

“ *Arthur.* Mr. Derrick, I would not play on Wednesday night, because ’twas your’s; and in complaisance to you, that you might have the assistance of the band.

“ *Derrick.* ’Twas more than I requested.

“ *Arthur.* Not the less civil of me to permit.

“ *Derrick.* I will have ’em.

“ *Arthur.* I desire no favour from you.

[Exit Derrick.]

“ This I aver to be the fact; therefore who was insolent in this dispute, and who has cause to complain, I submit to such of the Nobility and Gentry that have leisure and curiosity to attend the disputes of two such insignificant Beings.

J. ARTHUR.”

The publication of this little dialogue effectually answered Mr. *Arthur’s* purpose, every impartial and sensible person commended him, and joined in a very hearty laugh against the master of the ceremonies,

I am,

Gentlemen, &c.

Thespiculus.

To the Editors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

AS I find, by the nature of your Plan, that you give an account of every new Theatrical Exhibition and illustrate it with observations, I shall be glad if you will postpone the

Seven

Seven Ages, written by your humble servant, and spoken by Mr. SHUTER, until your Review, No. VI. when you shall receive some curious Notes upon them, in the manner of

April 25th,

Yours, &c.

1763.

George Alexander Stevens.

* * We can have no objection to the obliging Mr. Stevens; as the thought of a man's writing critical observations on his own works, is not only truly nouvelle in itself, but as our Readers must certainly meet with something extremely whimsical in the execution of those Notes, if the Author really writes them, as he promises, after his own very singular manner.

Continuation of

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES,

Never before Printed.

PERHAPS there never was a more laughable circumstance occurred, from the days of Theſpis to the present Æra, than the following incident. Some few years ago, an itinerant actor was to play the character of *Gloster* in *King Lear*. He went through some of the scenes tolerably perfect, but when he came to where *Gloster* is deprived of his sight, his memory was so treacherous that he could not repeat, by rote, a single syllable more; so that poor *Gloster* was reduced to the ludicrous necessity of READING all the remainder of his part, AFTER HIS EYES WERE PUT OUT.

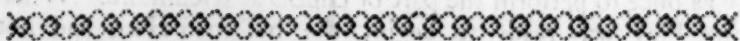
The celebrated *Tom Smith*, or *Tragedy Tom* (as he was generally called by his brother actors of *Lincoln's Inn* and *Goodmans Fields*) used to assert that none but fat men with broad faces were proper figures for Tragedy.—*Tom* was just such a person himself.—“*Betterton* (he would often say) “had a broad face; *Booth* too had a broad face; but I—
“I—have a VERY broad face.”

An

An underActor, now belonging to Covent-Garden Theatre, was once to perform the part of *Othello* at Richmond. When the Play was ready to begin, the buskined Hero had not prepared his face for the character. "Zounds, says one of the Actors to him, Tom, *why don't you black yourself?*"—"Black myself (returns he) *for what? There are but two pounds taken at the door—Do you think I'll make myself a BLACKAMoor for a two pound house? Not I, damme; a WHITEAMoor is good enough for a forty shilling Audience;*" and so went through the character just as he was, to the no small diversion of the spectators.

It is an old and just observation, that a Bear will not endeavour to fly, and yet, so little are mankind judges of themselves, that they will be frequently making attempts still more ridiculously absurd. There is a young Counsellor, at this very time, whose figure is but the very counterpart of *Æsop's*, and yet, because the managers of both houses have refused to engage him, he is become their most inveterate enemy; and sure to be found amongst the Ringleaders of every Theatrical Riot. So much was thought necessary to introduce the following incidents which occurred but the other day.—In consequence of its being mentioned in the Papers that Mr. Foote was to open the Haymarket Theatre, this Summer, a variety of applications were made to that Gentleman for engagements. Among others, a Lady applied to him.—"Pray Madam (says he) *are you for Tragedy or Comedy?*" [no answer.] "*Are you a Veteran—or—is it your first attempt?*" [not a word] "*Hum! Are you married Madam?*"—"Pray Sir, says she (turning one of her Ears to him) *speaking a little louder FOR I AM DEAF.*"

The other incident, is this. — A few days ago, a man waited upon Mr. Foote; to beg he might have the liberty of introducing a Lady to him, in praise of whose abilities, as an actress, he was not a little lavish; particularly, that she was not only excellent as to figure and speaking, but greatly so, as to singing. — Our man of wit, naturally supposing he had got a prize, appointed an interview; but the man had no sooner retired out of the room, than he returns, somewhat precipitately, addressing Mr Foote, with, "Sir, *there is one thing,—I beg your pardon — there is one thing I forgot to mention, and which you may possibly object to—*" "THE LADY IS A BLACK."



To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Paris, April 25, 1763.

GENTLEMEN,

AS I promised if any thing in my power could contribute to the entertainment of your Readers to tax my utmost ability; in pursuance of my word, I send you the following little sketch of the Theatre, as it stands at present in this capital.

An occasional Piece has been brought out here by one of our writers, which is play'd with great approbation, it is called *the Englishman at Bourdeaux*, the plot is not very complicated so, I shall give it you in a few words. A nobleman and his daughter going from Dublin to England, are taken by the captain of a french frigate, and carried to *Bourdeaux*, the captain behaves to his prisoners with the utmost politeness; carries them to his own house, and introduces them to the *Machioness de Floricourt*, a most agreeable widow Lady, his sister; here the captain falls desperately in love with *Clara*, my Lord's daughter, and the widow conceives impressions in favour of my Lord himself.

The captain's solicitude to please, gradually lessens the partiality which Clara feels in favour of her countrymen, nor do the widow's assiduities entirely fail with his Lordship, but a particular act of generosity in the captain, brings matters to an immediate eclarcissement.—My Lord having little about him when taken, but what was necessary to bear his charges up to London, is in some embarrassment till a remittance is sent him from home.—However, he declines all offers of a supply from the Captain.—The latter, at a loss in what manner to oblige him, at last thinks of gaining over one of his servants to tell him through whose hands the remittance was expected; In this he succeeds, and he is informed through one Mr. Sulmer's. Having obtained this necessary information, he writes a letter as if from this gentleman, who is a rich merchant,

merchant, and my Lord's particular friend, with which he contrives to send two thousand guineas.

Mr. Sudmer, in a little time after, arriving, my Lord thanks him for his readiness in sending the money.—Sudmer, amazed, enquires what money? An explanation then follows.—The captain is found to be the person who sent it, and the discovery naturally enhances the idea of his character.

A friendship of so strict a nature had subsisted between my Lord and Mr. Sudmer, that his Lordship was ambitious of having a natural as well as a sentimental reason to love him, and in consequence of such a desire, had, for some time, made him an offer of his daughter. — The other without any particular tendre for the young Lady, at once assented to the proposal and was ready to perform the rite, but finding the captain, and she, have sentiments for each other, he withdraws his claim, and, in return, besides, to the captain, who had by some accident saved his life, he promises at his decease, to leave them his whole fortune. The piece thus ends with the marriage of Clara to the Captain, and the union of the Marchioness with his Lordship. — So much for the Englishman at Bourdeaux.

You have, I suppose, read in the papers, how the Opera house was burned down. The performers are at a loss where to represent; The king intends rebuilding it after a very splendid manner, and, in the mean time, continues the usual salaries to the performers. *Voltaire*, it is said, is writing a new Tragedy; with how much justice this report is circulated, I can't determine; I don't bid you depend upon that; but upon this you may however rely, that,

I am very much, &c.

Claude D' St. Amour.

The VOUNTEER MANAGER, N° IV.

I Was the other night at *Drury-Lane* Theatre to see the Tragedy of *Hamlet* acted, for the benefit of Mr. *Palmer*, when a very great absurdity struck me, which has hitherto

escaped the public notice. In the Play, which is introduced by *Hamlet*, in order to discover his father's guilt, it has ever been usual for the Actors of it, to perform with their backs to the King and Queen; for whose entertainment it is supposed to be represented. Can any thing be more unnatural? Can custom warrant the continuance of a practice so ridiculously absurd?—I would ask, if the Players of either House were commanded to act a Play before their Majesties at St. James's, would they perform it with their faces turned from the whole Court? The question is a fair one, and, I believe, I may venture to answer it myself in the negative. The only excuse that can be brought is, that as it is a mere fiction; the King and Queen only nominally such; and the whole of it calculated for the entertainment of the real audience, in the front of the House, it must naturally be more pleasing to them, to see the mock play represented in the manner it now is. To this I must beg leave to dissent. The nearer any dramatic exhibition can be brought to the appearance of reality, in a proportionable degree will it strike the senses, and affect the breast of every auditor. Who sees the mock Tragedy, as it is now done, and considers the Actors as performing for the entertainment of the personages *behind* them? On the contrary, if it were otherwise represented, what attentive spectator but would believe, for the time, the whole a reality?—There is another thing too, which I can no way reconcile to reason. What business has *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, in the Scene I am speaking of, so far from the King, the Queen, and the whole Court? I know they should be placed, so that the Prince may have a full opportunity of observing the features of his Father; and so they might, without bringing them even with the Actors; and, as I may say, upon the very Stage where they are performing. I doubt not but Mr. Garrick and Mr. Beard, to whom (the first in particular) the town are already indebted for many reformatations in the Theatre, will be convinced of the justice of the remark; and banish a custom so opposite to reason.

I am exceedingly sorry to lodge any complaint with the public against a Lady; and more especially one for whom I have so perfect a regard; I mean Mrs. *Gilber*. I believe, indeed, that I should have winked at her behaviour myself, if the receipt of the following letter, in politeness to my correspondent,

correspondent, had not obliged me to the contrary. I am, however, not a little pleased, that I have the opportunity of conveying it rather in another persons words than my own.

Mr. VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

SIR,

YOU have voluntarily taken upon you the superintendency of our Theatres. It is a laudable, because an useful undertaking. I hope you will not let so flagrant an outrage to the decorum of the Stage, as the following, pass unnoticed. I went to Hamlet, on Easter Monday, and was never more astonished in my life, than at an action of Mrs. Cibber's. As that Lady sat upon the Stage, with Hamlet at her feet, in the third Act, she rose up three several times, and made as many courtesies, and those very low ones, to some ladies in the boxes. Pray, good Sir, ask her in what part of the Play it is said, that the Danish Ophelia (for she was then Ophelia, and not Mrs. Cibber) is acquainted with so many British ladies?—but to be serious—Pray tell Mrs. Cibber, that though her parading-it to the whole house, that she was honoured with the acquaintance of some persons of fashion, might be food for her pride, it was neither a proof of her understanding, nor a mark of her respect for the rest of the audience.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

Westminster, April 24, 1763.

[CHURCHILLIUS.

Among a variety of letters received, since my last, I shall lay the following before my readers.

To the VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

SIR,

SINCE the demolishing of the chandeliers, in the late Drury-Lane riot, they have never been replaced. If they were necessary before, either as to use or ornament, they

they are certainly so still. Do the managers mean to save money enough in candles before they purchase any more?

I am Sir

Your constant Reader,

Timothy Arch.

Lombard-Street, April 30, 1763.

To the VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

S I R,

I Desire you will take upon you the direction of the front, as well as the back of the Theatres. — The management of the audience, as well as the actors. I love a Tragedy of all things, and yet can never see one to my satisfaction. There are a set of people who, though they possess the feelings of humanity, are unaccountably ashamed to own it; and the consequence of it is, that in the most pathetic scenes, when my heart is open to receive every tender impression, I am deprived of a sensation so sublime, by a universal blowing of noses, and a fit of coughing, which, at that moment, generally seizes the major part of the audience. Pray, Mr. Volunteer, tell these shamefaced gentry, that their using their handkerchiefs requires no such paltry excuses, and that Tears neither betray a want of courage, nor a badness of heart.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

HUMANUS.

* * * *As the sentiments of my Correspondent exactly tally with my own, I hereby authorise every spectator, for the future, to feel for the distressed, without any endeavour to stifle it from the knowledge of his neighbour; and I hereby warn the hardened, of every degree, from laughing at such who evidence a compunction of heart; to which nothing but the most savage brutality can possibly be a stranger.*

The VOLUNTEER MANAGER.

Our regard for truth, induces us to publish the following Letter.

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

You are desired to correct some Errors in the Account of the Bath Theatre, &c. given by Theſpiculus, in your Review, Numb. IV.

FIRST then, be it known, that Mrs. *Hamilton* had often perform'd the part of *Andromache*, and why she refused to play it at that juncture, when the Bills were posted, is best known to herself,—but Mr. Arthur thought himself so much injured by her refusal, and her frequent disputes in relation to the performance of several other parts; that he, to prevent so many, and so often repeated altercations, determined to discharge her.

Again, you are to correct that saying, of Mr. Arthur's having formed any design to discharge Mrs. Lee; he having, on the contrary, insisted on her performing the part of Lady Townly; even tho' she desired to decline the character, on her seeing Mrs. Hamilton dressing in order to go on the stage for the part, in opposition to the declared order of performance in the printed bills — And on some gentlemen's application to Mr. Arthur, in Mrs. Hamilton's behalf, he told them as Mrs. Lee's name was printed, the audience had a right to insist on her performance, and that he would himself apply to them to know whom they expected to perform the part of Lady Townly; this was agreed to as proper: but when, on so doing, nineteen in twenty of the audience were found to be for Mrs. Lee, the gentlemen then, who had before agreed to the question, were disappointed, and, leading on Mrs. Hamilton, a disturbance began.

Again, neither "Ambition, or the hopes of a truncheon", as it is express'd, were Mrs. Lee's motives; but in compliance to a positive request; for Mrs. Lee had intreated that an application to the audience might be omitted, and

the

she allowed to undress and retire, which was not granted; but when the dispute arose to a dangerous height and Ladies were fainting, She then, in a manner which gain'd the esteem of every one, even the strenuous advocates for Mrs. Hamilton! she, I say, then, went on the stage, and in a most becoming manner, intreated that she might be allowed (to prevent ill consequences) to decline the character of Lady Townly; which was, with reluctance, permitted, and Mrs. Hamilton *suffered* to perform the part.

I am,

Yours,

VERAX.

Bath, April 25.



E P I G R A M:

*In answer to that on Mr. GARRICK, in No. I. of the
Review.*

IF this writer by some idle clamours misled,
His real opinion has shewn;
In railing at GARRICK for weakness of head,
He has only depictur'd his own.
But if urg'd by rancour a bard to commence,
He takes up the ill-natur'd dart,
Instead of despising his poorness of sense,
I shall weep for his badness of heart.

A D I S C O V E R Y.

IN sportive Mood, arch Clive once said,
Stiff Moslop *two* left hands display'd;
Then Medway's stiffness is complete,
Left are his *hands*, and left his *feet*.



THE
THEATRICAL REVIEW.

JUNE 1, 1763.

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

THE illiberal and ungenerous, I had almost
said inhumane, attempt, made by Mr. Charles
Churchill, in his last edition of the *Rosciad*,
to ruin a young actor, who in the amiable-
ness of a private character, has scarce a su-
perior, and in a public one, had been at least
very favourably received, gave birth to the following piece.

Those who have read this edition will know that I must
mean Mr. Jackson; as he is there treated with a degree of
virulence not experienced by any other actor. The author
of the interlude now sent you, thought it would be but a just
retaliation that the actors should expose that personage upon
the stage, who had, as untruly as unprovoked, abused almost
every man on it; and as Mr. Jackson had been the worst
used by our reverend libeller, that he in particular ought to
reap the advantage of it. It was therefore proposed to be
performed at his benefit; but the intention of the author
was frustrated in both points. Mr. Garrick expressed his ap-
probation of the general design, but objected to those parti-
cular parts which struck at the conduct of public affairs, or
the behaviour of a private individual. His reasons were too
satisfactory to be disputed. The author, at Mr. Garrick's

F f

recom-

recommendation, expunged the exceptionable lines, and substituted others; the former I have marked to be printed in Italics, and the latter by way of notes by which it will be perceived, that had the piece been performed, Mr. Charles Churchill would have escaped the rod intended for him. As Mr. Garrick assented to the performance of this trifle in its altered state, the reader will naturally wonder what could prevent it. The fact is this.—Though the manager's consent for the exhibition of a new piece is obtained, yet at a benefit, so far from enforcing any commands in the casting of such pieces, they never interfere therein; the reason is, an interposition in favour of one, would lay them under the necessity of doing it for all. Every actor is therefore left to make the best interest he can, amongst his brethren, for himself. Mr. Jackson did so; and procured the assistance of those who would have exhibited their characters to advantage. But the part of Binnacle requiring a good singer (Mr. Clagget having very obligingly set the songs) he applied to Mr. Vernon and Mr. Lowe. The latter refused, because it would be more proper (he said) for Mr. Vernon, as he had performed all the principal singing parts this season; and the former very disobligingly, not to say insolently, gave a denial, under the pretence that Vaux-Hall (where he was engaged) would open the very day; notwithstanding Mr. Vernon then knew he was asserting a direct lie.

These are the reasons for this interlude not being performed; you now receive it for publication; and as it has never yet been printed, may, perhaps, be acceptable to your readers.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your most humble Servant,

May 20, 1763.

The

The SAILOR's and SOLDIER's RETURN.
An Interlude.

PERSONS.

Matt. Mainmast, boatswain.
Bob Binnacle, his mate.
Ned Halbert, a serjeant.
Mrs. Mainmast.
Betty Bargely, sweetheart to Binnacle.
Sailors, &c. &c. &c.

Enter Mainmast, Binnacle, Sailors, &c.

Mainmast. **A**fter dangers so great, and so numerous past,
To arrive at old England in safety at last;
(a) After making the monsieurs and Spanish Dons smok,
Come three lusty cheers, my stout hearts of oak.
[three cheers.]
(to Bin.) Now, honest Bob, tip us the sailor's delight,
The song which you gave us aboard over night.

S O N G.

I.

Bin. Tho' seas, mountain high, should all dreadfully roll,
And loud thunders unceasingly rise,
Tho' we freeze in the coldest extreme of the pole,
Or are parch'd in the reddest of skies.

II.

Yet a true British sailor will still force his way,
And on danger undauntedly spring;
Nay lay down his life, without dread or dismay,
In defence of his country and king.

III.

In wildest encounters let hurracanes meet,
Yet the burst scarcely breathes on his ear;
He shudders at nought but the look of defeat,
And is fearful of nothing—but fear.

IV.

*Each timid sensation to such will he leave,
That guilt has led madly astray;*

F f 2

'Tis

N O T E.

(a) This line was to have been omitted for the reasons already given, and the following substituted, "*After facing grim death amidst thunder and smoke.*"

The Sailor's and Soldier's Return.

*'Tis yours, O ye Frenchmen, to shrink who deceive,
And to tremble who basely betray.*

V.

The wretch has occasion to look oft behind,
And at danger, all palid, to start,
Who stands self-accus'd and condemn'd by his mind,
And whose deadliest foe is his heart.

VI.

But the sons of old England, who rule o'er the waves,
The perfidious indignantly see;
Their justice and truth makes them loyal and brave,
And that bravery happy and free.

Enter Halbert.

Main. What, blest my heart! Halbert, art thou yet alive?

Halb. Ay, boatswain.—

Main. Why prithee when did you arrive?

I thought you had found a pure dangerous clime,
And meat were for worms, or for crows by this time.
But hey! what's the matter? not vex'd at a joke!

Hal. No—

Main. Smack your timbers, why sulky then?

Hal.

Broke.

Ah, had you but seen how we each hung our head,
When the damnable sentence that morning was read!
How our officers, spite of their powder and lace,
Hung out a poor pitiful sheep-stealing face!
And the men, notwithstanding tobacco and gin,
Could not hide the contending emotions within.
In vain did the quid proudly swell in the cheek,
Or the gin-bottle raise an endeavour to speak.
A thousand brave fellows, all sons of roast beef,
Were sunk in dejection, and plung'd into grief;
And men that cou'd conquer all France at a blow,
Boldly rush upon death, and subdue ev'ry foe,
Now laid down their arms at a single command,
And stood all subdu'd at the damn'd word—disband.
There's young Captain Spruce, that you knew out at
Sea,

The first who-e'er took any notice of me;
That kindly advanc'd me a step into life,
And alway's behav'd so genteel to—my wife;
His baggage and horses are sold off to-day,
His girl is dismiss'd and his man sent away!

And

And from having a buxom fine wench at command
Is reduc'd to a twelvepenny slice in the Strand;
The dinners at taverns he once us'd to make
Are now brought so low as an humble beef steak;
And the lodgings that cost him a purchase so high,
To a poor second floor at the barber's just by.
Our lieutenant, a sensible, good-natur'd spark,
Has engag'd as a cheesemonger's out o' door clerk;
And the ensign, who knows a good deal of high life,
Intends advertising to get a rich wife;
The women, kind creatures! are ready to bless
Any handsome young fellow they see in distress;
And with rapture would run at a husband to come,
Were you even to beat round the streets with a drum.
If this shoudn't do, as he swears with a grace,
Has a person well made, and an impudent face,
I hear he will instantly strive to engage
By way of an actor, on Drury-lane stage.

Main. How's this, brother? how? why you quite make me
stare!

A gentleman soldier turn vagabond play'r!
Have his name pasted up upon windows and stalls,
On the sides of our jails or our bawdy-house walls!
Why the twelvepenny bloods, if a word be but said,
Will instantly beat his eyes out of his head,
Whistle, hiss, groan, and pelt him, whenever they
please,

Hal. Off—off—ask for pardon—and down on your knees.
Why, Mainmast, all this is undoubtedly true,
But the ensign must eat—so must I—so must you.—
And take 'tother side of the thing—why a play'r
Is talk'd of ten thousand times more than the May'r;
Why hear me, old boy, in this sensible age,
There's nothing goes down with the folks like the stage.
Not a girl, if an actor by chance passes by,
But pulls down her stays with a kind of a sigh,
And the sweet creature's name with a rapture relates,
That's Garrick—that's Shuter—that's Holland—
that's Yates!

With a sort of delight will her pretty eyes roll,
“He's such a dear man,”—or—“He's so very droll.”

Why

Why a parson, dear Matt, in these happier days,
 Will throw off his cassock to talk about plays;
 And dwell with an air most importantly big,
 On the point of a ruffle, or tie of a wig—
 Lord, Matt, we have one—I forget what's his name—
 Who has grown by this method most highly in fame;
 He's a fine lusty man, and I dare say, well read—
 For he's got a most monstrous overgrown head;
 And a face—but there all description is poor—
 Is a lion-like knocker screwed on at a door.
 But hush—we must be something more on our guard—
 The doctor's a bruiser as well as a bard;
 And it may not be safe, shou'd we be overland—
 Look round, and you'll find him, perhaps, in the crowd;
 Yes, there he is, faith—hum—na, that cannot be—
 For I met him half drunk in the park about three;
 And I fancy he now may be soss'd on the bed,
 To dine in a dream, and to settle his head.

Enter Mrs. Mainmost and Betty.

Mrs. Main. Heav'n bless my dear Matt, do I see him again?
Main. Ay, Sal, that you do, and the truest of men.
Bin. And has my sweet Bett been yet constant and true?
Bett. Ah, Bob, I should rather enquire that of you!
Bin. O Bett, never doubt it—the vows I have pass'd
 Are fresh in my mind, and for ever shall last.

DUET SONG.

I.

He. The honest heart, my dear,
 (And hush that rising sigh)
 Can look at death without a fear,
 But trembles at a lie.

II.

She. The brave indeed we safely trust,
 And none but such shou'd view;
 Whoever saw the brave unjust
 Or found a coward true?

III.

Beth. O may wide worlds his name detest
 Who false to love has grown,
 And basely stabb'd the woman's breast
 That swell'd for him alone.

Main.

- Main.* Well, Sal, and hast thou been still true to thy spouse,
Has nothing been planted as yet on my brows?
- Mrs. Main.* No, Matt, 'tis too fine for a wife poorly bred,
To be false to her husband, or naught to his bed;
A behaviour like that, is too high for her fate,
And belongs to your ladies; the rich and the great.
- Bin.* I have brought thee home, Bett, a few spankers—
see here;— [She offers to take them.]
Hold,—a few I must keep for poor mother, my dear;
For he that's unkind to a parent, my life,
You may trust me, will never prove good to a wife.
- Main.* But Ned, [to Halbert] since the war is oblig'd
now to cease,
(b) *I wish you wou'd tell what they say of the peace?*
- Hal.* Why, Matt, I can't tell—there's a damnable pothor,
Yet I know not what party to take—one or t'other;
With their whig and their tory, they stagger me quite;
—Egad, I believe, they're both in the right:

For

NOTE.

- (b) Instead of the lines here printed in Italics, the following were
to have been spoken:

Hal. But Ned, since the war is oblig'd now to cease,
What birth for you soldiers in times of a peace?
Faith Matt, I can't tell!—in this damnable pothor,
I know not what calling to take one or t'other.
The news-papers talk about mending the roads,
Or giving waste lands with snug little abodes;
But the writers of news are so often deceiv'd,
That tho' they are read, they're seldom believ'd.
For my own part, I think I shall soon commence writer,
And few, let me tell you, can scribble politer:
The town will be quite entertain'd with my labours;
I can lie, rail and puzzle as well as my neighbours:
And now-a-days, authors are seldom call'd good,
If they write in a stile that is well understood.
We have many in town of the book-making breed,
Who set up to write without knowing to read:
And a great many more, who for wise-ones commence,
Yet talk without thinking, and judge without sense.
Your authors, dear Matt, &c, &c, &c.

The Sailor's and Soldier's Return.

*For tho' at the free-school you know we were bred,
 And for poor people's children are pretty well read;
 Yet the writers on both sides are so very good,
 They talk much too fine to be once understood:
 We have many who draw a political creed,
 And set up to write without knowing to read;
 And a great many more who for wise-ones commence,
 Yet talk without thinking, and judge without sense.
 Your authors, dear Matt, are a fine set of men,
 They settle whole realms with a dash of the pen;
 And are so far from pitiful covetous elves,
 They keep but a garret, or so, for themselves.
 Yet, however they squabble, or wrangle, or fight,
 There's one settl'd point where they always unite;
 In which the whole world must agree with their pen,
 When they call the brave Granby the noblest of men;
 Or tell us what transport from liberty springs,
 And that George is the best, as the greatest of kings.*

Main. *Psha! how cou'd such matters e'er cause any rout,
 A truth, such as these, may, with ease, be found out:
 But tell me, my friend, don't they frequently talk
 Of Saunders, of Kepple, of Pocock, of Hawke?
 Don't they mention, with rapture, how nobly they stood
 And beat the French navies thro' oceans of blood?*

Hal. *They do, my dear boy; let 'em bawl and ne'er cease,
 In defence of the war, or support of the peace;
 To this or that faction replenish the cup,
 Retain all our conquests, or render them up;
 The greatest applauses are constantly paid
 To the heroes by whom all our conquests were made;
 And may their great names be attended with praise,
 To time's latest sand, the remotest of days;
 And each Briton's worth let us gratefully sing,
 Who fought for his country, or bled for his king.*

SERJEANT SONG.

I.

*Ye warriors, with love of fair liberty fraught,
 Whose laurels fresh wreathe round the trumpet of fame:
 Ye brave, who like Englishmen daringly fought,
 And spread wide destruction wherever ye came:*

Receive

Receive all the praises which Briton can bring,
And grow round the hearts of your country and king.

Cho.] Receive all the praises, &c.

II.

For a Wolfe, Howe, or Downe, we shall scarce heave a sigh,
Not our tears, but our envy, these heroes have mov'd;
For how cou'd such Britons so gloriously die,
As defending that honour and freedom they lov'd?
To lament such as *fell*; O ye tears cease to spring!
For they *live* in the hearts of their country and king.

Cho.] To lament, &c.

Hal. Now one jolly dance, give us some who are cleaver,
And huzza for roast beef, and sweet freedom for ever,
[*Three cheers and a dance.*]

F I N I S.



To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Dublin, May 16, 1763.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have seen the three first numbers of your Review, which have given me much pleasure in the perusal. Your subject is a very pleasing one; your plan is good; and I think, so far, it is extremely well executed. I heartily wish you success in your undertaking, and do not doubt your obtaining it, provided you continue to merit the attention of the public, by your endeavours to please them.—But to the purpose of my letter.

When Mr. Barry (the present manager of our theatre-royal) was in London, at the head of the late Mr. Rich's company, the town was divided between Mr. Garrick and him, and violent parties were formed on each side. At Barry's late coming here (Mr. Sheridan being then in England) he had no competitor; but since Mr. Mossop's arrival (particularly since he has had the management of Smock-alley theatre) every one has made comparisons between these players; and now there is hardly a frequenter of the theatres, who is

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not

not an avowed *Barryist* or *Mossopian*.—You can have no conception of the height to which theatrical party has risen here; it is far from being confined to the play-house; there is no going into a mixed company without being attacked by some wanton admirer of the *one* or the *other* of these actors; who will never leave teasing you till you have given a direct and positive answer which of them you like best. In these cases, to avoid persecution, you are generally obliged to fall in with such a person's opinion, let it be ever so contrary to your own. The ladies are particularly earnest in all debates of this nature; and I have known some who, though formerly intimate, have actually *quarrelled* because they happened to entertain different notions on this important point. For my part, I have always been a professed enemy to *partiality* of every kind; and I think there is the less excuse for it in a matter which at best is but trifling, and certainly not worth disputing about with any great degree of warmth. I look upon all manner of prejudices, to be a mark of great weakness in those who give way to them, and have often lamented that instances of this nature should be so common.—I once knew a lady remarkable for piety and good sense, who would not look into Atterbury's sermons, because, forsooth, he was a tory and a high-flyer! it was in vain to tell her that whatever were that prelate's political principles, his discourses contained the soundest and most unexceptionable doctrine.—“No, for her part, she could not edify from the works of a man who was an enemy to the H——n succession.” These confined notions I have always endeavoured to keep clear of, and indeed have so far succeeded as to consider most things, at least with an *unbiaffed judgment*. I can read a *North-Briton* with pleasure, and own the force of the author's reasoning and the brilliancy of his wit; at the same time, that I can palpably discover many misrepresentations, and too luxuriant a vein of satire running through the performance. I take great pains to carry this spirit of *moderation* with me to the theatre. I can see Mossop's *Zanga* or *Coriolanus* one night, and be highly delighted with his masterly performance in either of those characters, without being bigotted to that gentleman's exclusive excellence, as not to be greatly entertained and affected by Barry the next night, in *Varanes*, *Phocyas*, or *Othello*.—Notwithstanding the talents of these performers (Mossop particularly) are confined to tragedy; yet it is most certain, that (although

though most people are obstinately bent on comparing them together) they differ so widely in their cast of characters, and consequently in their manner of playing, that it is very difficult to weigh their respective merits in an opposition of their parts to each other. However, to fall in with the prevailing taste, I shall endeavour to give a general outline of their theatrical talents with the utmost impartiality, as I profess myself to be neither a *Mossopian* nor a *Barryist*.

Both these gentlemen have fine voices; Barry's admirably suited to express the tender passions; Mossop's well calculated to give rage and indignation their proper force. Barry has an exceeding fine person; he is, perhaps, one of the handsomest figures at present on the stage, which is very happy for his cast of characters. Mossop has but a very plain figure: however, this is hardly any disadvantage to him, as his rough parts require no elegance of person. Sullenness, contempt, rage, and haughtiness are Mossop's *fort*. These he marks with great strength, and impresses them forcibly on his audience. Barry's peculiar excellence lies in his exquisite feeling, and the tender delicate manner in which he touches the passions of love; nor is he confined solely to this *species* of tenderness; his *Lear* gives us a fine instance of paternal, his *Oroonoko* of conjugal affection. Mossop, on the other hand, exhibits in *Perseus* a striking picture of pride, envy, and implacable hatred; in *Coriolanus*, a noble display of magnanimity and heroism; and in *Zanga*, all the different passions blended and actuated by a deadly spirit of revenge. This last, is universally allowed to be his master-piece. I never saw finer playing than his scene in the 5th act with Alonzo; through the whole character he preserves a proper degree of dignity; so that under the habit of a *Slave*, the discerning spectator never loses sight of the prince. In *Horatio*, *Chamont* and *Pierre*, Mossop shews many fine strokes of playing; but, by the best judges, he is reckoned inferior in these parts to Mr. Sheridan. Mossop is a very good *Iago*; has great merit in *K. John*, *Brutus*, and *Shore*; and in *Prospero*, *Perseus*, *Pembroke* (in *Lady Jane Gray*) and *Zanga*, he is capital. Barry, as we before observed, shines chiefly in characters, where love is the ruling passion. His *Alexander*, his *Romeo*, his *Mark-Antony*, and above all, his *Othello*, are proofs of this. What can be finer than his despair in the third act of *Romeo*, on being told by the Fryar,

that he was banished? Through the whole last act he is particularly great. He has not less merit in *Castalia*, *Oroonoko*, *Jaffier*, and *Torrismond*: in *Varanes*, he exactly answers the description given of that prince by Leontine:

“So fiery fierce, that those who view him nearly,

“May see his haughty soul still mounting in his face.”

(Theodosius, act I.)

Lee has given us a fine contrast between the scene in the second act, where *Varanes* refuses to marry *Athenais*, and that in the fourth, where he implores her forgiveness. Nothing can be finer than the manner in which Barry plays these two scenes; in the last especially, his gentle submissive deportment, faltering voice, and every corresponding limb and feature, must make the strongest impression on any heart; susceptible of tenderness. It is needless to say any thing of his *Othello*, as every one is acquainted with his superior merit in that part. To *Phocyas*, *Hastings*, *Florizel*, *Höspur*, *Osmyr*, and *Orestes*, he does the greatest justice: He is reckoned capital in *Bajazet*; for which character Mossop is also famous. Before I quit Barry, it is but fair to make some mention of his *Sir Callaghan*, in Macklin's *Love-a-la-mode*. His genteel easy manner, and his judicious slight intermixture of the Irish accent procured him great and deserved applause, and contributed not a little to the amazing success of that excellent farce. Barry's pleasing in this character shews, that he is not destitute of the *vis-comica*, and makes us regret never seeing him in comedy.

Now that we have slightly touched on the beauties of these rival tragedians, let us reverse the medal, and with the same freedom and impartiality censure their faults. In these they seem just as opposite and unlike, as in their perfections; for, if Barry is sometimes incorrect in his elocution, Mossop, in his, is much too laboured, and his enunciation is often tedious: If this last is stiff, formal and constrained in his motions, and seems to have too much of the actor about him; Barry, on the other hand, is sometimes too remiss and careless. Mossop was never so much mistaken as when he attempted to play *Love-parts*; his *Othello* and *Hastings* evince this; and Barry's *Horatio*, shews him very near as unfit for *sententious declamatory characters*. I would not be understood as if I meant to confine Barry's merit absolutely to the expression

sion of love in its different appearances; he is not less happy in hitting the tone of terror and consternation. This he proves in many places of his *Othello* and *Alexander*, and gives a fine instance of it in that part of *Romeo* which I have taken notice of above.—Upon the whole, Mossop in the *Tyrant*, or the *Villain*; and Barry, in the *Father*, the *Husband*, or the *Lover*, are particularly eminent, and here it should be remarked, in justice to Barry, that he is universally allowed to be the compleatest model we have in the *Theatrical Lover*.—Before I conclude, I shall just beg leave to consider these gentlemen in another point of view, and then leave the reader to form his own judgment.—This is, by enquiring which of them is the most *general player*, and which has the greatest number of *original characters*. This will best appear by the view of their principal parts, which therefore I have here subjoined.

B A R R Y.

Othello
 Varanes
 Mark-Antony
 Phocyas
 Bajazet
 Castilio
 Alexander
 G. Lord Hastings
 Orestes
 G. Oroonoko
 Torrismond
 Demetrius (*in the Humorous Lieut.*)
 K. Harry V.
 Myron (*in Busiris*)
 Herod (*in Mariamne*)
 G. Osmyn
 Hotspur
 G. Romeo
 Pyrocles (*in Philoclea*)
 K. Henry IV. (*2d. part.*)
 G. Leontes and Florizel
 (*in the Winter's Tale*)

M O S S O P.

Zanga
 s. Coriolanus
 s. Ventidius
 Caled
 Bajazet
 G. s. Chamont
 Pembroke
 s. Shore
 Timon of Athens
 Perseus
 s. Iago
 G. s. Richard III.
 s. Ulysses
 Luc. Jun. Brutus
 G. Achmet
 G. Zamti
 Hotspur
 G. L. Virginius (*in Virginia*)
 G. Aletes (*in Creusa*)
 s. Horatio
 s. Wolfey
 Dorax (*in D. Sebastian*)
 B A R.

BARRY.

MOSSOP.

Osman (<i>in Zara</i>)	Prospero
G. Jaffier	s. Pierre
Montezuma (<i>in the Indian Emperor</i>)	G. Gamester (<i>Moor's Trag.</i>)
M. Antony (<i>in Julius Caesar</i>)	s. Brutus
K. Arthur (<i>in Dryden's Opera of that name</i>)	G. Roman Father
Beviljun.	Duke (<i>Measure for Measure</i>)
s. Lord Townly	
Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan	
G. s. Bastard (<i>in K. John</i>)	G. s. K. John
&c.	&c.

These characters which are also played by Mr. Garrick, I have marked with a (G) Sheridan's with an (s) and those which they both perform, with a (G) and an (s).

I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

* * * The above having been sent from Dublin to Mess. Wilson and Fell, Paternoster-Row, for the Theatrical Review, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to those gentlemen (who are now no longer concerned in the publication of this work) for the receipt of it. In respect to the author, we have the highest sense of his ingenious and impartial favour, and should esteem it as a particular obligation, if he will acquaint us by a letter to the publisher, S. Williams, on Ludgate-Hill, how we may direct to him.

Tran-

For the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Translation of a second Letter from Signor Bimolle (a Florentine Fidler) in London, to the Signora Chiara Aquilante (the famous Opera-Broker) at Naples.

— Oh che ignoranza crassa!

Pure alla gente bassa

Pardonerei: ma qui—!

METASTASIO.

MADAM,

London, May 23, 1763.

IN my letter of the 18th of March I gave you an account of our operations at the Hay-market up to that day, and shall now have the honour to inform you of all that has passed there since. (*See our Review of April.*)

As soon as the *Calamita de' Cuori* began to decline, the *Finta Sposa* was brought upon the stage. You who know the beauties of that piece, can easily judge what an entertainment it must have been when acted by the Amicis: but it was a burletta, and had no cat and dark-lantern in it!—Do not be surprized, however, at its ill reception, Madam, the audience who censured it had already damned the *Cascina*!

The *Orione* having triumphed over common sense and good taste about two months, at length made way for the *Zanaida*. As their merits were nearly equal, and their judges the same, it will be needless to tell you that it was highly applauded. I shall proceed then to examine it according to the plan I laid down for the *Orione*.—And first for the fable.

Once upon a time, when hoops were in fashion amongst oriental fair-ones, and fleets could sail from the Porte to Ispahan; Thæmas, Sophi of Persia, concluded a treaty of peace with Solyman emperor of the Turks: in which, among other articles, it was stipulated, that he should espouse Zanaida the daughter of Solyman. On signing the preliminaries, hostages had been exchanged between the high contracting parties; Ofira, daughter of Mustapha, being sent to Ispahan, and Silvera, a Persian lady of distinction, to Constantinople. Rose-lane, the mother of Thæmas, an artful ambitious woman, who had hitherto governed her son with an uncontrolled sway, dreading the decrease of her power from the influence which she foresaw to be accomplished a princess as Zanaida must necessarily

fairly gain over him, resolves to employ every stratagem to frustrate the intended nuptials. As the graceful figure, and insinuating complaisance of Osira had already engaged her affections, she pitches upon her as the properest instrument for fulfilling her designs. To this end she facilitates her interviews with the Sophi, and succeeds to her wish: the enamoured monarch becomes the dupe of their policy, the innocent bride is doomed to disgrace, and the aspiring alien declared the royal favourite.

This point is but just carried, when Zanaida, who (conveyed by five men of war) had traversed Asia Minor, Curdestan, and part of Irak, arrives. She is attended by Aglatida, one of her maids of honour, Silvera the Persian hostage, Gianguir an Agà, and Mustapha her father's ambassador, who comes to give her in marriage to the Sophi, to restore Silvera, and to take back his daughter Osira.

Roselane and Osira, finding it impossible to effectuate their several purposes so long as Zanaida lives, determine to put her to death; but, in order to give this act of tyranny some colour of justice, they resolve to have her impeached. Accordingly she is arrested, confined to close prison, conducted from thence to a tribunal, tried for conspiring against the prince, condemned upon the single testimony of a forged letter, and sentenced to be thrown to wild beasts. She is brought to the Arena, and enclosed within the pale, and Thæmas is giving the fatal signal, when Mustapha and Gianguir rescue her, and threaten him with immediate death: but the injured fair-one represses their fury, and generously saves him. Upon this, the monarch, stung with remorse, and touched with gratitude, springs from the throne, revokes the sentence, *rumps* the dowager, discards the favourite, begs Zanaida's pardon, and marries her.

Such, madam, is the fable of the Zanaida. The episodes are as follow:

The poet introduces a couple of very different, but very curious, lovers, into this drama, viz. Cisseo, a Persian, whose heart carries double; and honest Gianguir, the Turk, who seems to have no heart at all. Cisseo adores both Osira and Silvera, and never lets slip an opportunity of protesting to one or other of them, that he is actually expiring for her, whilst Gianguir (an *amante occulto*, if ever there was one) never says a single pretty thing to Aglatida from beginning to end: inso-much, that if the young lady herself did not assure us, in the
sixth

sixth scene of the second act, that "she loves him, and he loves her," we should never have known a word of the matter. They are both politicians too; and, by the nature of their principles, and freedom of their discourse, one would judge them to be of the British school. Gianguir is, what they call in this country, a whig: Cisseo, a tory. They have but one *tête-à-tête* throughout the whole performance (act 3d, scene 1st), and that no very long one either; and yet, short as it is, they contrive to quarrel in it about the prerogative of the crown and the liberty of the subject.

As Bottarelli declares in his *argumento* to the Zanaida, that the episodes only are of his invention, I shall pass over the many absurdities that the table of it abounds with, and content myself with giving you a few observations on those parts of the *opera* which this judicious poet has honoured by acknowledging.

You know then, madam, how careful our sons of Phœbus constantly are to provide husbands for all their young ladies; and what pains it costs them sometimes to bring matters to bear; being often obliged to introduce personages, such as a younger brother to the hero, a confidant of the king's, or a general of the forces, for no end in the world but to marry them in the last scene.—But this Sooterkin of Melpomene's, though he has the men ready cut and dry for the purpose, makes no manner of use of them; and poor Silvera and Aglatida go off at the conclusion of the opera, to the full, as good virgins as they came on at the beginning of it.—Cisseo's character too is unequally kept up; and, though meant for that of a *Beaugarçon*, is now and then extremely boorish. For instance, when Zanaida, whom he has just arrested and chained, delays a little in order to take leave of her friends there present, this saucy satellite reprimands her for it, and very roughly commands her "to march quicker."—The hangman of Aix was infinitely more polite to a little *Bellefprit*, whom he was going to a place amongst the wits of antiquity; for when he observed him shocked, and whiling away time at the foot of the ladder, he told him with great composure, tenderness, and humanity, "*Eh allons donc, mon cher monsieur l'abbé! en vérité vous faites l'enfant.*"

A-propos of chaining!—My friend Giustinelli makes a glaring mistake when he chains Zanaida; for he manacles her, whereas it is, as plain as words can make it, that he ought to

fetter her. Whether he does this to spare the Amici's blushes, or her stockings, I shall not pretend to decide; nor is it of the least importance which, as it is absurd at all rates, and utterly spoils the very best line in the whole opera.—Think of a princess, madam, strutting off the stage with her wrists bound, but her legs quite at liberty, and crying,

“ Regina son colla catena all Piede.

Act II. Sc. V.

The music of the Zanaida is an incontestable proof of the frivolous taste of this town. Bach, as I told you in my last, had inserted some admirable airs, &c. &c. in the Astarto; but they were not attended to, and that piece, after languishing for a short time, expired before Christmas. Surprized at this, and at a loss to know whether it proceeded from a depraved taste in the English, or merely from their having no taste at all, he resolved to put it to the trial; and accordingly produced that *harmonious lullaby*, commonly called *The opera of Orione*.—The experiment was decisive; you know the success of it, madam; the audience were transported with the whining of hautboys, and groaning of bassoons, and this great master blushed to receive the only applause he never yet had really merited.

But as some people had alledged, That the beautiful songs in the Astarto had been slighted for no other reason but that of being ill-performed, and that the triumph of the Orione was due entirely to the transcendent merit of the Amicis: Bach, to evince the truth or falsehood of this assertion, has, in the Zanaida, giving this very Amicis, near the close of the second act, one of the most masterly airs that ever man composed, or woman sung; and which, to say the truth, she executes in a manner that would do her honour even in Italy: And yet what is the consequence!—These Midas's *encore* a childish Cavatina of her's in the third act, and dedicate the Parto Addio to snuff and politics!—Thus, madam, has this knotty point been at last decided; and now both Bach, and the actors, are fully convinced, that they have the honour to perform to the most injudicious audience that ever thronged so capital a theatre.

Having thus given you a full detail of the different merits and success of the operas and burlettas presented here during the

Paraphrase on Shakespear's Seven Ages. 235

the course of this winter, I shall beg leave to conclude by summing up, in a few words, the substance of all I have said upon the subject in both my letters. The Orione (such as I described it to you!) charmed the English: the Zanaida, with more merit, has only pleased them: the Astarto, better than either, was deserted by them; and the burlettas, which were perfectly good, were damned by them. How to account for this strange depravity of taste in so large a body I really know not; unless by saying of them, as a foreigner of great distinction did some months ago, upon an extraordinary but a more important occasion, *Ma foi, voilà pourtant une nation furieusement bizarre!*

I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your most obliged, most obedient,
and most devoted humble Servant,

ARCANGELO BIMOLLE.

*The comic Paraphrase upon Shakespear's Seven Ages, spoke by
Mr. Shuter at his benefit.*

Wrote by G. A. STEVENS; with Notes by the Author.

All the world's a stage, and men and women merely players.

THUS Shakespear has said, and what can we say?

But that life is a droll, 'twixt a farce and a play:
Where some live extempore, others by rule,
Some sly ones act knaves parts, and some play the fool.—
The fool! and what then?—by the wise 'tis confessed,
That man lives the happiest, who plays the fool best.
Folly waits on our wishes, our senses she charms
From——

The infant puling and muling in the nurses arms.

While round her neck, the tender bantling clings,
She dandles the baby, and baby-like sings.

[*Holding up the flap of his coat, he sung to the tune of,*

O my Kitten.

H h 2

Here

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Here is papa's own features, and here is a Jack-a-dandy,
Give us a blow to beat 'em, and who'll have some sugar-candy:
He'll be a man 'fore his mother, and shoo pig, shoo, shoo, shoo;
Hot diddle-dumplings hot, and cock-a-doodle-doo, &c. &c.
'Till tir'd she clasps the infant to her breast,
Offers the nipple; and the child's at rest.
Thus women and men, who are children grown tall,
When baulk'd of their wishes, will squabble and squall.
But when passion's indulged in its favourite diet,
Just like the pleas'd baby, they sleep and are quiet.

Then comes the whining school-boy, &c.

Suppose me a school-boy, with lank dangling hair,
My fingers frost nipt, and my face full of fear.
At my elbow the Usher, my lesson I'm conning,
And horum and harum, I'm through the nose drotting.

[Speaks like a school-boy.]

Amo, amas, amavi,
When I play'd truant, I cry'd peccavi.

Ye mighty men of classic lore,
Who ken this age, and that before,
Who are in Latin call'd Doctoribus;
And always speak *propria quæ maribus*;
And write 'bout Heathen Mars and Venus,
And Homer, Horace, and *Quæ Genus*,
And thunder out *Tondappibomminos*,
Those very sounds to me were ominous.

So I left them, because I'd not be like the lad,
Who must be a scholar, to please Ma or Dad.
Then with Latin and Greek many years the boys mused,
'Then put to some calling, where neither are used.

The next is the lover, sighing like furnace with a woful ballad, &c.

Very woful indeed, for love's full of woe,
And sighs are the symphonies, *Ah! Ah!* and *Oh! Oh!*

I shall try at a love-song myself very soon,
If you, Mr. Musicians, will keep me in tune.

[To the orchestra.]

Suppose me just enter'd, my low bow I've made,
And I strut cross the stage, while the tweedle-de's play'd.

Sings.

Singr.

Before the cruel master kneels
The boy, his fault to own;
And begs at ev'ry stroke he feels,
O let me, let me down!
O dear, O law, loud roars the lout,
In penance as he smarts,
Thus love, is like a whipping-bout,
And Cupid floggs our hearts.

[To be concluded in our next.]

PREAMBLE TO THE ANOTATIONS.

As it is become, oh patient reader, a fashion for authors to praise their own works, by inserting in the daily papers a variety of epistolary puffs; holding up to the town, as it were, the dark lanthorn of criticism; that their own word-doughty performances, may be beheld, seen, read, and stared at, in an illumined point of sight; turning the opake side at the same time, upon their ancestors, and contemporaries.

It therefore behoveth me to verge from my eccentric originality, and become the humble copyist of such self-celebrated writers.

Whereupon I insist, and it is by *me* insisted upon, that no person or persons, can be called judges, of either poetry or music, unless they think the following comic, paraphrase upon Shakespear's Seven Ages, to be the best thing ever yet published; and that it is a work, which can receive no additional lustre, unless I was to sing it myself, because the town is certain my taste in singing is equal to any other of my abilities.

*All the world's a stage,
And men and women merely players.*

Very likely so!—Yet there are very few players among men and women for all that.

That

That life is a droll 'twixt a farce and a play.

A DROLL is a patched-up performance, exhibited, irregularly, amidst noise, folly, painted show-cloths, unmeaning bombast, ridiculous grimace, much parade, and little merit.

WHERE SOME LIVE EXTEMPORE.

To live extempore is the common regimen of unpensioned authors. It is a method of existence, with which the author of these notes is too much acquainted. It consists, chiefly, in an implicit belief in that text, *Take no care for the morrow.*

He who plays the fool best.

Multitudes endeavour to attain that character; but for want of either genius or application, mistake themselves, and too frequently act like sensible persons, in spite of their teeth. As sensible persons are sure to play the fool, when they pretend to strut in the embossed work of wisdom.

In the theatres an actor's merit is rated by his salary, but in real life it is different. Rich personages forcing poor-ones to play the fool; and receiving the benefit of such acting themselves.

Some people play gratis—of which club *I* have the honour to be a member; and our principal rule is, viz. *Every person should play for nothing, whose acting is not worth paying for.*

Folly waits on our wishes, our senses she charms.

The meaning of which is, that the charms of wit and beauty are not follies; but the gentlemen are very apt to be foolish about them, as the song, following above, sufficiently explains.

Hot diddle dumplings hot, and cock-a-doodle-doo.

This is to give notice to all persons gentle and simple, and to all simple gentlefolks; that as soon as that most elegant, most exquisite, and most delicate performance, which has been advertised, is over at Ranelagh, a new comic burletta will be put in rehearsal there, called *The Nursery*, with the various accompaniments of *cradle-rocking*, and *pap-feeding*. In which will
be

Paraphrase on Shakespear's Seven Ages. 239

be introduced, the celebrated *Ba Ba DUET*, and the *Lullaby CHORUS*.

As the advertisement abovementioned is the most extraordinary attempt at humour that ever was exhibited, I shall here preserve it, as a proof what opinion the editor must have of the taste of that town, by which he has of late been so greatly encouraged.

RANELAGH-GARDENS.

By Desire of several great Personages.

ON Friday the 10th of June will be performed (exclusive of the usual entertainment) an entire new Burlesque Ode, called,

TIMOTHEUS.

Written by a learned OXONIAN, and set to Music by an eminent Master.

The vocal Parts by Mr. Cromatic, Mr. Demisemiquaver, Mr. Double-Bass, a College-Youth, Miss Warble, Miss Simpletone. The choral Parts by queer Figures. The above principal Singers, Chorus Singers, and additional instrumental Performers, to be drest in suitable Characters. The following exquisite Instruments, so highly esteemed by the ancient Greeks and Romans for their amazing Effects on the human Passions, will be necessarily made use of, and submitted to the Judgment of the Public. First Salt-Box by Mr. Rowling-Pin, First Jews-Harp by Mr. Twang-Lire, First Marrow-Bone and Cleaver by Mr. Ding-Dong, and First Hurdy-Gurdy by Mr. Bladder-Bridge. Tickets five Shillings.

The public, especially the politer part of it, must not only be obliged to the contriver of so curious an entertainment, drawn up so *exquisitely*; but also be under vast obligations to Miss Brent for condescending to permit so novel an interlude to be exhibited on her benefit-night.

This is an example of what may be done by a genius, in defiance of wit, humour, and prudence. The temple of common sense may be set on fire, if any thing is to be got by it.

The Ephesian incendiary only aimed at fame after death: But this scheme is to accumulate wealth while living, and
they,

then, like Capt. Driver, the fingers may be snapped, saying,
I have got the money, let the world talk and be damn'd.

Thus women and men, who are children grown tall.

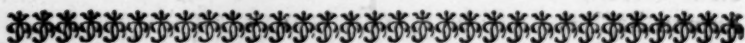
Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Dryden said so first. I took it from him, for I should never have thought of such a saying myself,

“ put to some calling where neither are used.”

THE LOVE SONG—*Before the cruel master, &c. &c.*

The editor of which song, begs pardon of such Connoisseurs and Connoisseurs who dote upon those *unsexed* fingers *Peretti* and *Tenducci*, and the rest of them, that he has wrote the song in down-right English, and consequently may be intelligible, at least to read. But bigotted to his country, he is weak enough to imagine the English language to be the best to write in on any subject, and even rash enough to declare, that at this present writing there is a set of English fingers capable of entertaining the town in a more sensible manner, than ever foreign performers could since the first introduction of operas.

[*To be concluded in the next number.*]



Mr. Churchill's ROSCIAD, with Notes
by Harry Banter, Esq.

(continued from our last Review.)

WITH sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Protheus H——LL put in his *modest* plea—
“ Let favour speak for others, worth for me;”
For who, like him, his various pow'rs cou'd call
Into so many shapés, and shine in all?
Who cou'd so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist?
Knows any one so well? Sure no one knows
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?

Who

Who can?—But WOODWARD came—H—LL(*k*) slipt away,
Melting like ghosts before the rising day.

(*l*) With that *low* CUNNING which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that *smooth* FALSEHOOD, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depth of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;

With

N O T E S.

(*k*) *Hill slipp'd away, melting, &c.* If this passage was only to be considered, with regard to its mere poetical merit, the reader of taste would find it to be one of the most finished in any language. There is an insipidity so perfectly harmonious; a dulness so bewitchingly soft in it, as cannot fail exciting the highest admiration. But I beg leave to point out a beauty of another nature, which, without the assistance of so accurate an annotator as myself, might possibly escape the eye of common observation.

—HILL slip'd away,
Melting like ghosts before the rising day.

A writer of ordinary abilities, would have thought it sufficient, if the Doctor had only *slipp'd* away; but our author would not be contented unless he *melted* away too. — It does not belong to me to enter into the relation subsisting between the two words, *slipp'd* and *melting*: This I shall only observe, that this is the first time that any parson has tack'd them together upon any occasion.

(*l*) No enemy of Mr. Churchill's will, I hope, be ungenteel enough to ask what sort of cunning *he* possesses, to gain so extravagant a share of admiration, since some are foolish enough to express ill-natur'd doubts of his understanding. If it should be of the *low* kind, I tremble for the application of the three following lines, and am dreadfully apprehensive that the arrow must recoil upon himself. However other people may judge, I must, for my own part, declare, I think him very far from a *cunning* man; so far on the contrary, that I believe there are but few *simpler* people existing; and I flatter myself that opinion will have some weight to invalidate the ill-natured assertions of his enemies.

With that *malignant*(*m*) envy which turns pale,
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
 With the *cold* CAUTION of a coward's spleen,
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen(*n*);
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view——
What's basely done should be done safely too;
 With that dull, rooted, callous, IMPUDENCE,
 Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
 Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vices's snares,
 She blundered on some virtue *unawares*;
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find
 Lavish'd by nature on *one* happy mind,
 A mottley figure of the FRIBBLE tribe,
 Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe;

Came

N O T E S.

(*m*) If it was not for this admirable author, some honest, but ill-judging people, might be apt to imagine there was not such a thing in the world as a *benignant* sort of *envy*. Be it therefore known by these presents that there is, or so excellent a writer would never have laid such a stress upon the contrary qualification.

(*n*) Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen. Let no snarlers presume to find fault with this line, if they either value their own safety, or my resentment. And yet, notwithstanding this threat, I am rather fearful the line may be spoken of in the following manner:

Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,

That is in plain English, *guilt hides itself because it is not afraid*. No, Mr. Snarler, the *but* in the middle of this line, is not a consequential *but*, but a disjunctive one: It is substituted in the place of that little insignificant monosyllable *yet*, and the meaning of the line is, that the person struck at,

Fears not guilt; though he always seeks a screen.

The line I grant you, would have appeared pitiful and obscure in a less celebrated author: But great poets frequently leave particular opens for great critics to comment on; and it is not above two to one but that Mr. Churchill had an instinctive kind of a notion about me and my remarks, when he first committed that admirable line to paper.

Came simp'ring on; to ascertain whose sex(o)
Twelve sage impannell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both,
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
A six-foot fuckling, mincing in his gate,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes shou'd too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk in its own pretty phrase
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, tho' of little note,
For fate, in a strange humour had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause,
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair,
And with an awkward briskness not his own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name;
Plain COMMON SENSE(p) appear'd, by nature there
Appointed, with plain TRUTH, to guard the chair:

I i 2

The

N O T E S.

(o) ————— To ascertain whose sex,
Twelve sage impannell'd matrons would perplex.

Here Mr. Churchill plays at questions and commands with his readers. What a good-natur'd agreeable creature! Pray who are these worthy old women to perplex in their enquiries about this object of our author's resentment? Can you tell Master Reader? Study a little, and when you find it out, keep the discovery to yourself, for it will be of very little consequence to any body else.

(p) I am afraid this ill-natur'd lady, of whom Mr. Churchill speaks so roughly, has not the honour of being intimately acquainted with him; and that he is one of the many who only knows her ladyship's by name. I am the more confirm'd in this opinion, as the more ancient part of the sex, are the general objects of his detestation; and 'tis therefore no way surprizing, that they should return his incivility.

The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown;
To its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the MUSE (for even there the pride
Of this *vain nothing* shall be mortify'd)(q)
Nor shall the MUSE (shou'd fate ordain her rhimes;
Fond pleasing thought! to live in after times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the *thing* forgot;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name(r):

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze;
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whose heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat:—A servile race,
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place(s);

Whd

N O T E S.

(q) I wonder how Mr. *Churchill* could possibly entertain any doubt of this nature; *his works live in after times!* there's not the least fear on't; the trunk-maker near St. Pauls will be careful to preserve the compositions of so spirited an author: nor is there a pastry-cook within the weekly bills, who will not be particularly careful to give them what chance he possibly can for immortality.

(r) Why, or for what reason, our author has introduced this character at all into his performance, I can by no means discover; it no where appears that *it* was an actor, and consequently it could have no pretension to the chair of Roscius: But great men very frequently do unaccountable things; and Mr. *Churchill* could not be the elevated genius we see he is, without having something in his character like absurdity. Without these fortunate slips, if I may so call them, in his writings, we should imagine he was more than man: for there are little or no traces of that grovelling animal in his person, by which his species might be discovered with any certainty or precision.

(s) There's for you, reader. There's genius and judgment, which I defy any bard since the days of good *Geoffrey Chaucer*, down to the present era, either to equal or imitate. The lines are actual blank verse; yet we find the utmost chastity of rhyme preserved at the termination of them.—*Sires* has *fires* to answer it; *froze* we find has its *glows*; and *race* and *place* are a very loving kind of companions. To write blank verse is difficult. To write in metre is more so: but to make the same lines both blank verse and metre, will, I hope, be admitted an instance of genius and judgment,

Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none
 Could judge that cause but SOPHOCLES alone (1):
 Dupes to their fancied excellence, the croud
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
 His looks bespoke applause; alone he stood,
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
 He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
 Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
 With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

" But more than just to other countries grown,
 " Must we turn base apostates to our own?
 " Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
 " That England may not please the ear as well?
 " What mighty magic's in the place or air,
 " That all perfection needs must center there?
 " In states, let strangers blindly be prefer'd;
 " In state of letters, merit should be heard.
 " Genius is of no country, her pure ray
 " Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day:
 " Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
 " And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.

" May

N O T E S.

judgment, hitherto unknown in this country; and possibly will never be found in any other, unless the admirable author should be exported to some different region; the wilds of America will then hear the voice of the muses; for, I dare say, if he ever go abroad, his first visit will be to the plantations.

(1) ——— that none

Could judge that cause but *Sophocles* alone.

Some people might possibly think that *Sophocles* could have judged the cause as well in company, or in the presence of the multitude, as singly, or *alone*. For fear the reader should imagine the greater number were of his opinion, our author assures us positively of the contrary. The word, "*alone*," at the termination of the line, standing not for the word, "*only*," but the term, "*singly*." The word *only*, being understood in the exception at the end of the preceding line: and to be again repeated, would render the passage both inelegant and absurd; and derogate from that accuracy and ease which are the principal characteristics of our author.

" May not, to give a pleasing fancy scope,
 " And chear a patriot heart with patriot hope ;
 " May not some great extensive genius raise,
 " The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise ;
 " And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms ;
 " Make England great in Letters as in Arms ?
 " There may—there hath—and SHAKESPEAR'S muse aspires
 " Beyond the reach of Greece ; with native fires
 " Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
 " Whilst SOPHOCLES below stands trembling at his height.
 " Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
 " When abler judges we may find at home ?
 " Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
 " Have we not SHAKESPEAR ? Is not JOHNSON ours ?
 " For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote ;
 " They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote."
 He said, and conquer'd.—Sense resum'd her sway,
 And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
 SHAKESPEAR and JOHNSON, with deserv'd applause,
 Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
 Mean-time the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
 To ask or tell his name.—Who is it ?"—LLOYD(u).

[To be continued in our next.]

To

N O T E.

(u) Why this is another battle of *Minden* ! Britons against the whole world ; as well in arts as arms. Shakespear and Johnson have alone routed all the antient bards. But prithee, reader, didst thou, in the introductory lines to this self-same *victorious* Speech, observe how Mr. *Churchill* has shewn himself master of more penetration than any other man in the universe, who has the honour of Mr. *Lloyd's* acquaintance ? *His looks*, he assures us, *he spoke applause* ; and yet every soul that has the pleasure of knowing *those looks*, besides Mr. *Churchill*, has asserted that nothing, within the whole circuit of creation, can be more lifelessly unmeaning, or idly dispirited. But Mr. *Churchill's* word is, I hope, of sufficient authority to alter so absurd an opinion : and be it known, by these presents, that Mr. *Lloyd's* face is for the future to be considered a standard for courtly persuasion and well-bred sensibility.

To the Editors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

I Find in the course of your work, you intend giving the lives of the dramatic authors entirely new written. This is a very useful (as well as entertaining) undertaking; yet, to make a greater improvement to your work, I could wish you would give us a short account of the plot of each play wrote by these authors; or, at least, such of them as are now acting ones on the English stage.—Many people, who have not time, or who would chuse to read a whole play, would naturally be glad to know somewhat of the story of each before they saw it perform'd.

I am your constant reader,

CATOLINUS.

*** We shall take this hint of our correspondent's into consideration.*

To the Authors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

Dublin, May 22, 1763.

AS your Review seems to have an extensive circulation amongst the lovers of the drama, in this part of the world, I beg, through your means, to ask them a few questions. Is Barry *consistent* through the whole character of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan? Does he not, in almost every second speech, forget the *national accent*, peculiar to Sir Callaghan, and speak with the same degree of *elegance* in *pronunciation*, as he would do if he was performing young Beville? Does he then merit the almost boundless applauses he meets with, as well off as upon the stage, for his performance of this part? Are they not rather paid to the *novelty* of his appearing in *comedy*, his *consequence* as an *actor*, or his *figure* as a *man*? Or, to come, perhaps, still nearer to the point, are not those praises, *seemingly* given to Mr BARRY, *absolutely* paid to the *character* of Sir CALLAGHAN *itself*?

I am yours,

PATRICK SLY.

T.

To the Editors of the THEATRICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

Edinburgh, May, 22, 1763.

IF any thing, worth sending, respecting theatrical affairs, had transpired here, you would have heard from me much sooner. Matters have gone on but very indifferently: *Digges* (I beg pardon, I mean *Bellamy*, for he has now changed his name) has played some parts with tolerable success, and Mrs. *Bellamy* with great applause. You are not to learn how highly, and with what justice, *Love* was received here in *Falstaff*; you cannot wonder then at the fate of *Digges* (faith I cannot reconcile myself to his other name!) in that character. He attempted it: He was damned! Mrs. *Kennedy* is much admired here—àpropos—*Lady Kennedy*, her husband, had, lately, a dispute here with *Beat*, one of the managers; *Beat* threatened to bring him; *Kennedy*, who does not want courage, chose rather to fight like a gentleman.—He collar'd *Beat*, insisted upon his putting on his sword, and going out with him. *Beat* went out, it is true, but not to fight. He very valiantly swore the peace against *Lary*. Since this, *Beat* has had a quarrel with *Mahon* the dancer. The truth is, the manager has as natural an antipathy to all *Irishmen*, as the present race of *Englishmen* seem to have to the *Scots*.—*Mahon* struck *Beat*; *Beat* discharged *Mahon*. A party was formed, at the next play, in favour of the latter. *M^cGeorge* (one of the actors) endeavoured to apologize for the conduct of the manager; *Mahon* (who had placed himself in an upper box) jumped on the stage, and threshed *M^cGeorge* before, and to the no small diversion of, the audience. Matters are now, however, tolerably accommodated. There is a talk that the theatre is to be open all the summer; and that the managers propose to entertain the town with some Italian operas. How far this scheme will succeed I cannot tell. It is true, operas will be entirely nouvelle here, but I fear will never answer the expence.

I am, Gentlemen, &c. &c.

An

Account of the new Pantomime Entertainment, now performed at SADLER'S WELLS, called SHAKESPEAR'S CHOICE SPIRITS; or, Sir John Falstaff in Pantomime.

ALthough it is not within the design of our plan, to give an account of Pantomimes, it being a subject (if a subject it may be called) much below the dignity of the drama; yet as our readers may be desirous of knowing with what degree of propriety their old friends, Falstaff, Pistol, Bardolph, Doll Tearsheet, &c. &c. could be introduced in that species of theatrical exhibition, we thought it would not be altogether disagreeable to lay it before them.

ON the curtain's rising, an open country is discovered, four pieces of rocks on the stage, and a rainbow in the back ground, on which the spirit of fancy descends, who speaks and sings the following Recitative and Air.

RECITATIVE.

From that bright mansion, which gave genius birth,
I, Fancy, on a rainbow reach'd the earth.
On this well-people'd spot, I'll keep my court,
And once more mix, in pantomimic sport.

SONG.

It is Fancy I know, nay you all know it too,
They first must please Fancy, who wish to please you.
For each sex and age,
I appear on this stage.
Some folks fancy this thing, and some fancy that,
And some people fancy,—they cannot tell what.
Examine the methods pursued by mankind,
What a number of fanciful projects you'll find.
As to ladies you know,
They've a right to do so;
For what beauty fancies you cannot condemn,
Since the best of mens fancy, is fancying them.
Science, wisdom, taste, learning, by me are inspired,
For what is not fancied, can ne'er be admired.

K k

No,

No, no, no; but mum,
 Among ye I'm come
 To present a petition, and beg a decree:
 That for my sake, you'll fancy, to night what you see.

After the song, Fancy waves her wand, the rocks sink, and Harlequin, Punch, Pierrot, and Scaramouch appear in their places and dance.

Then Falstaff, Doll Tearheet, and Pistol enter, they are pleased with the dancers.—*Fancy* accosts Sir John with the following song:

What Falstaff, my friend, my favourite Sir John,
 In pantomime are you resolv'd to make one?
 Why welcome, oh welcome, 'tis right honest Jack,
 We've a host here, shall pierce you a butt of old sack.
 Such liquor as Shakespear, (my best begot) drew ye,
 When in Eastcheap, with Prince, Poins, and Gadshill, he
 [knew ye.
 'Twas I, on this visit, that summon'd you here,
 And Jack Falstaff to-night, in a dance shall appear,
 If word-catching-critics should take this amiss,
 And say that great Shakespear is lower'd by this,
 We tell them, and all other fault-finding-pow'rs,
 They may please their own fancy; and we will please ours.

After the Song they all join in a dance, Harlequin steals off Doll. Falstaff and Pistol pursue in a rage.

They cross the stage, and then Bardolph, Hostess, Harlequin, and Doll, are discovered drinking at a table.—Falstaff and Pistol enter to them, as Harlequin secrets himself behind the table. Doll sits upon Sir John's knee, and the Hostess upon Pistol's; an owl rises out of the table hooting, frightens Falstaff and Pistol off, and then settles upon Bardolph's shoulders, who runs off with the owl.

They all cross again, and are discovered by Pistol. The scene then is *Porters-Block, West-Smithfield*, and Harlequin and Doll are there discovered; when the scene instantly changes into a double view of the Trunk-maker's shop in St. Paul's church-yard.

Falstaff demands of Doll, what business she has there! She tells him it is to buy a trunk; one is shewn, he pays for it, gives a direction to send it home, and goes off with Doll.

Har-

Harlequin enters, bribes the men to let him be put into the trunk. A porter carries the trunk off, but crossing in the street, Harlequin puts out his head from the trunk, which Pistol discovers, and when the trunk is brought home, he tells Sir John. They open the trunk, and show the bottom of it,—Harlequin is gone.

The Page brings in a letter to Sir John, the purport of which is, that he must go to the wars. He sends the Page for his target and shows Doll the letter. She intreats to go with him, he complies, and orders Pistol to bring her cloaths to pack up in the trunk. When Pistol returns with the apparel, he discovers Columbine and Doll at the trunk kissing Harlequin—he drops the cloaths, and tells his master, who immediately pulls every thing out of the trunk, shows the bottom of it again, but no Harlequin.

Falstaff then drives off Pistol, but as Sir John returns, the Knight discovers Harlequin jumping out of the trunk, who runs off with Doll—he pursues them.

Scene the Street.

Pistol melancholy for being turned out of service—Harlequin and Columbine pass him—Falstaff enters next, with whom Pistol effects a reconciliation, by discovering which way Harlequin and Columbine went.

The next scene is a farm yard, horse-block, and dog-kennel, which changes, on the pursuit, to Bedford-house, with the sphynxes, &c.

Doll is in the next scene, seized by Pistol and a Constable—Harlequin escapes; and as Sir John and Pistol are leading her home, she slips from them, leaving only a false arm with each of them.

The next is a view of Buckingham-house, with the gate which leads to Chelsea, through which Harlequin and Columbine are pursued by Pistol. Falstaff sticks as he is endeavouring to get through; Pistol shoves him back, and the scene changes to Chelsea Bun-house; Harlequin as the baker. Pistol takes some of the buns, they are too hot, he puts them in his hat, which Harlequin steals, and claps upon Pistol's head; they burn him, at which Sir John falls down on a chair laughing, on that chair is a number of hot buns—Falstaff starts up, feeling the heat, and he and pistol run out pointing at each other.

Country lads and lasses next cross the stage. Then a new landscape scene, where the country lads and lasses again assemble, and to them enter a soldier and a sailor just come home.

The sailor sings to one of the lasses.

Our ship is paid off,
I have money enough,
And if so be that Susan should like it;
In a brisk loving gale,
To be married, we'll sail;
If it shall be a bargain, Lads? strike it.
When I first went on board,
Why you gave me your word,
That wedlock's point we should weather.
Then to church let us go,
Come I'll take you in tow,
And parson shall splice us together.

After the song a country woman enters and runs to the soldier singing;

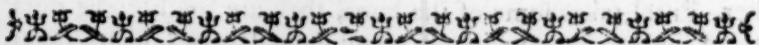
O welcome, dear husband, come lay by your gun,
No arms now, but mine take, for fighting is done.
May you long live in peace.

Husband. I thank you my dear,
But where are my children?

Wife. Behold them both here.
The fond pretty prattlers, in their lisping strain,
Each day ask'd, when they should see daddy again?

All go off merrily, &c.

The TEMPLE OF FANCY is discovered, at the upper end of which are Harlequin and Doll Tear-sheet, and a grand dance is performed before them, in which the dancers, by various changes, pass through all the fine columns of the temple.



THE celebrated Mr. Bonnell Thornton, having on Monday last published a burlesque ode on St. Cæcilia's Day, adapted to the ancient British music, viz. the salt-box, the jew's-harp, the marrow-bones and cleavers, the hum-

Thornton's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. 253

hum-strum, or hurdy-gurdy, &c. &c. we doubt not but our readers will be obliged to us for giving them, thus early, the following account of it.

Motto.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;

Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tibicines.

Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque

Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines.

Alex. Heinſius.

Translation.

Yield, yield, ye fidlers, French, Italians,

Yield, yield, I ſay again—Rascallians.

One, two, three times I ſay, fidlers give o'er;

Yield ye, I now ſay, times one, two, three, four.

Mr. Thornton acquaints his readers, that “as the musical instruments, to which the following ode is peculiarly adapted, have (on account of the *false taste* which has long prevailed) grown into disrepute, and are consequently very little known in the polite world, it will be proper to give some account of them.” He then proceeds, “The *Judaic*, or (as it is commonly called) *Jew's-Harp*, speaks its origin in its appellation; and, indeed, the very twanging of its sound seems admirably qualified to accompany the guttural *Hebrew* language: Though a learned critic of my acquaintance is rather inclined to think, that this instrument is of a modern invention; and from its position, when played upon, he conjectures, that *JEW'S-HARP* is only a corruption of its original name *JAW'S-HARP*.

“I am sorry I can give no certain account of those two incomparable instruments, the *salt-box*, and the *hum-strum* or *hurdy-gurdy*: But it is reasonable to conclude, that the first was usually performed on at *festivals*, and the other at *funerals*, and on *serious* occasions.

“The *marrow-bones* and *cleavers* are undoubtedly our own invention, and do honour to the *British* nation. These were originally made use of in our wars, when our brave ancestors rushed on our enemies, (like the antient *Gauls*) clashing their weapons, and ready to *knock* or *cleave* them down with those very instruments, on which they could beat so terrible an alarm. Indeed, since the pernicious introduction of *fire-arms*, the *marrow-bones* and *cleavers* have quitted the scenes of human slaughter, and are now confined intirely to the shambles.

254 Thornton's Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day.

"If this ODE, and the performance of it, contribute to lessen our false taste in admiring that foreign music now so much in vogue, both the writer's and the composer's intencion will be answered.

"Dryden and Pope have been immortalized for their odes on St. Cæcilia's day: but these were unhappily adapted to the common instruments, which ignorance and false-taste have introduced among us. I make no doubt, but that all, who shall be present at the performance of this ode at Ranelagh, on the 10th of June next, will at least commend me for my endeavours to bring these noble long-neglected instruments, (the salt-box, the Jew's-harp, the marrow-bones and cleavers, and the hurdy-gurdy) into notice, whatever opinion they may have of the ode itself.

"N.B. I have strictly adhered to the rule of making the sound echo to the sense."

We shall now give an extract from the ode itself. It opens thus:

OVERTURE.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Be dumb, be dumb, ye inharmonious sounds,
And music, that th' astonish'd ear with discord wounds :
No more let common rhymes profane the day.

GRAND CHORUS.

Grac'd with divine Cæcilia's name ;
Let solemn hymns this awful feast proclaim,
And heav'nly notes conspire to raise the heav'nly lay.

In the four following lines, the reader will observe with what great judgment Mr. Thornton has selected his epithet to each instrument; indeed they are so very expressive, that the force of language cannot go farther.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

The meaner melody we scorn,
Which vulgar instruments afford ;
Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, bellowing horn,
Rumbling bassoon, or tinkling harpsichord.

The succeeding air will sufficiently evince that Mr. Thornton advanced no more than truth where he affirms, that he has made the sound echo to the sense.

In

AIR.

In strains more exalted the *salt-box* shall join,
And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine:
With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds,
And again,

RECITATIVE.

Strike, strike the soft *Judaic Harp*,
Soft and sharp,

By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volant finger swept.

AIR.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,

Shrilly thrilling,

Trembling, trilling,

Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

We shall finish our account of Mr. Thornton's ode, in
which there is much real genius and humour, with the con-
cluding Recitative and grand Chorus:

RECITATIVE.

Now to St. Cæcilia, heav'nly maid!

Your loud united voices raise;

With solemn hymns to celebrate his praise,

Each instrument shall lend it's aid.

The salt box with clatt'ring and clapping shall sound;

The iron lyre

Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire;

With heavy hum

The sober hurdy-gurdy thrum;

And the merry merry marrow-bones ring round.

LAST GRAND CHORUS.

Such matchless strains Cæcilia knew,

When audience from their heav'nly sphere,

By harmony's strong pow'r, she drew,

Whilst list'ning angels gladly stoop'd to hear.

Upon seeing GARRICK in MACKBETH.

Hic victor, cæsus antequæ repone.

GARRICK, thy genius now its course has run,
Hang up thy buskin, mourn with Philip's son;
The hope of farther triumph now is o'er,
Thou hast excell'd thyself, thou can'st no more.

The VOLUNTEER-MANAGER, No. V.

THE season being now concluded, I shall take leave of my readers till the first of October next. There can be no room for a *Volunteer Manager*, whilst our theatres are shut up, the actors decamped on their country expeditions, and the managers retired to their summer enjoyments. I shall not, however, lay utterly still, in my managerial capacity, during the present recess. I propose to take a review of the various plays of our antient and modern English authors, and those which I think are already, or may easily be, adapted for the stage, I shall point out to my readers for perusal, and recommend to the managers for revival. At the same time I shall maturely consider the merits of our settled performers, and form for each house, a play-bill of my own; in which I shall endeavour to do justice to every actor, and (unwarped by partiality or prejudice) assign each character to those who appear to me the best accomplished for that particular part. This I shall not only do, in regard to such plays which are not acting ones at present, but those that are. If I, at any time, differ from the managers of our theatres, I shall give my reasons for that dissent, and leave the decision to the judgment of the public.

Before I take my leave, I have a word or two to say to Mr. Ross. I am sorry to find a man so agreeably formed in person, and so accomplished by education (to say nothing of his being married to the finest woman, without exception, in this kingdom) shew himself so very cold a lover. It is scarce necessary to mention any particular character of this sort, he is so totally void of fire in all. I shall, however, mention the last I saw him in; it is that of Anbert in the *Royal Convert*. At the time of the singing the solemn hymn, when he had reason to fear each minute would be the last he should ever behold his beloved Ethelinda, instead of (as the poet has it) *his fond eyes gazing with joy and rapture on her,* he set his hands by his side in the most regardless manner, directed his looks altogether another way, and appeared as wholly indifferent and unconcerned as if nothing of moment had occurred.—I shall hope to find Mr. Ross much improved the ensuing winter in this particular walk of acting, or he will very seldom find his name, in my bills, to those parts he at present so undeservedly secures to himself.



